THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D¹. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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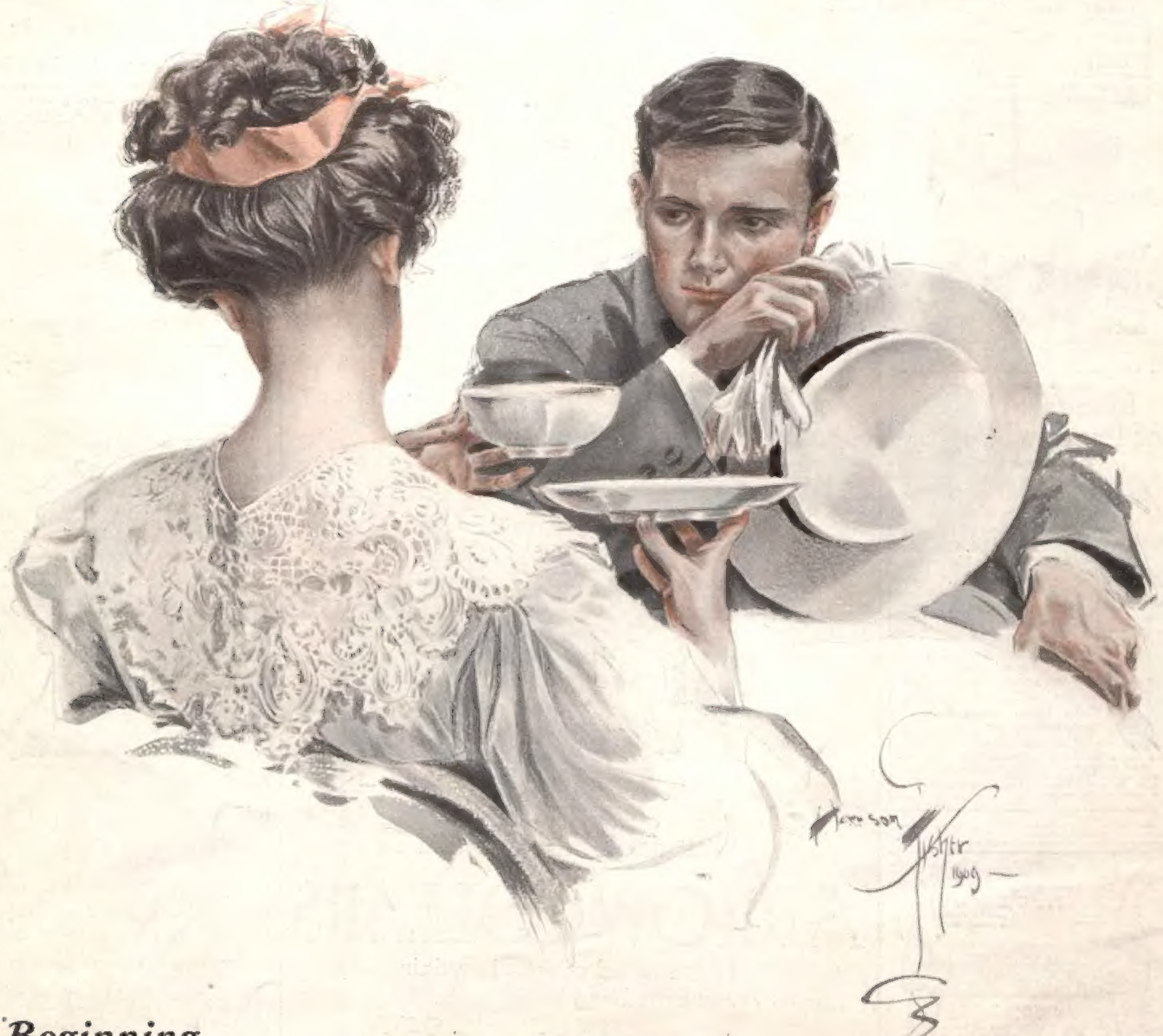
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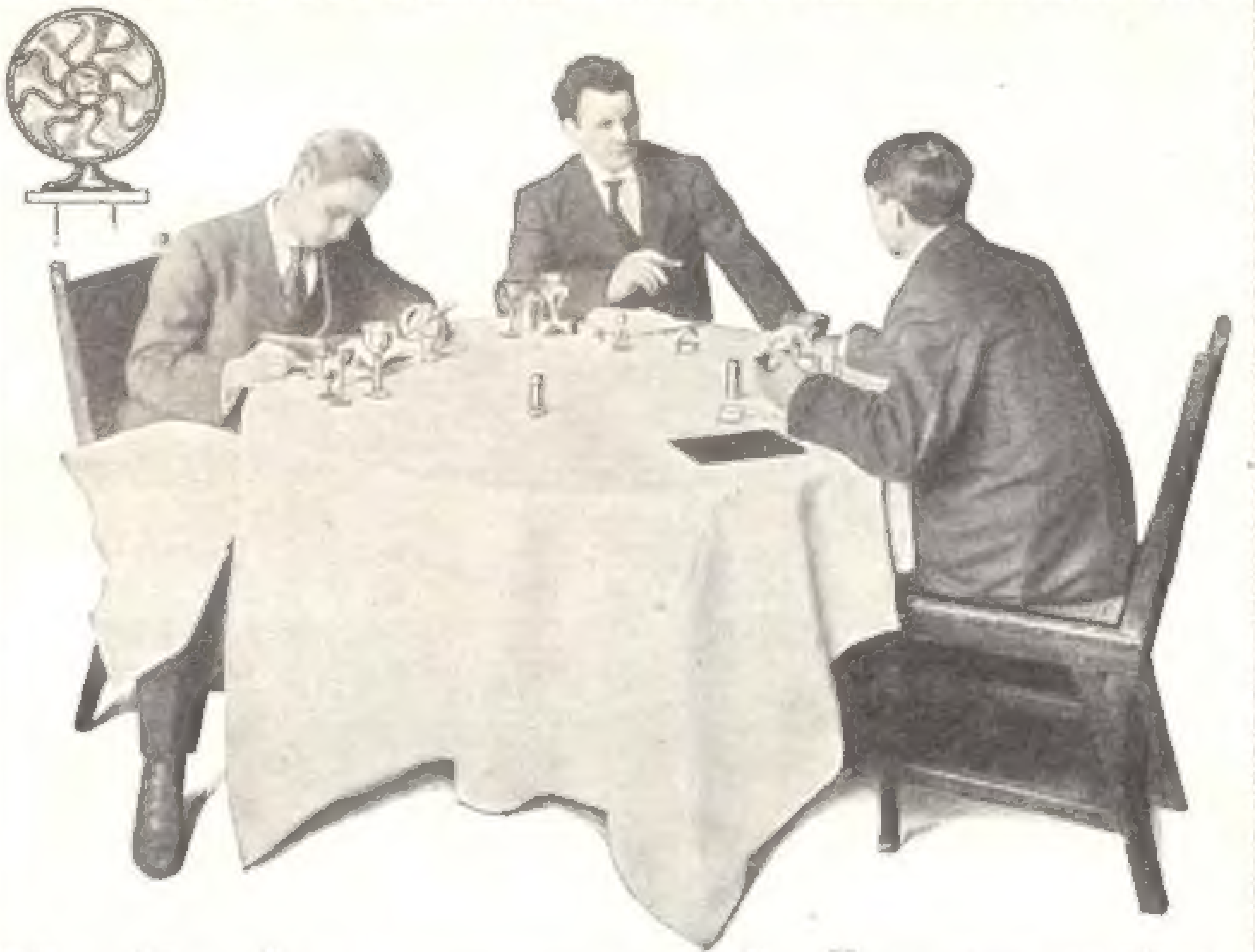

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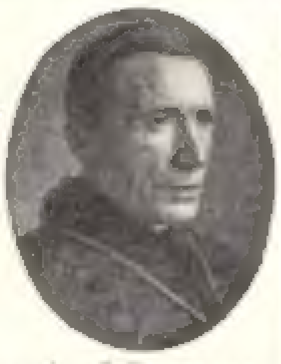

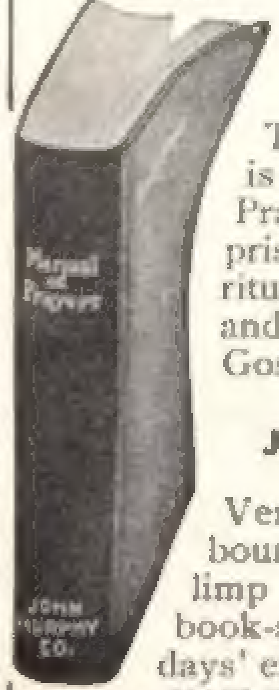

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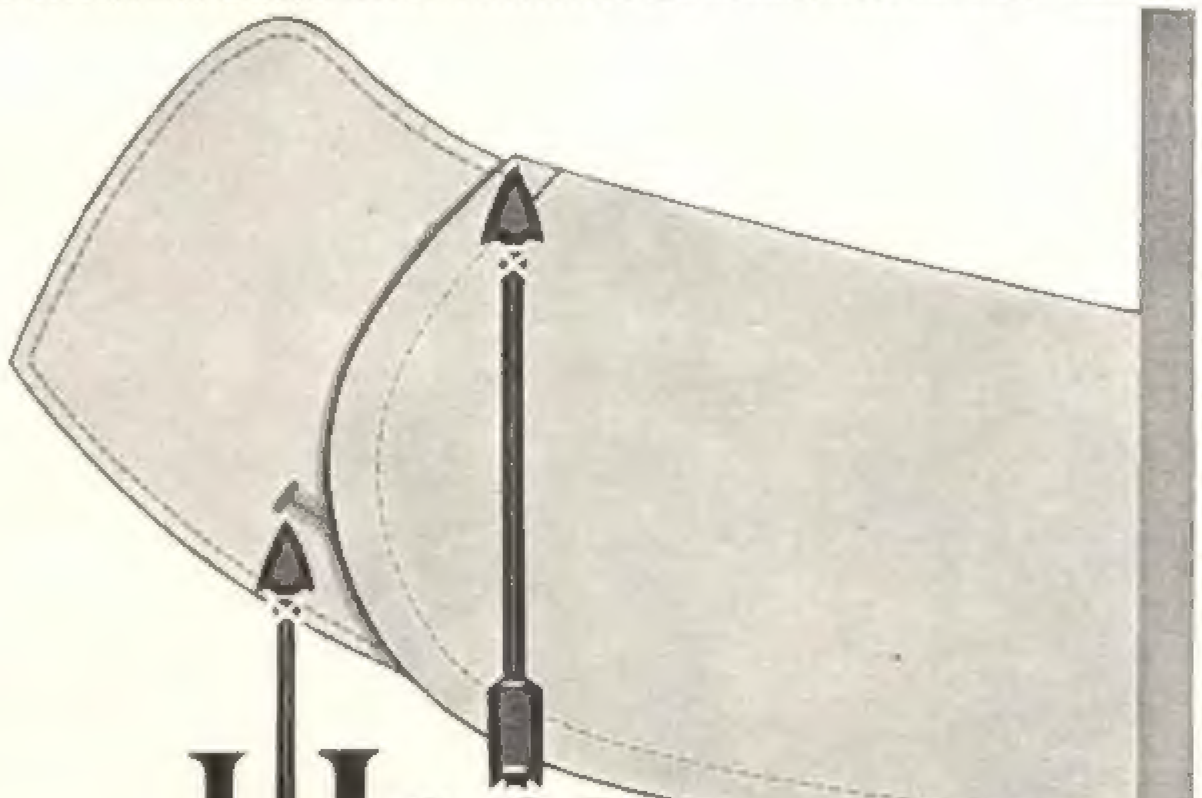

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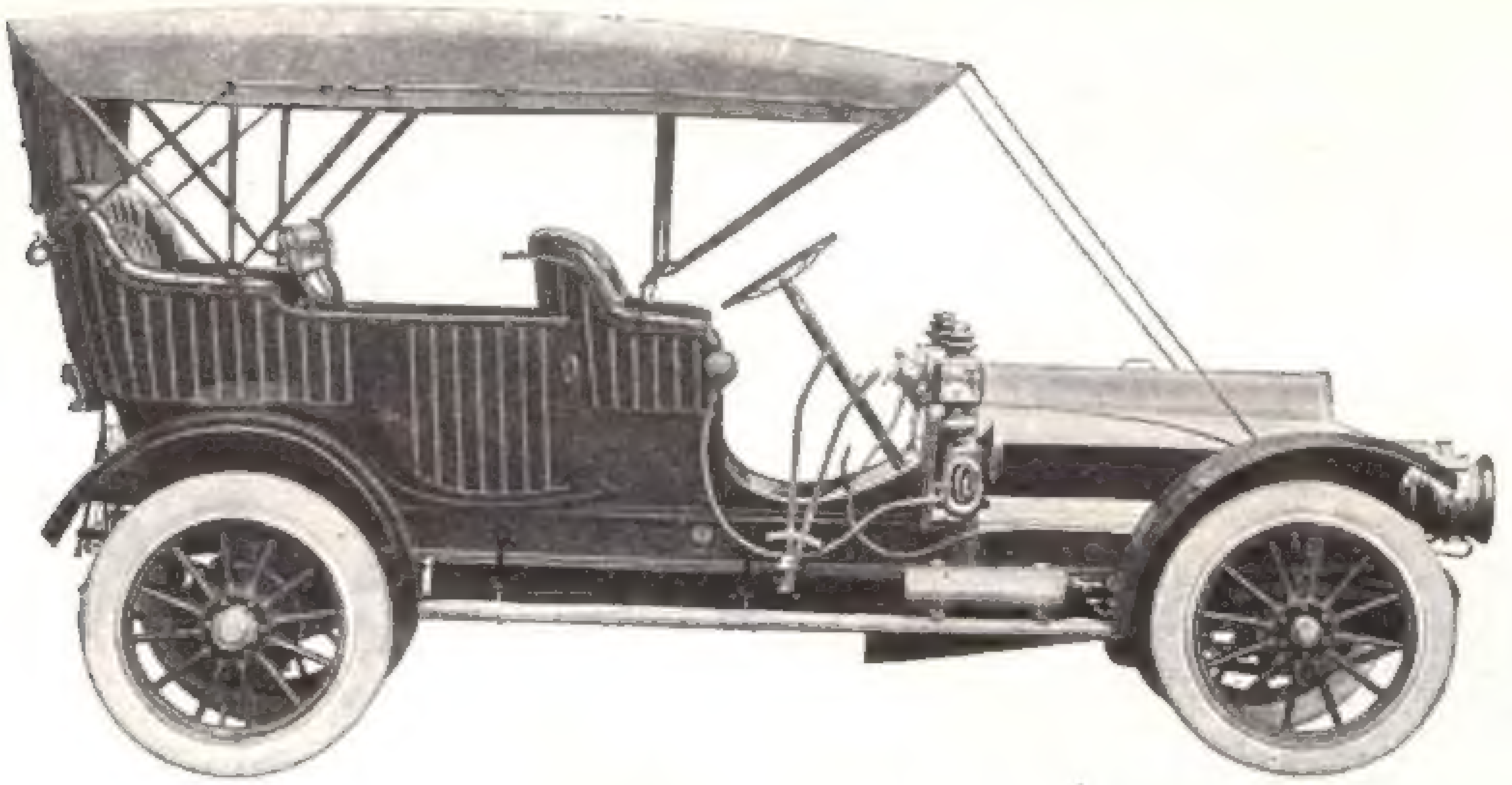

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Delivery of our 1910 models began the latter part June.

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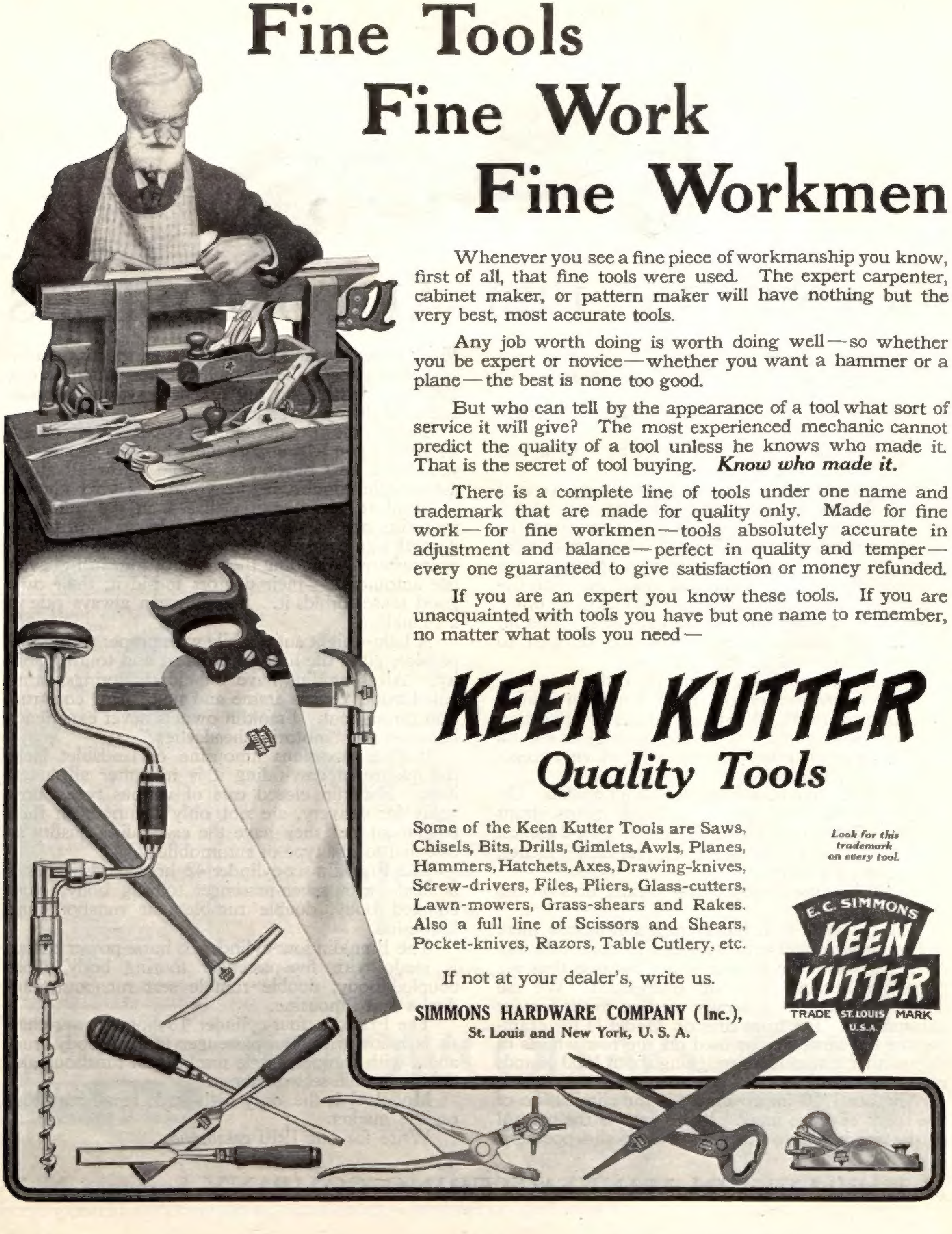

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THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

I

ALL day Sunday they had raised the devil from attic to cellar; Mrs. Farren was in tears, Howker desperate. Not one out of the fifteen servants considered necessary to embellish the Seagrave establishment could do anything with them after Kathleen Severn's sudden departure the week before. When the telegram announcing her mother's sudden illness summoned young Mrs. Severn to Staten Island, every servant in the household understood that serious trouble was impending for them. Day by day the children became more unruly; Sunday they were demons; and Mrs. Farren shuddered to think what Monday might bring forth.

The day began ominously at breakfast with general target practice, ammunition consisting of projectiles pinched from the interior of hot muffins. Later, when Mrs. Farren ventured into the schoolroom, she found Scott Seagrave drawing injurious pictures of Howker on the blackboard, and Geraldine sorting lumps of sugar from the bowl on the breakfast tray.

"Dearies," she began, "it is after nine o'clock and ——"

"No school today, Mrs. Farren," interrupted Scott cheerfully; "we haven't anything to do till Kathleen comes back, and you know it perfectly well!"

"Yes, you have, dearie; Mrs. Severn has just sent this list of lessons." She held out a black-edged envelope.

Geraldine, who had been leisurely occupied in dropping cologne on a lump of sugar, thrust the lump into her pink mouth and turned sharply on Mrs. Farren.

"What list?" she demanded. "Give that letter to me. . . . Oh, Scott! Did you ever hear of anything half so mean? Kathleen's written out about a thousand questions in geography for us!"

"I can't stand that sort of interference!" shouted Scott, dropping his chalk and aiming a kick at the big papier-mâché globe. "I'm sorry Kathleen's mother is probably going to die, but I've had enough geography, too."

"Mrs. Severn's mother died on Friday," said the housekeeper solemnly.

The children paused, serious for a moment in the presence of the incomprehensible.

"We're sorry," said Geraldine slowly. "When is Kathleen coming back?"

"Perhaps tonight, dearie ——"

Scott impatiently detached the schoolroom globe from its brass axis. "I'm sorry, too," he said; "but I'm tired of lessons. Now, Mrs. Farren, watch me! I'm going to kick a goal from the field. Here, you hold it, Geraldine; Mrs. Farren, you had better try to block it and cheer for Yale!"

Geraldine seized the globe, threw herself flat on the floor, and, head on one side, wriggled, carefully considering the angle. Then tipping the globe, she adjusted it daintily for her brother to kick.

"A little higher, please; look out there, Mrs. Farren!" said Scott calmly; "Harvard is going to score this time. Now, Geraldine!"

Thump! came the kick, but Mrs. Farren had fled, and the big globe struck the nursery door and bounced back minus half of South America.

For ten minutes the upper floors echoed with the racket. Geraldine fiercely disputed her brother's right to kick every time; then, as usual, when she got what she wanted, gave up to Scott and let him monopolize the kicking until, satiated, he went back to the blackboard, having obliterated several continents from the face of the world.

"You might at least be polite enough to hold it for me to kick," said his sister. "What a pig you are, Scott."

"Don't bother me; I'm drawing Howker. You can't kick straight, anyway ——"

"That's a lie!" said Geraldine excitedly.

Scott bristled:

"If you say that again ——"

"All right; go and get the boxing-gloves. You *did* tell a lie, Scott!"

Scott sped upstairs. When he returned he hurled a pair of boxing-gloves at Geraldine, who put them on, laced them, trembling with wrath, and flew at her brother as soon as his own gloves were fastened.

They went about their business like lightning, swinging, blocking, countering. Twice she gave him inviting openings and then punished him savagely before he could get away; then he attempted in-fighting, but her legs were too nimble. And after a while he lost his head and came at her using sheer weight, which set her beside herself with fury. Teeth clenched, crimson-cheeked, she side-stepped, feinted, and whipped in an upper-cut. Then, darting in, she drove home her left with all her might; and Scott went down with an unmistakable thud.

"One—two—three—four," she counted, "and you *did* tell a lie, didn't you?—five—six —— Oh, Scott! I've made your nose bleed horridly! Does it hurt, dear?—seven—eight——"

The boy, still confused, rose and instinctively assumed the classic attitude of self-defense; but his sister threw down her gloves and offered him her handkerchief, saying: "You've just got to be fair to me now, Scott. Tell me that I kick straight!"

He hesitated, then wiped his nose:

"I take it back. You can kick straight. Jimininy! What a crack you just gave me!"

She was all compunction and honey now, hovering around him where he stood stanching honorable wounds. After a while he laughed. "Thunder!" he exclaimed ruefully; "my nose seems to be growing for fair. You're all right, Geraldine."

Embarrassed a little by defeat, but nursing no bitterness, he sat down on the leather divan again and permitted his sister to tell him that his disaster was only an accident. He tried to think so, too, but serious doubts persisted in his mind. There had been a clean-cut finish to that swing and jab which disturbed his boy's conceit.

"We'll try it again," he began. "I'm all right now, if you like ——"

"Oh, Scott, I don't want to!"

"Well, we ought to know which of us really can lick the other ——"

"Why, of course, you can lick me every time. Besides, I wouldn't want to be able to lick you—except when I'm very, very angry. And I ought not to become angry the way I do. Kathleen tries so hard to make me stop and reflect before I do things, but I can't seem to learn. . . . Does your nose hurt?"

"Not in the least," said her brother, reddening and changing the subject. "I say, it looks as though it were going to stop raining."

He went to the window; the big Seagrave house with its mansard roof, set in the center of an entire city block, bounded by Madison and Fifth Avenues and by Ninety-fifth and Ninety-sixth Streets, looked out from its four red brick façades on to strips of lawn and shrubbery, now all green and golden with new grass and early buds.

It was topsyturvy, March-hare weather, which perhaps accounted for the early April dementia that possessed the children at recurring intervals, and which nothing ever checked except the ultimate slumber of infantile exhaustion.

If anybody in the house possessed authority to punish them nobody exercised it. Servants grown gray in the Seagrave service endured much, partly for the children's sakes, partly in memory of the past; but the newer and younger domestics had less interest in the past glories and traditions of an old New York family which, except for these two little children, ten years old, had perished utterly from the face of the land.

The entire domestic régime was a makeshift—had been almost from the beginning. Mrs. Farren, the housekeeper, understood it; Howker, the butler, knew it; Lacy knew it—he who had served forty years as coachman in the Seagrave family.

For in all the world there remained not one living soul who through ties of kinship was authorized properly to control these children. Nor could they themselves even remember parental authority; and only a shadowy recollection of their grandfather's lax discipline survived, becoming gradually, as time passed, nothing more personal to them than a pleasant legend kept alive and nourished in the carefully-guarded stories told them by Kathleen Severn and Anthony Seagrave's old servants.

Yet, in the land, and in his own city of Manhattan, their grandfather had been a very grand man, with his many millions, now doubled and still increasing; he had been a very distinguished man in the world of fashion, with his cultivated taste in art and wine and letters and horses; he had been a very important man, too, in the civic, social and political construction of New York town, in the quaint days when the sexton of Old Trinity furnished fashionable hostesses with data concerning the availability of social aspirants. He had been a courtly and fascinating man, too. He had died a drunkard.

Now his grandchildren were fast forgetting him. The town had long since forgotten him. Only an old friend or two and his old servants remembered what he had been, his virtues, his magnificence, his kindness and his weakness.

But if the Seagrave twins possessed neither father nor mother to exercise tender temporal and spiritual suzerainty in the nursery, and if no memory of their grandfather's adoring authority remained, the last will and testament of Anthony Seagrave had provided a marvelous, man-created substitute for the dead: a vast, shadowy thing which ruled their lives with passionless precision; which ordered their waking hours even to the minutest particulars; which assumed machine-like charge of their persons, their personal expenses, their bringing-up, their schooling, the items of their daily routine.

This colossal automaton, almost terrifyingly impersonal, loomed always above them, throwing its powerful and gigantic shadow across their lives. As they grew old enough to understand, it became to them the embodiment of occult and unpleasant authority which controlled their coming and going; which chose for them their personal but not their legal guardian, Kathleen Severn; which fixed upon the number of servants necessary for the house that Anthony Seagrave directed should be maintained for his grandchildren; which decided what kind of expenses, what sort of clothing, what recreations, what accomplishments, what studies, what religion they should be provided with.

And the name of this enormous man-contrived machine which took the place of their dead father and mother and grandfather was the Half-Moon Trust Company, acting as trustee, guardian and executor for two little children, who neither understood why they were sometimes very unruly nor that they would one day be very, very rich.

As for their outbreaks, an intense sense of loneliness, for which they were unable to account, was always followed by a period of restlessness, sure to culminate in violent misbehavior.

Such an outbreak had long been impending. So when a telegram called away their personal guardian, Kathleen Severn, the children broke loose with the delicate fury of the April tempest outside, which all the morning had been blotting the western windows with gusts of fragrant rain.

The storm was passing now; light volleys of rain still arrived at intervals, slackening as the spring sun broke out, gilding naked branches and bare brown earth, touching swelling buds and the frail points of tulips which pricked the soaked loam in close-set thickets.

From the library bay windows where they stood the children noticed new dandelions in the grass and snowdrops under the trees, and recognized the green signals of daffodil and narcissus.

Already crocuses, mauve, white and yellow, glimmered along a dripping privet hedge which crowned the brick and granite wall bounding the domain of Seagrave. East, through the trees, they could see the roofs of electric cars speeding up and down Madison Avenue and the houses facing that avenue. North and south were quiet streets; westward, Fifth Avenue ran, a sheet of wet, golden asphalt glittering under the spring sun, and beyond it, above the high retaining-wall, budding trees stood out against the sky, and the waters of the Park reservoirs sparkled behind.

"I am glad it's spring, anyway," said Geraldine listlessly.

"What's the good of it?" asked Scott. "We'll have to take all our exercise with Kathleen just the same, and watch other children having good times. What's the use of spring?"

"Spring is lovely," declared Geraldine thoughtfully.

"So is winter. I think either would be all right if they'd only let me have a few friends. There are plenty of boys I'd like to have some fun with if they'd let me."

"I wonder," mused Geraldine, "if there is anything the matter with us, Scott?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. People stare at us so; nurses always watch us and begin to whisper as soon as we come along. Do you know what a boy said to me once when I skated very far ahead of Kathleen?"

"What did he say?" inquired Scott, flattening his swollen nose against the window-pane to see whether it still hurt him.

"He asked me if I were too rich and proud to play with other children. I was so surprised; and I said that we were not rich at all, and that I never had had any money, and that I was not a bit proud, and would love to stay and play with him if Kathleen permitted me."

"Did Kathleen let you? Of course she didn't."

"I told her what the boy said, and I showed her the boy, but she wouldn't let me stay and play."

"Kathleen's a pig."

"No, she isn't, poor dear. They make her act that way —Mr. Tappan makes her. Our grandfather didn't want us to have friends."

"I'll tell you what," said Scott impatiently, "when I'm old enough I'll have other boys to play with, whether Kathleen and—and that Thing—like it or not."

The Thing was the Half-Moon Trust Company.

Geraldine glanced back at the portrait over the divan: "Do you know," she ventured, "that I believe mother would have let us have fun?"

"I'll bet father would, too," said Scott. "Sometimes I feel like kicking over everything in the house."

"So do I, and I generally do it," observed Geraldine, lifting a slim, graceful leg and sending a sofa cushion flying.

When they had kicked all the cushions from the sofas and divans, Scott suggested that they go out and help Schmitt, the gardener, who at that moment came into view on the lawn, followed by Olsen wheeling a barrowful of seedlings in wooden trays.

So the children descended to the main hall and marched through it, defying Lang, the second man, refusing hats and overshoes; and presently were digging blissfully in a flower-bed under the delighted directions of Schmitt.

When the children tired of this they started barefooted on a tour of exploration, picking their way to the northern hedge.

Here Geraldine mounted on Scott's shoulders and drew herself up to the iron railing which ran along the top of the granite-capped wall between hedge and street; and Scott followed her, both pockets stuffed with chestnuts which he had prudently gathered in the shrubbery.

In the street below there were few passers-by. Each individual wayfarer, however, received careful attention, Scott having divided the chestnuts and the aim of both children being excellent.

They had been awaiting a new victim for some time, when suddenly Geraldine pinched her brother with eager satisfaction:

"Oh, Scott! There comes that boy I told you about!"

"What boy?"

"The one who asked me if I was too rich and proud to play with him. And that must be his sister; they look alike."

"All right," said Scott; "we'll give them a volley. You take the nurse and I'll fix the boy. . . . Ready! . . . Fire!"

The ambuscade was perfectly successful; the nurse halted and looked up, expressing herself definitely upon the manners and customs of the twins; the boy, who appeared to be amazingly agile, seized a swinging wistaria vine, clambered up the wall, and, clinging to the outside of the iron railing, informed Scott that he would punch him in the nose when a pleasing opportunity presented itself.

"All right," retorted Scott; "come in and do it now."

"That's all very well for you to say when you know I can't climb over this railing!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Scott, thrilled at the chance of another boy on the grounds even if he had to fight him; "I'll tell you what!" sinking his voice to an eager whisper, "you run away from your nurse as soon as you get into the Park and I'll be at the front door and I'll let you in. Will you?"

"Oh, *please!*" whispered Geraldine; "and bring your sister, too!"

The boy stared at her knickerbockers. "Do *you* want to fight my sister?" he asked.

"I? Oh, no, no, no! You can fight Scott if you like, and your sister and I will have such fun watching you. Will you?"

His nurse was calling him to descend, in tones agitated and peremptory; the boy hesitated, scowled at Scott, looked uncertainly at Geraldine, then shot a hasty and hostile glance at the interior of the mysterious Seagrave estate. Curiosity overcame him; also, perhaps, a natural desire for battle.

"Yes," he said to Scott, "I'll come back and punch your head for you."

And very deftly, clinging like a squirrel to the pendant wistaria, he let himself down into the street again.

The Seagrave twins, intensely excited, watched them as far as Fifth Avenue, then rapidly drawing on their shoes and stockings scrambled down to the shrubbery and raced for the house. Through it they passed like a double whirlwind; feeble and perfunctory resistance was offered by their nurses.

"Get out of my way!" said Geraldine fiercely; "do you think I'm going to miss the first chance for some fun that I've ever had in all my life?"

At the same moment, through the glass-sheeted grill Scott discovered two small figures dashing up the drive to the porte-cochère. And he turned on Lang like a wildcat.

Lang, the man at the door, was disposed to defend his post; Scott prepared to fly at him, but his sister intervened:

"Oh, Lang," she pleaded, jumping up and down in an agony of apprehension, "please, *please*, let them in! We've never had any friends." She caught his arm piteously; he looked fearfully embarrassed, for the Seagrave livery was still new to him; nor, during his brief service, had he fully digested the significance of the policy which so rigidly guarded these little children lest rumor from without apprise them of their financial future and the contaminating realization undermine their simplicity.

As he stood undecided, Geraldine suddenly jerked his hand from the bronze knob and Scott flung open the door.

"Come on! Quick!" he cried; and the next moment four small pairs of feet were flying through the hall, echoing lightly across the terrace, then skimming the lawn to the sheltering shrubbery beyond.

"The thing to do," panted Scott, "is to keep out of sight." He seized his guests by the arms and drew them behind the rhododendrons. "Now," he said, "what's your name? You, I mean!"

"Duane Mallett," replied the boy, breathless. "That's my sister, Naida. Let's wait a moment before we begin to fight; Naida and I had to run like fury to get away from our nurse."

Naida was examining Geraldine with an interest almost respectful.

"I wish they'd let *me* dress like a boy," she said. "It's fun, isn't it?"

"Yes. They don't *let* me do it; I just did it," replied Geraldine. "I'll get you a suit of Scott's clothes if you like. I can get the boxing-gloves at the same time. Shall I, Scott?"

"Go ahead," said Scott; "we can pretend there are four boys here." And to Duane, as Geraldine sped cautiously away on her errand: "That's a thing I never did before."

"What thing?"

"Play with three boys all by myself. Kathleen—who is Mrs. Severn, our guardian—is always with us when we are permitted to speak to other boys and girls."

"That's babyish," remarked Duane in frank disgust. "You are a mollycoddle."

The deep red of mortification spread over Scott's face; he looked shyly at Naida, doubly distressed that a girl should hear the degrading term applied to him. The small girl returned his gaze without a particle of expression.

"Mollycoddles," continued Duane cruelly, "do the sort of things you do. You're one."

"I—don't *want* to be one," stammered Scott. "How can I help it?"

Duane ignored the appeal. "Playing with three boys isn't anything," he said. "I play with forty every day."

"W-where?" asked Scott, overwhelmed.

"In school, of course—at recess—and before nine, and after one. We have fine times. School's all right. Don't you even go to school?"

Scott shook his head, too ashamed to speak. Naida, with a flirt of her kilted skirts, had abruptly turned her back on him; yet he was miserably certain she was listening to her brother's merciless catechism.

"I suppose you don't even know how to play hockey," commented Duane contemptuously.

There was no answer.

"What do you do? Play with dolls? Oh, what a molly!"

Scott raised his head; he had grown quite white. Naida, turning, saw the look on the boy's face.

"Duane doesn't mean that," she said; "he's only teasing."

Geraldine came hurrying back with the boxing-gloves and a suit of Scott's very best clothes, halting when she perceived the situation, for Scott had walked up to Duane, and the boys stood staring at one another, hands doubling up into fists.

"You think I'm a molly?" asked Scott in a curiously-still voice.

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, Scott!" cried Geraldine, pushing in between them, "you'll have to hammer him well for that ——"

Naida turned and shoved her brother aside:

"I don't want you to fight with him," she said. "I like him."

"Oh, but they must fight, you know," explained Geraldine earnestly. "If we didn't fight we'd really be what you call us. Put on Scott's clothes, Naida, and while our brothers are fighting you and I will wrestle to prove that I'm not a mollycoddle ——"

"I don't want to," said Naida tremulously. "I like you, too ——"

"Well, *you're* one if you don't!" retorted Geraldine. "You can like anybody and have fun fighting them, too."

"Put on those clothes, Naida," said Duane sternly. "Are you going to take a dare?"

So she retired very unwillingly into the hedge to costume herself, while the two boys invested their small fists with the soft chamois gloves of combat.

"We won't bother to shake hands," observed Scott. "Are you ready?"

"Yes you will, too," said Geraldine; "shake hands before you begin to fight!"

"I won't," retorted Scott sullenly, "shake hands with anybody who calls me—what he did."

"Very well, then; if you don't I'll put on those gloves and fight you myself."

Duane's eyes flew wide open and he gazed upon Geraldine with newly-mixed emotions. She walked over to her brother and said:

"Remember what Howker told us that father used to say—that squabbling is disgraceful, but a good fight is all right. Duane called you a silly name. Instead of disputing about it and calling each other names, you ought to settle it with a fight and be friends afterward. . . . Isn't that so, Duane?"

Duane seemed doubtful.

"Isn't it so?" she repeated fiercely.

"Yes, I guess so," he admitted; and the sudden smile which Geraldine flashed on him completed his subjection.

Naida, in her boy's clothes, came out, her hands in her pockets, strutting a little, and occasionally bending far over to catch a view of herself as best she might.

"All ready!" cried Geraldine; "begin! Look out, Naida; I'm going to throw you."

Behind her the two boys touched gloves, then Scott rushed his man.

At the same moment Geraldine seized Naida.

"We are not to pull hair," she said: "remember! Now, dear, look out for yourself!"

Of that classic tournament between the clans of Mallett and Seagrave the chronicles are lacking. Doubtless their ancestors before them joined joyously in battle, confident that all details of their prowess would be carefully recorded by the family minstrel.

But the battle of that Monday noon hour was witnessed only by the sparrows, which were too busy lugging bits of straw and twine to half-completed nests in the cornices of the House of Seagrave to pay much attention to the combat of the Seagrave children, who had gone quite mad with the happiness of companionship and were expressing it with all their might.

Naida's dark curls mingled with the grass several times before Geraldine comprehended that her new companion was absurdly at her mercy; and then she seized her with all the desperation of first possession and kissed her hand.

"It's ended," breathed Geraldine tremulously, "and nobody gained the victory and—you *will* love me, won't you?"

"I don't know—I'm all dirt." She looked at Geraldine, bewildered by the passion of the lonely child's caresses. "Yes—I do love you, Geraldine. Oh, *look* at those boys! How perfectly disgraceful! They *must* stop—make them stop, Geraldine!"

Hair on end, grass-stained, disheveled and unspeakably dirty, the boys were now sparring for breath. Grime and perspiration streaked their countenances. Duane Mallett wore a humorously-tinted eye and a prehensile upper lip; Scott's nose had again yielded to the coy persuasion of a left-handed jab, and the proud blood of the Seagraves once more offended high Heaven on that April day.

Geraldine, one arm imprisoning Naida's waist, walked coolly in between them.

"Don't let's fight any more. The thing to do is to get Mrs. Bramton to give you enough for four to eat and bring it back here. Scott, please shake hands with Duane."

"I wasn't licked," muttered Scott.

"Neither was I," said Duane.

"Nobody was licked by anybody," announced Geraldine. "Do get something to eat, Scott; Naida and I are starving!"

After some hesitation the boys touched gloves respectfully, and Scott shook off his mitts and started for the kitchen.

And there, to his horror and surprise, he was confronted by Mrs. Severn, black hat, crêpe veil and gloves still on, evidently that instant arrived from those occult and, as the children supposed, distant bournes of Staten Island, where the supreme mystery of all had been at work.

"Oh, Scott!" she exclaimed tremulously, "what on earth has happened? What is all this that Mrs. Farren and Howker have been telling me?"

The boy stood petrified. Then there surged over him the memory of his brief happiness in these new companions—a happiness now to be snatched away ere scarcely tasted. Into the child's dirty, disfigured face came a hunted expression; he looked about for an avenue of escape, and Kathleen Severn caught him at the same instant and drew him to her.

"What is it, Scott? Tell me, darling!"

"Nothing. . . Yes, there is something. I opened the front door and let a strange boy and girl in to play with us, and I've just been fighting with him, and we were having such good times—I"—his voice broke—"I can't bear to have them go—so soon ——"

Kathleen looked at him with consternation. Then:

"Where are they, Scott?"

"In the—the hedge."

"Out *there?*"

"Yes."

"*Who* are they?"

"Their names are Duane Mallett and Naida Mallett. We got them to run away from their nurse. Duane's such a bully fellow." A sob choked him.

"Come with me at once," said Kathleen.

Behind the rhododendrons smiling peace was extending its pinions; Duane had produced a pocketful of jackstones, and the three children were now seated on the grass, Naida manipulating the jacks with deft fingers.

Duane was saying to Geraldine:

"It's funny that you didn't know you were rich. Everybody says so, and all the nurses in the Park talk about it every time you and Scott walk past."

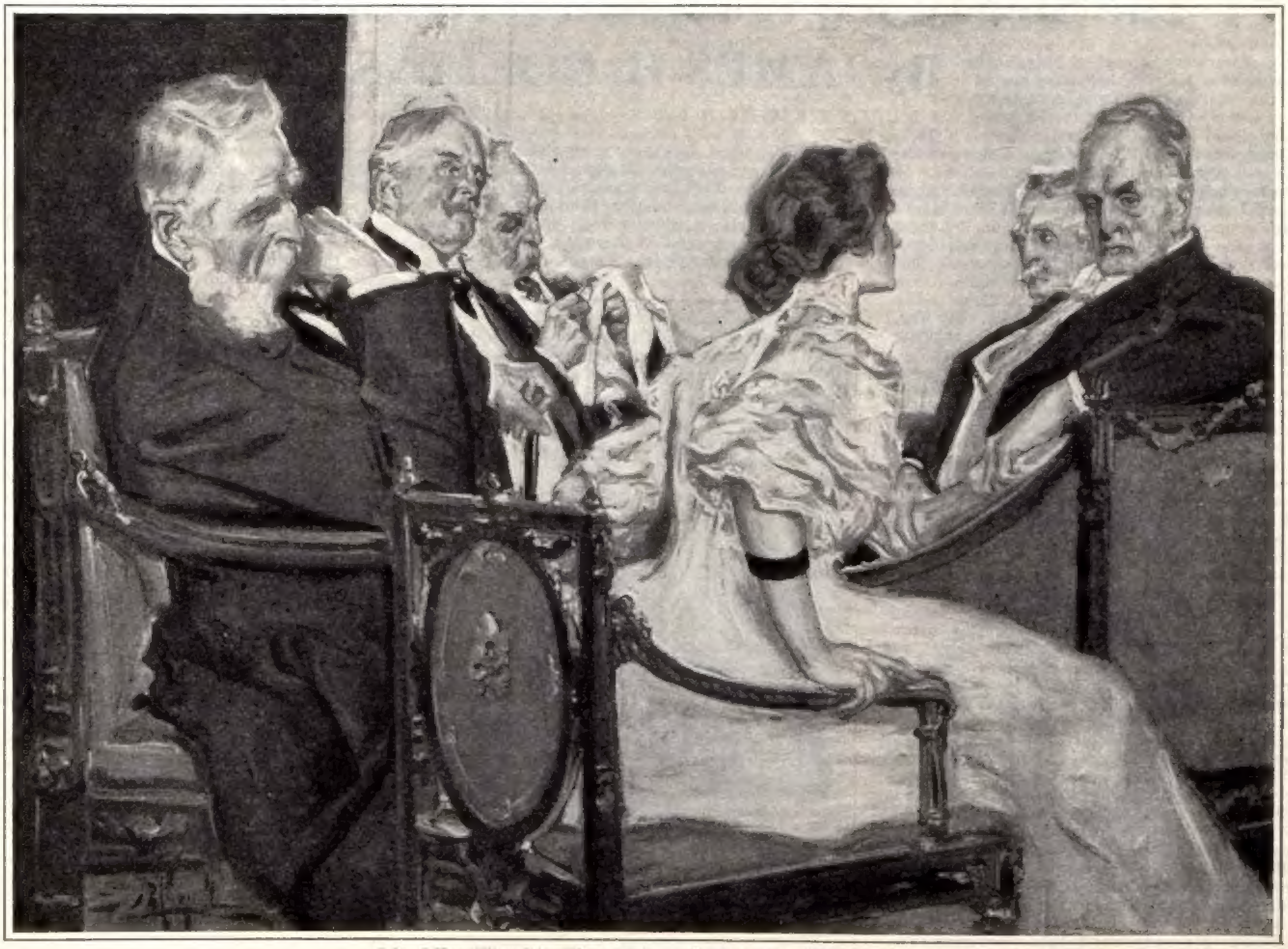
"If I'm rich," said Geraldine, "why don't I have more money?"

"Don't they let you have as much as you want?"

"No—only twenty-five cents every month. . . . It's my turn, Naida! Oh, bother! I missed. Go on, Duane ——" And, glancing up, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth as Kathleen Severn, in her mourning veil and gown, came straight up to where they sat.

"Geraldine, dear, the grass is too damp to sit on," said Mrs. Severn quietly. She turned to the youthful guests, who had hastily risen.

"You are Naida Mallett, it seems; and you are Duane? Please come in now and wash and dress properly, because



"Can I Have What Other Women Have—Silk Petticoats and Stockings?"

I am going to telephone to your mother and ask her if you may remain to luncheon and play in the nursery afterward."

Dazed, the children silently followed her; one of her arms lay loosely about the shoulders of her own charges; one encircled Naida's neck. Duane walked cautiously beside his sister.

In the house the nurses took charge; Geraldine, turning on the stairs, looked back at Kathleen Severn.

"Are you really going to let them stay?"

"Yes, I am, darling."

"And—and may we play together all alone in the nursery?"

"I think so. . . . I think so, dear."

She ran back down the stairs and impetuously flung herself into Kathleen's arms; then danced away in ecstasy to join the others in the blessed regions above.

Mrs. Severn moved slowly to the telephone, and first called up and reassured Mrs. Mallett, who, however, knew nothing about the affair, as the nurse was still scouring the Park for her charges.

Then Mrs. Severn called up the Half-Moon Trust Company and presently was put into communication with Colonel Mallett, the president. To him she told the entire story, and added:

"It was inevitable that the gossip of servants should enlighten the children sooner or later. The irony of it all is that this gossip filtered in here through your son, Duane. That is how the case stands, Colonel Mallett; and I have used my judgment and permitted the children this large liberty which they have long needed—believe me, long, long needed. I hope that your trust officer, Mr. Tappan, will approve."

"Good Lord!" said Colonel Mallett over the wire. "Tappan won't stand for it! You know that he won't, Mrs. Severn. I suppose, if he consults us, we can call a directors' meeting and consider this phase of the case."

"You ought to; the time is already here when the children should no longer suffer such utter isolation. They *must* make acquaintances, they must have friends, they should go to parties like other children—they ought to be given outside schooling sooner or later. All of which questions must be taken up by your directors as soon as possible, because my children are fast getting out of hand —fast getting away from me; and before I know it I shall have a young man and a young girl to account for — and to account to, Colonel ——"

"I'll sift out the whole matter with Mr. Tappan; I'll speak to Mr. Grandcourt and Mr. Beekman tonight. Until you hear from us, no more visitors for the children. By the way, is that matter—the one we talked over last month—definitely settled?"

"Yes, I can't help being worried by the inclination she displays. It frightens me in such a child."

"Scott doesn't show it?"

"No. He hates anything like that."

"Do the servants thoroughly understand your orders?"

"I'm a little troubled. I have given orders that no more brandied peaches are to be made or kept in the house. The child was perfectly truthful about it. She admitted filling her cologne bottle with the syrup and sipping it after she was supposed to be asleep."

"Have you found out about the sherry she stole from the kitchen?"

"Yes. She told me that for weeks she had kept it hidden and soaked a lump of sugar in it every night. . . . She is absolutely truthful, Colonel. I've tried to make her understand the danger."

"All right. Good-by." Kathleen Severn hung up the receiver with a deep indrawn breath.

From the nursery above came a joyous clamor and trampling and shouting.

Suddenly she covered her face with her black-gloved hands.

II

THE enfranchisement of the Seagrave twins proceeded too slowly to satisfy their increasing desire for personal liberty and their fast-growing impatience of restraint.

Occasionally, a few carefully-selected and assorted children were permitted to visit them in relays, and play in the nursery for limited periods without the personal supervision of Kathleen or the nurses; but no serious innovation was attempted, no radical step taken without authority from old Remsen Tappan, the trust officer of the great Half-Moon Trust Company.

There could be no arguing with Mr. Tappan.

Shortly before Anthony Seagrave died he had written to his old friend Tappan:

> If I live I shall see to it that my grandchildren know nothing of the fortune awaiting them until they become of age—which will be after I am ended. Meanwhile, plain food and clothing, wholesome home seclusion from the promiscuity of modern child life, and an exhaustive education in every grace, fashion and accomplishment of body and intellect is the training I propose for the development in them of the only thing in the world worth cultivating—unterrified individualism.
>
> The ignorance which characterizes the conduct of modern institutes of education reduces us all to one mindless lever, reproducing *ad nauseam* what is known as "average citizens." This nation is already crawling with them; art, religion, letters, government, business, human ideals remain embryotic because the "average citizen" can conceive nothing higher, can comprehend nothing

(Continued on Page 28)

THE POLICY OF THE HOUSE

The Steady Job the Best for All Concerned

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. FITHIAN

THE parliamentary borough of West Ham, near London, is a notable hunting-ground for the social student. Lying on the lower Thames, a region of docks and factories, tenements and sordid poverty, famous for its infamous characteristics, it offers material to prove or disprove almost any social or political theory.

The staunch advocate of old-fashioned English upper-class administration, on one hand, points to West Ham's lax self-government and heavy taxes as an argument against democracy. The whole-hearted English Liberal, on the other, finds abundant facts to demonstrate that West Ham's miseries are due to the exploitation of a humble population by employers and landlords. The speculative builder has passed and repassed that way, leaving a shoddy house where he succeeded in skinning out his profit, and a worse house when he didn't succeed, which is a little eccentricity of the building business all over the world. The number of empty houses is increasing. But so is overcrowding. For the family that moves out of a decent home to lower expenses herds with some other family in the tenements.

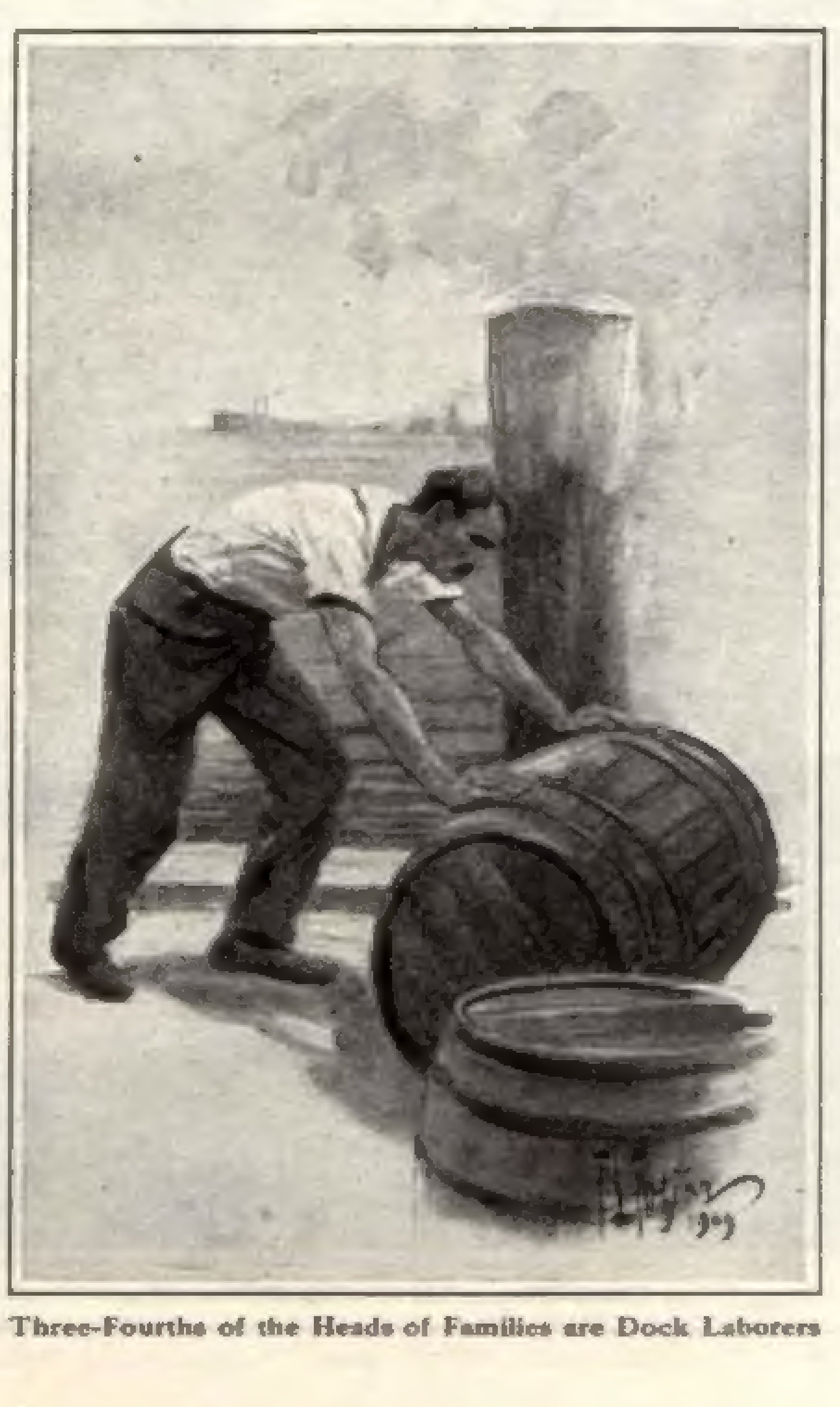
Not long ago the Outer London Inquiry Committee made a social map of West Ham. With no special theories, investigators looked into wages, the nature and regularity of employment, the rise, fall and arrears of rent. Figures were gathered to show, to some extent, the actual life of the people. When they had finished, some of the investigators were confident that they could put their fingers on the main taproot of all West Ham's miseries. West Ham has no steady job!

Along most of its poorer streets three-fourths of the heads of families are dock laborers, who work a day here and a day there, while many of the factories are manned by laborers of the sort known in English argot as "casual." Wages are low. If it were possible to earn the prevailing wages three hundred days in the year, conditions would be better. But it isn't possible, and the average year's earnings from part time do not give comfortable livelihood. West Ham is in the same bad box as a manufacturer with only enough orders to run his factory part time. The West Ham casual may meet "overhead charges" in some desperate way, but the rightful profit on his year's labor disappears forever in his idle days. Add his indifferent financial management and lack of ability in marketing his time, and it is to be expected that he will be thrown on charity—which is just what happens.

This steady job which West Ham lacks is pretty nearly the whole essence of good business policy toward employees.

Management and labor difficulties are many and complex. Wage earners strike, salary earners are indifferent, employers discharge, lock out, reorganize. Yet in the end, directly or indirectly, through all the wearisome mazes of these troubles, both sides are fencing and breaking each other's heads for the same thing—the steady job.

It took a logician to discover that, when two persons heatedly dispute any question, they are seldom opposed in anything but their definitions. Persuade them to stop a moment and explain what they mean by terms that are being thrown into the other fellow's teeth, and it will usually be found that both hold about the same belief, but have different ways of defining it.



Three-Fourths of the Heads of Families are Dock Laborers

On the same principle, much of the so-called labor problem, whether in factory or office, is today being settled by both parties getting a clear definition of what each wants. Then it is found that both want this one basic good, the steady job, and can work in harmony toward it. Men want it because steady employment means their profit on a year's work, and a reasonably certain future. The boss wants it because it means just these same things to his business.

Find a business house that follows, in dealing with employees, the same policy of stability it observes in dealing with customers, and that house will have the best men and the stanchest organization, largely because both go together. When a house lacks these elements of sound policy, probably it belongs in West Ham.

There was a comfortable, quiet, profitable little factory that made supplies for other factories, running along in a groove, its methods largely rule-of-thumb, and its employees a lot of crusty old fellows, grown gray under the founder, who had a considerable crust himself. Within the memory of man nobody had ever been discharged. The business had, admittedly, a wide margin for waste and dry rot. Yet it ran along in its crusty, conservative way, and made money; and to lose a customer was as exceptional as to lose an employee.

But the founder died, and his widow handed the management over to a young nephew who had specialized in the theory of business administration at college. The nephew was a vigorous organizer. He went in for new men, new methods, new trade. Old employees faded away and others came in. Having reorganized the plant once, he proceeded to reorganize it again and again. After a week's vacation he would return with complete plans for turning the business upside down. No man held a job on more than a three-months' tenure. Employees who got along best were wonder-workers, who introduced themselves with glib plans for managing some detail in a highly original way, and were permitted to run it until a more persuasive wonder-worker appeared with a more original plan. Figuratively, the finishing room would be in charge of some prestidigitator who had convinced the nephew that he could pluck coins out of the air, and who stayed until replaced by another who interested the boss by taking live rabbits out of his hat.

In three years such tactics ran the business down to no profits, a strike came, and, after overhauling by experts, the business was incorporated, and a substantial interest sold to capable managers. A curious contrast was found by the experts. With an average force of eighty to a hundred men on salary and wages, this plant, during twenty years of the founder's supervision, had employed hardly three hundred different persons all told. That included all who had died, been discharged, or worked as extras in busy times—even the extra men were drawn from a regular following. When the reorganizing nephew stepped out, however, there was not one of the original employees on its pay-roll, and during his three years' administration the factory had hired and fired above one thousand persons!

The steady job is not old-fashioned or humdrum. On the contrary, some of our most progressive industries are built upon it, as in the Standard Oil Company, where the industrial history is a long, peaceful record of work and growth interrupted by few disputes between company and men. Standard wages are good and the jobs are careers.

Through the extremely-unhappy year 1908 our great railroads and public service corporations, together with manufacturing and mercantile houses, had to adjust themselves to a loss in earnings, reduced profits and lower dividends, if there were any dividends at all. One of the great public service corporations, however, came through the year with several million dollars increased earnings, for through economies in materials and the like its operating expenses had been reduced.

Standardized Angel Harps

THE president of that corporation is a restless reorganizer. This month his whole attention will be absorbed in the organization and routine of one department, and next month centered on some other point. Men are moved about like pegs, and the division superintendent or general manager, transferred to a more responsible position, will no sooner have his work in hand, and look forward to a week's fishing, than the Chief abolishes an office elsewhere for the sake of getting the man who ran it, and throws the work on to the fellow who wants to go fishing. Standardization is one of his dearest studies. By uniformity of equipment and routine he has saved the company hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. Another study is the grouping and regrouping of men, with a view to simplifying the human organization, and leading his ablest under-executives to reduce work to routine, so that others can handle it, and the ablest be ready for more.

Occasionally the doctors order the Chief off for a rest, in which case he retires to his farm in New England and works just as hard at reorganization there. Half the people in that township are employed on his country place, and he breeds everything from hens to horses. By the time he is rested and fit for company work again all the breeds have been reorganized and are on their way to become something else.

"He wouldn't be in Heaven ten minutes before he started reorganizing it," say his men. "All the harp equipment would be standardized, with interchangeable parts."

He Could Pluck Coins Out of the Air

Crusty Old Fellows, Grown Gray Under the Founder

Yet this executive builds everything on the steady job. Look over the authority chart of that company five years ago, and changes in organization are seen, but not in men. Managers and superintendents are the same, while the jobs have grown. As for its wage-earners, the company has absolutely no history of strikes or disputes, nor any experience of loan sharks, while its mechanics are the despair of any misguided insurance solicitor who tries to sell them sick or accident policies. Because, without any definite rule to that effect, the men understand that so long as the company retains them it will take care of them in trouble.

All the changes that can affect men with such a company are made during their selection. If a man isn't the right sort he isn't hired. Or, should an error be made in engaging the wrong man, he is dropped early, before either he or the company has anything at stake. Selections are made by a simple method, whereby an applicant must measure up to certain requirements in skill and personality. One of the most important, perhaps, is the rule that any man taken into the service shall be able to get along with people. The greatest operating genius in the country would not be hired by this company if he were a grump. Through many branches of its service employees come in contact with the public. Like all such corporations, the company has a certain amount of unfavorable public opinion to contend with. Every employee who deals with the public must be the sort of man who can leave a white mark on a black background. This rule holds good for employees who never deal with the public, for the company has to get along with them every day if the public doesn't; and it picks its own associates with just as much care.

The Father of Profit-Sharing

LECLAIRE, the Parisian master house-painter and father of profit-sharing, built up his great business in the last century with a wife, a capital of two hundred dollars savings, and a policy based on steady employment to mechanics whose work was pitiably irregular and conducive to bad habits. From the start he picked his men and found them steady employment. Presently his painters were attracting attention by their skill and steady habits, bringing him contracts. He kept them busy through the dull winter months, taking contracts at no profit to himself, if necessary, and, during periods of low wages, money advances were made to men, to be repaid in good times.

It is also worth noting that he ruled with a rod of iron. Often a painter would leave to escape the severe discipline that tolerated no drunken Monday; but after a taste of freedom and irregular work these scapegoats were usually glad to come back to LeClaire. Eventually, the business grew to such magnitude that he worked out his famous scheme of profit-sharing.

A Boston shoe manufacturer has worked out a successful plan for combining profit-sharing with the steady job. All employees are accorded certain percentages for skillful work, amount of work, regularity of attendance, being on hand promptly at starting hours, orderliness, general conduct and thrift. To each dollar saved by an employee the manufacturer adds a certain percentage of his own money. Once a year employees are given ratings according to their total percentages, and those in the highest class are known as star men or women, wearing a lapel button during the year. In discharging or laying off operatives these star employees are favored over others with lower ratings. In effect, to be a star operative in that factory is to hold a steady job through good times and bad.

One of the most peaceful factory towns in the Middle West cured its labor troubles some years ago by a plan based on the steady job. The leading manufacturer formed a committee made up of employers and workmen for general supervision of industrial affairs. Every manufacturer there was persuaded to pay good wages and systematize his production to give steady work to steady men, so far as possible. This committee seeks new industries for the town, and also passes upon them before they are invited to move there. A manufacturer with a bad labor record might not get any invitation, nor be welcome if he came on his own hook. Today, it is claimed, the average wages in that place are the highest paid anywhere in the state, and labor troubles are virtually unknown. But the man who devised the plan says eternal vigilance on the part of the committee is the price of peace, and that it is necessary to watch the employers much more carefully than the men. A new manufacturer comes in, for example. He finds an unusually-intelligent, willing class of workers, for if there is anything certain in this world about men and work, it is that steady jobs somehow attract the very cream of mechanics and laborers. Wages are high, however, and under the pressure of competition in selling his product the new manufacturer first wishes that they were lower, and later, perhaps, undertakes to trim off a cent or two here and there, in a purely tentative way. Then the committee comes down upon him. This committee has good sense, and understands the difference between legitimate wage adjustment and real cutting of workmen's incomes. The manufacturer is warned.

"We have taken you in here where conditions are the best in the state," says the committee. "Unless you continue to be as decent as the conditions we will make this town too hot to hold you."

And if he persists on his wrong course this is done through open explanation of his methods through publicity channels, arousing public opinion.

The Apprenticeship System

ANOTHER town famous for its high average wages and uniform industrial peace is situated in New England. There are two hundred factories of various kinds there, but the general tone of the place is set by five leading industries, each the largest of its kind in the world. Some idea of how the steady job is made the underlying principle in labor policy is shown in the apprenticeship system of one of the "Big Five."

(Continued on Page 26)

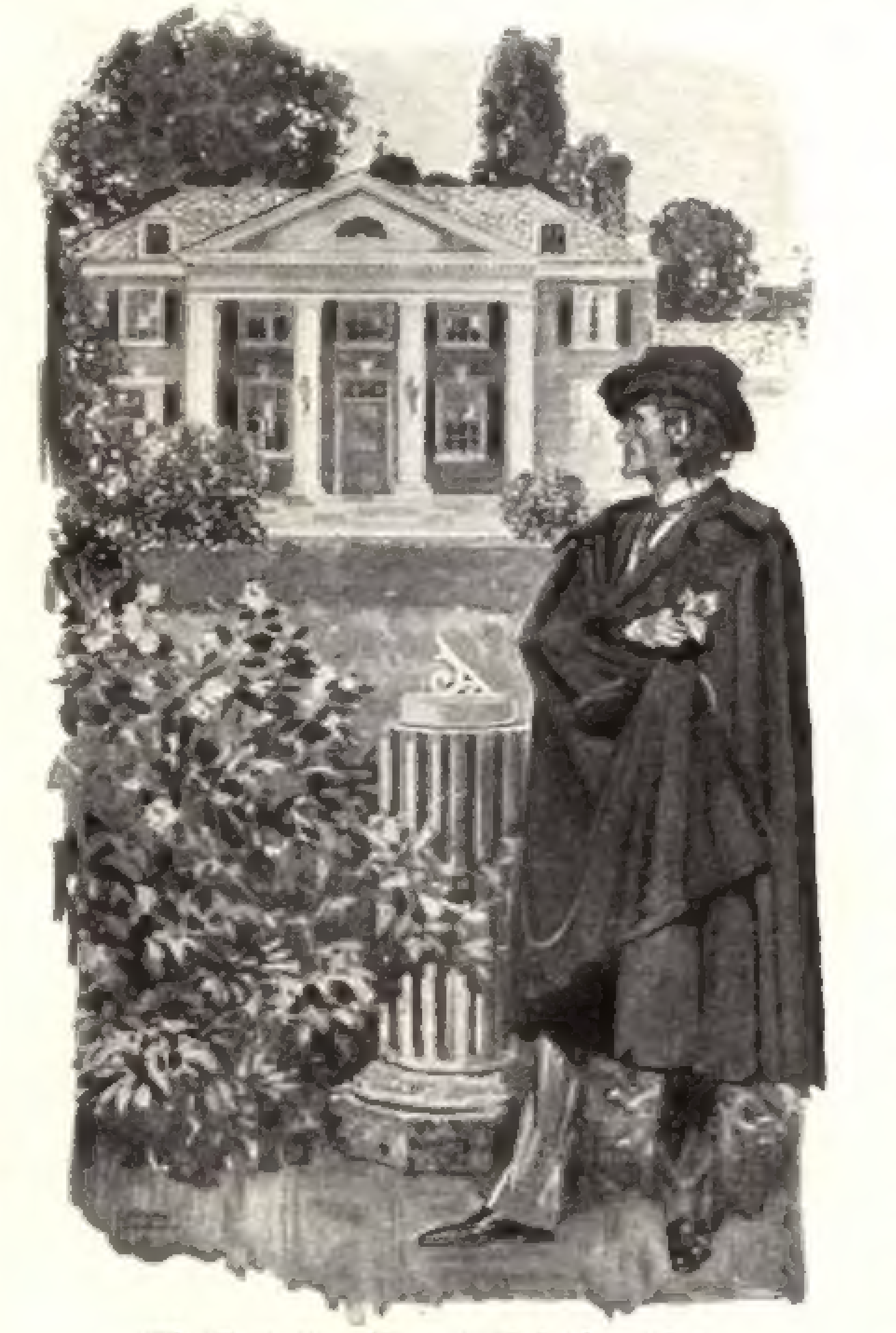
Interested the Boss by Taking Live Rabbits Out of His Hat

THE DESPOILER

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

He Learns That Blood Will Tell



His Black Cape Hung in Unbroken Lines

FORREST paused when his explorations had brought him to the edge of the beech wood, all dappled with golden lights and umber shadows, and stood for a time brooding upon those intimate lawns and flowery gardens that seemed, as it were, but roofless extensions of the wide, open house.

It is probable that his brooding had in it an estimate of the cost of these things. It was thus that he had looked upon the blooded horses in the river-fields and the belted cattle in the meadows. It was thus that his grave eyes passed beyond the gardens and moved from corner to corner of the house, from sill to cornice, relating the porticoes and interminable row of French windows to dollars and cents. He had, of course, been of one mind, and now he was of two; but that octagonal slug of California minting, by which he resolved his doubts, fell heads, and he stepped with an acquiescent reluctance from the dappled shadows into the full sunlight of the gardens and moved slowly, with a kind of awkward and cadaverous grandeur, toward the house. He paused by the sun-dial to break a yellow rose from the vine out of which its fluted supporting column emerged. So standing, and regarding the rose slowly twirled in his fingers, he made a dark contrast to the brightly-colored gardens. His black cape hung in unbroken lines from his gaunt shoulders to his knees, and his face had the modeling and the gentle gloom of Dante's.

The rose fell from his hand, and he moved onward through the garden and entered the house as nonchalantly as if it had been his own. He found himself in a cool dining-room, with a great chimneypiece and beaded white paneling. The table was laid for seven, and Forrest's intuitive good taste caused his eyes to rest with more than passing interest upon the stately loving-cup, full of roses, that served for a centerpiece. But from its rosy garlands caught up in the mouths of demon-heads he turned suddenly to the portrait over the chimneypiece. It was darker and more sedate than the picture to which Forrest was accustomed, but in effect no darker or more sedate than himself. The gentleman of the portrait, a somewhat pouchy-cheeked, hook-nosed Revolutionary, in whose wooden and chalky hand was a rolled document, seemed to return Forrest's glance with a kind of bored courtesy.

"That is probably the Signer," thought Forrest, and he went closer. "A great buck in your time," he approved.

The butler entered the dining-room from the pantry, and, though a man accustomed to emergencies, was considerably nonplused at the sight of the stranger. That the stranger was a bona-fide stranger, James, who had served the Ballins for thirty years, knew; but what manner of stranger, and whether a rogue or a man upon legitimate business, James could not so much as guess.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "were you looking for some one?"

"Yes," said Forrest, perfectly at his ease, "and no."

"Shall I tell Mr. Ballin that you are here, sir?"

"I will find him for myself, thank you," said Forrest, and he moved toward an open door that seemed to lead into the hall.

"By the way," he said, "there will be an extra at luncheon."

Very stately in his long, black cape, and with his pensive Dantesque face, Forrest continued on his slow progress to the open door and went out of the dining-room. He crossed the hall with half an eye to its quiet tones and bowls of roses, and entered a room of bright chintz with a pattern of cornflowers, and full of sunlight. It was a very spacious room, and lively—a proper link between the gardens and the house; and here were many photographs in silver frames of smart men and women; and the Sunday papers with their colored supplements were strewn in disorder upon the floor. And it seemed to Forrest, so comfortable and intimate did it look, as if that room had been a part of his own life. Upon the blotter of a writing-table sprawled a checkbook bound in yellow leather. And when Forrest saw that, he smiled. It came as a surprise that the teeth in that careworn face should be white and even. And in those rare and charming moments of his smiling he looked like a young man who has made many engagements with life which he proposes to fulfill, instead of like a man for whom the curious years reserve but one sensation more.

But Forrest did not remain any appreciable time in the cheerful living-room. A desire to explain and have it all over with was upon him; and he passed, rapidly now, from room to room, until in a far corner of the house he entered a writing-room furnished in severe simplicity with dark and dully-shining rosewood. This room was of an older fashion than any he had yet entered, and he guessed that it had been the Signer's workshop and had been preserved by his descendants without change. A pair of flintlock pistols, glinting silver, lay upon the desk; quill pens stood in a silver cup full of shot; a cramped map, drawn and colored by hand and yellow with age, hung above the mantel and purported, in bold printing with flourishes, to be The Proposed Route for the Erie Canal. Portraits of General Greene and Thomas Jefferson, by Stuart, also hung upon the walls. And there stood upon an octagonal table a bowl of roses.

There was a gentleman in the embrasure of a window, smoking a cigar and looking out. But at the sound of Forrest's step he turned an alert, close-cropped, gray head and stepped out of the embrasure.

"Mr. Ballin?" said Forrest.

"I am Mr. Ballin." His eyes perused the stranger with astonishing speed and deftness, without seeming to do so.

"It was the toss of a coin that decided me to come," said Forrest. "I have asked your butler to lay a place for me at luncheon."

So much assumption on the part of a stranger has a cheeky look in the printing. Yet Forrest's tone and manner far more resembled those of old friendship and intimacy than impertinence.

"Have I," said Ballin, smiling a little doubtfully, "ever had the pleasure of meeting you before? I have a poor memory for faces. But it seems to me that I should not have forgotten yours."

"You never saw me but the one time," said Forrest. "That was many years ago, and you would not remember. You were a—little wild that night. You sat against me at a game of faro. But even if you had been yourself—I have changed very much. I was at that time, as you were, little more than a boy."

"Good Lord!" said Ballin, "were you a part of that hectic flush that to myself I only refer to as 'Sacramento'?"

"You do not look as if it had turned you into a drinking man," said Forrest.

"It didn't," said Ballin, and without seeing any reason for confiding in the stranger he proceeded to do so. "It was nip and tuck for a time," he said, "and then money came to me, and this old place and responsibilities, and I became, more from force of circumstances than from any inner impulse, a decentish citizen."

"The money made everything smooth, did it?" said Forrest. "I wonder."

"You wonder—what?" said Ballin.

"If it could—money alone. I have had it at times—not as you have had it—but in large, ready sums. Yet I think it made very little difference."

"What have you been doing since—Sacramento?" asked Ballin.

"Up to a month ago," said Forrest, "I kept on dealing—in different parts of the world—in San Francisco, in London—Cairo—Calcutta. And then the matter which brings me here was brought to my attention."

"Yes?" said Ballin, a little more coolly.

"When you were in Sacramento," Forrest went on quietly and evenly as if stating an acknowledged fact, "you did not expect to come into all this. Then your cousin, Ranger Ballin, and his son went down in the City of Pittsburgh; and all this"—he made a sudden, sweeping gesture with one of his long, well-kept hands—"came to you."

"Yes?" Ballin's voice still interrogated coolly.

Forrest broke into that naïve, boyish smile of his.

"My dear sir," said he, "I saw a play last winter in which the question is asked, 'Do you believe in Fairies?' I ask you, 'Do you believe in Gipsies?'"

"In what way?" Ballin asked, and he, too, smiled.

"Ranger Ballin," said Forrest, "had another son who was spirited away in childhood by the gipsies. That will explain this visit, which on the face of it is an impertinence. It will explain why I have entered this house without knocking, and have invited myself to luncheon. You see, sir, all this"—and again he made the sudden, sweeping gesture—"is mine."

It speaks for Forrest's impression that, although reason told Ballin to doubt this cataclysmic statement, instinct convinced him that it was true. Yet what its truth might mean to him did not so convincingly appear. That he might be ousted from all that he looked on as his own did not yet occur to him, even vaguely.

"Then we are cousins," he said simply, and held out his hand. But Forrest did not take it at once.

"Do you understand what cousinship with me means to you?" he said.

"Why," said Ballin, "if you *are* my cousin"—he tried to imply the doubt that he by no means felt—"there is surely enough for us both."

"Enough to make up for the years when there has been nothing?" Forrest smiled.

"It is a matter for lawyers to discuss, then," said Ballin quietly. "Personally, I do not doubt that you believe yourself to be my cousin's son. But there is room, surely, in others for many doubts."

"Not in others," said Forrest, "who have been taught to know that two and two are four."

"Have you documentary proof of this astonishing statement?" said Ballin.

"Surely," said Forrest. And he drew from an inner pocket a bundle of documents bound with a tape. Ballin ran a perturbed but deft eye through them, while Forrest stood motionless, more like a shadow than a man. Then, presently, Ballin looked up with a stanch, honorable look.

"I pick no flaws here, cousin," he said. "I—I congratulate you."

"Cousin," said Forrest, "it has been my business in life to see others take their medicine. But I have never seen so great a pill swallowed so calmly. Will you offer me your hand now?"

Ballin offered his hand grimly.

Then he tied the documents back into their tape and offered the bundle to Forrest.

"I am a careless man," said Forrest; "I might lose them. May I ask you to look after them for me?"

"Would you leave me alone with them?" asked Ballin.

"Of course," said Forrest.

Ballin opened an old-fashioned safe in the paneling and locked it upon the despoiling documents. Yet his heart, in spite of its dread and bitterness, was warmed by the trustfulness of the despoiler.

"And now what?" he said.

"And now," said Forrest, "remember for a little while only that I am, let us say, an old friend of your youth. Forget for the present, if you can, who else I am, and what my recrudescence must mean to you. It is not a happiness"—he faltered with his winning smile—"to give pain."

II

"YOUR father," said Forrest, "says that I may have his seat at the head of the table. You see, Miss Dorothy, in the world in which I have lived there were no families. And I have the strongest desire to experiment in some of those things which I have missed. . . . Ballin," he exclaimed, "how lovely your daughters are!"

The young Earl of Moray glanced up mischievously.

"Do you think, sir," he drawled, "that I have made the best selection under the circumstances? Sometimes I think I ought to have made up to Ellen instead of Dorothy."

"What's the matter with us?" said Alice, and she laid her hand upon Evelyn's.

"Oh, you little rotters!" exclaimed the Earl, whom they sometimes teased to the point of agony. "No man in his senses would look at *you*."

"Right-O!" said young Stephen Ballin, who made the eighth at table. "They're like germs," he explained to Forrest—"very troublesome to deal with."

"It's because we're twins," said Evelyn. "Everybody who isn't twins is down on them."

"It's because they are always beautiful and good," said Alice. "Why don't you stand up for us, father?"

It was noticed that Mr. Ballin was not looking well; that the chicken *mousse* upon his plate was untouched, and that he fooled with his bread, breaking it, crumbling it, and rolling it into pellets. He pulled himself together and smiled upon his beloved twins.

Forrest had turned to the Earl of Moray.

"Was it your ancestor," he said, "who 'was a bra' gallant, and who raid at the gluve'?"

"I am confident of it," said the young Englishman.

"By all accounts," said Forrest, "he would have been a good hand with a derringer. Have you that gift for games?"

"I'm a very good golfer," said the Earl, "but I thought a derringer was a kind of dish that babies ate gruel out of." He blushed becomingly.

"As ever," said Alice, "insular and ignorant."

"You prickly baby!" exclaimed the Earl. "What is a derringer, Mr. Forrest?"

Forrest, having succeeded in drawing the attention of his immediate and prospective family from the ill looks of Mr. Ballin, proposed to keep his advantage.

"I will show you," he said. "Are my hands empty?"

"Quite so," said the Earl.

"Keep your eyes on them," said Forrest, "so. Now, we will suppose that you have good reason to believe that I have stolen your horse. Call me a horse thief."

"Sir," said the Earl, entering into the spirit of the game, "you are a horse thief!"

There appeared in Forrest's right hand, which had seemed empty, which had seemed not to move or to perform in any celeritous and magic manner, a very small, stubby, nickel pistol, with a caliber much too great for it, and down whose rifled muzzle the Earl found himself gazing. The Earl was startled. But he said, "I was mistaken, sir; you are not a horse thief." As mysteriously as it had come, the wicked little derringer disappeared. Forrest's hands remained innocently in plain view of all.

"Oh," said Alice, "if you had only pulled the trigger!"

Evelyn giggled.

"Frankly, Mr. Forrest," said the Earl, "aren't the twins loathsome? But tell me, can you shoot that thing as magically as you play tricks with it?"

"It's not a target gun," said Forrest. "It's for instantaneous work at close range. One could probably hit a tossed coin with it, but one must have more weight and inches to the barrel and less explosion for fine practice."

"What would you call fine practice?" asked Stephen.

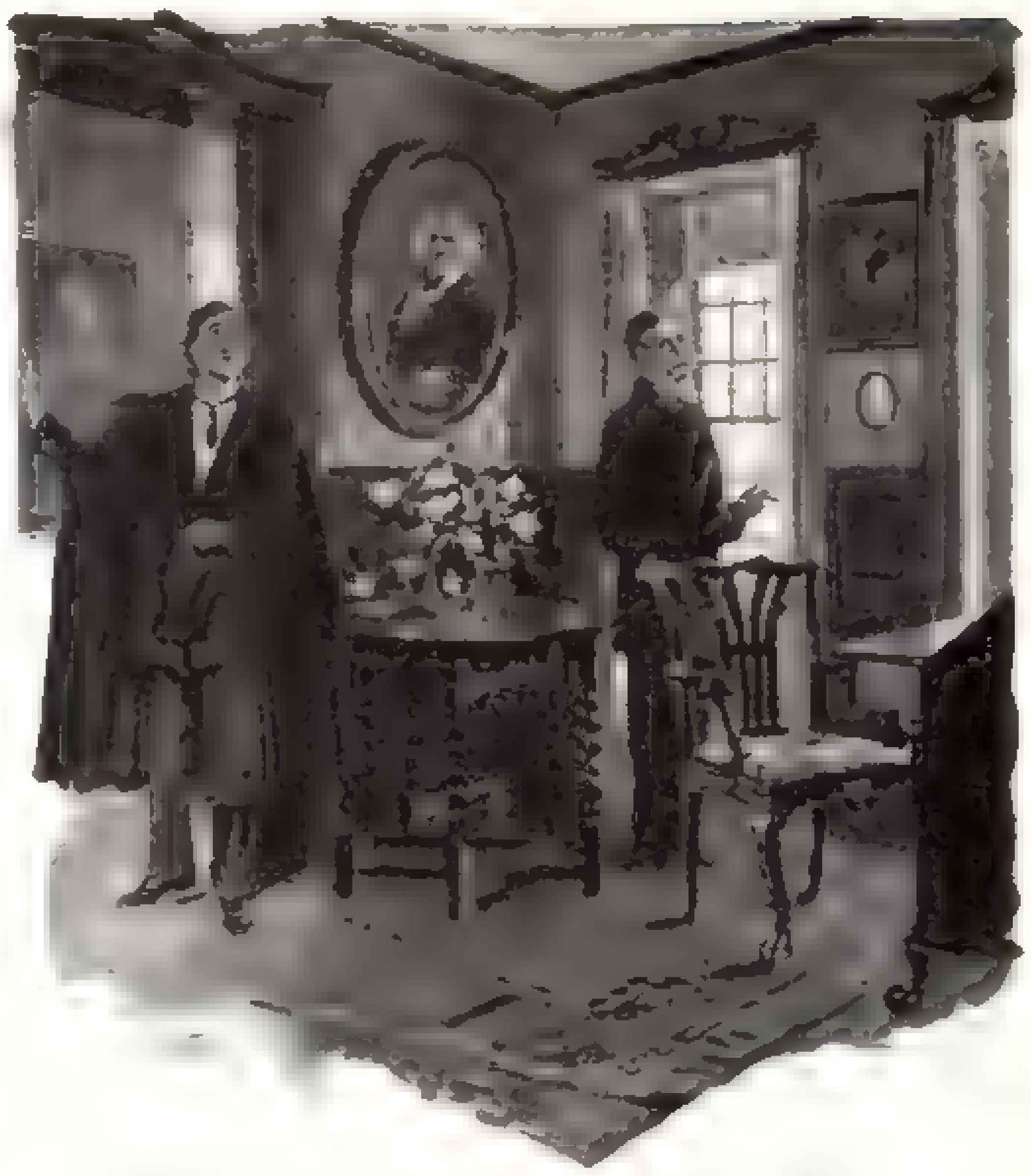
"Oh," said Forrest, "a given leg of a fly at twenty paces, or to snip a wart from a man's hand at twenty-five."

. . . .

Mr. Ballin rose.

"I'm not feeling well," he said simply; "when the young people have finished with you, Forrest, you will find me in the Signer's room." He left the table and the room, very pale and shaky, for by this time the full meaning of Forrest's incontestable claim had clarified in his brain. He saw himself as if struck down by sudden poverty—of too long leisure and too advanced in years to begin life with any chance of success. His symptoms were not unlike inactive nausea. And when he was beyond the reach of his family's eyes he began to lurch in his walk. When he reached the Signer's room he had out the documents that Forrest had handed to him, and went through them very carefully, praying for doubt. It is good to know that it did not even occur to him to destroy them.

Meantime, Forrest, who felt that Mr. Ballin's indisposition had put a certain constraint upon the party, exerted himself to entertain the young people. He had no great store of wit, but a vast knowledge of the life that was outside their pale. And he told them tales of sudden deaths by shooting and the rope; of rich bodies of ore struck in the last moment of despair; and he told them of Homeric deeds and curious runs of cards. In particular, the Earl of Moray, whose life had been as carefully ordered as one of the clipped yews of his own Castle Stuart, was fascinated by the gentle wording and the colossal episodes of the gambler's talk. And the gambler warmed to the eager queries and to the sinless young face of the Stuart.



But at the Sound of Forrest's Step He Turned an Alert, Close-Cropped Gray Head

When luncheon was over they went into the living-room, the Earl keeping close to the gambler, as if he feared to lose him. In a corner of the living-room, open and inviting, was a grand piano. It caught Forrest's eye, and he turned to Dorothy.

"Your young man, Miss Dorothy," he said, "had a cousin, a very distant cousin, whom I used to know in the West—Charles Stuart; he had the face of the first Charles, and, like him, the devil's own luck. But he had a voice of pure gold, and little children went to him as iron filings to a magnet. It was from him that I learned about the Earl of Moray who raid at the gluve."

Without any more words Forrest crossed to the piano and sat down at it. He struck a splendid, wide-open chord in the base, and began to sing in a clear, ringing voice, wonderful with conviction and tragedy:

Ye highlands and ye lawlands,
Oh, where hae ye been?
They ha' slain the Earl o' Moray,
And ha' laid him on the green.

He was a bra' gallant,
And he raid at the gluve,
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
He was the Queen's love

He was a bra' gallant,
And he raid at the ring,
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray,
Oh, he might ha' been a king.

Lang, lang will his lady look
Oui o'er the castle down,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come soundin' thro' the town.

Forrest finished as abruptly as he had begun and rose from the piano. But for a few charged moments even the twins were silent.

"He used to sing that song," said Forrest, "so that the cold chills went galloping the length of a man's spine. He was as like you to look at," he turned to the Earl, "as one star is like another. I cannot tell you how it has moved me to meet you. We were in a place called Grub Gulch, placer-mining—half a dozen of us. I came down with the scarlet fever. The others bolted, all but Charlie Stuart. He stayed. But by the time I was up, thanks to him, he was down—thanks to me. He died of it." Forrest finished very gravely.

"Good Lord!" said the Earl.

"*He* might ha' been a king," said Forrest. And he swallowed the lump that rose in his throat, and turned away so that his face could not be seen by them.

But, presently, he flashed about with his winning smile.

"What would all you rich young people do if you hadn't a sou in the world?"

"Good Lord!" said Stephen, "everything I know how to do decently costs money."

"I feel sure," said Alice, her arm about Evelyn's waist, "that our beauty and goodness would see us through."

"I," said Ellen, "would quietly curl up and die."

"I," said Dorothy, "would sell my Earl to the highest bidder."

"I shouldn't bring tuppence," said the Earl.

"But you," said Forrest to the Earl, "what would you do if you were stone-broke?"

"I would marry Dorothy tomorrow," said the Earl, "instead of waiting until September. Fortunately, I have a certain amount of assets that the law won't allow me to get rid of."

"I wish you could," said Forrest.

"Why?" The Earl wrinkled his eyebrows.

"I would like to see what you would do." He laid his hand lightly upon the young Englishman's shoulder. "You don't mind? I am an old man," he said, "but I cannot tell you—what meeting you has meant to me. I want you to come with me now, for a few minutes, to Mr. Ballin. Will you?"

III

"MR. BALLIN," said Forrest, his hand still on the Earl's shoulder, "I want you to tell this young man what only you and I know."

Ballin looked up from his chair with the look of a sick man.

"It's this, Charlie," he said in a voice that came with difficulty. "It's a mistake to suppose that I am a rich man. Everything in this world that I honestly thought belonged to me belongs to Mr. Forrest."

The Earl read truth in the ashen, careworn face of his love's father.

"But surely," he said anxiously, "Dorothy is still yours—to give."

Forrest's dark and brooding countenance became as if suddenly brightly lighted.

"My boy—my boy!" he cried, and he folded the wriggling and embarrassed Stuart in his long, gaunt arms.

I think an angel bringing glad tidings might have looked as Forrest did when, releasing the Earl of Moray, he turned upon the impulse and began to pour out words to Ballin.

"When I found out who I was," he said, "and realized for how long—oh, my Lord! how long—others had been enjoying what was mine, and that I had rubbed myself bare and bleeding against all the rough places of life, will you understand what a rage and bitterness against you all possessed me? And I came—oh, on wings—to trample, and to dispossess, and to sneer, and to send you packing. . . . But first the peace of the woods and the meadows, and the beech wood and the gardens, and the quiet hills and the little brooks staggered me. And then you—the way you took it, cousin!—all pale and wretched as you were; you were so calm, and you admitted the claim at once—and bore up.

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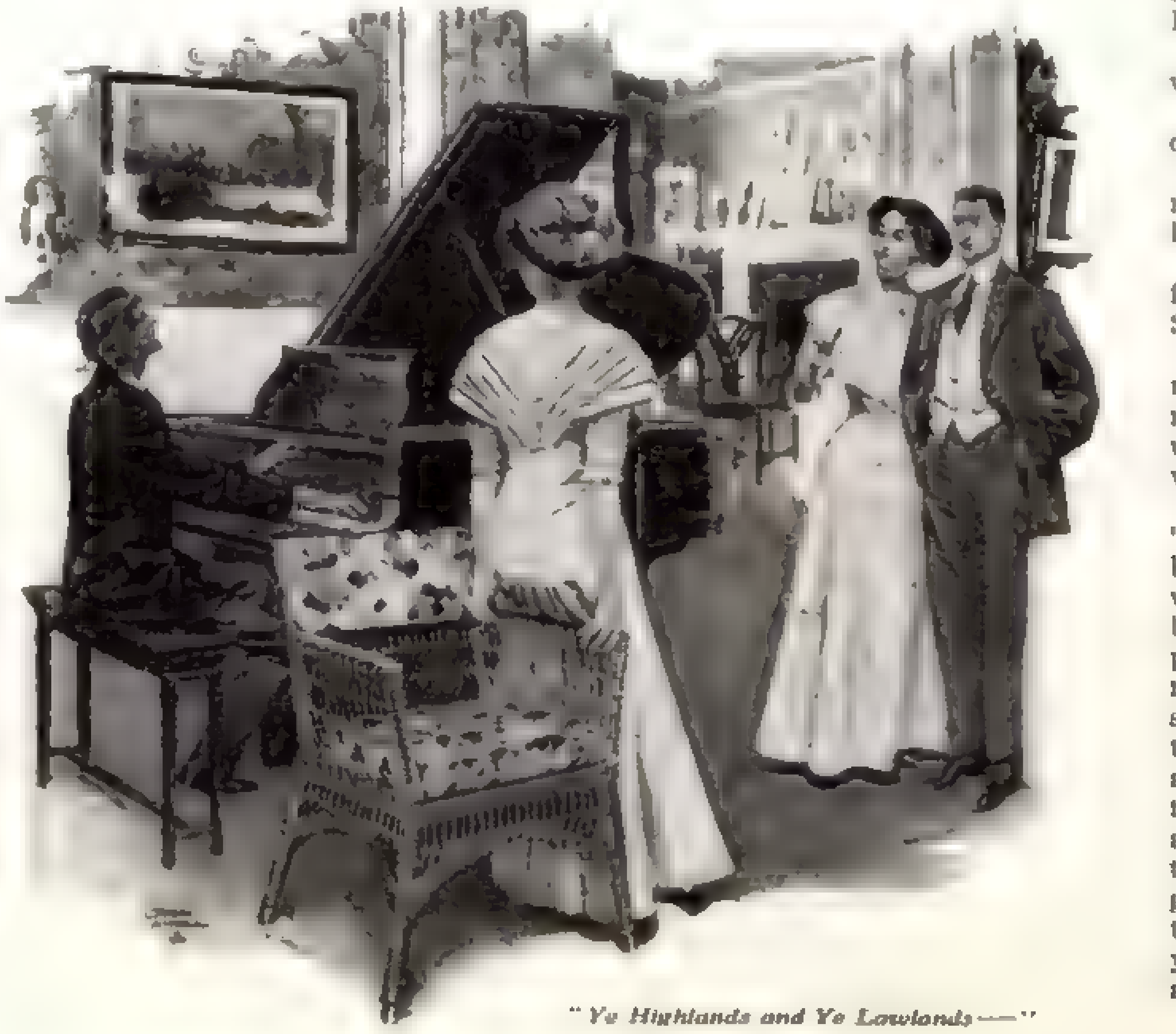


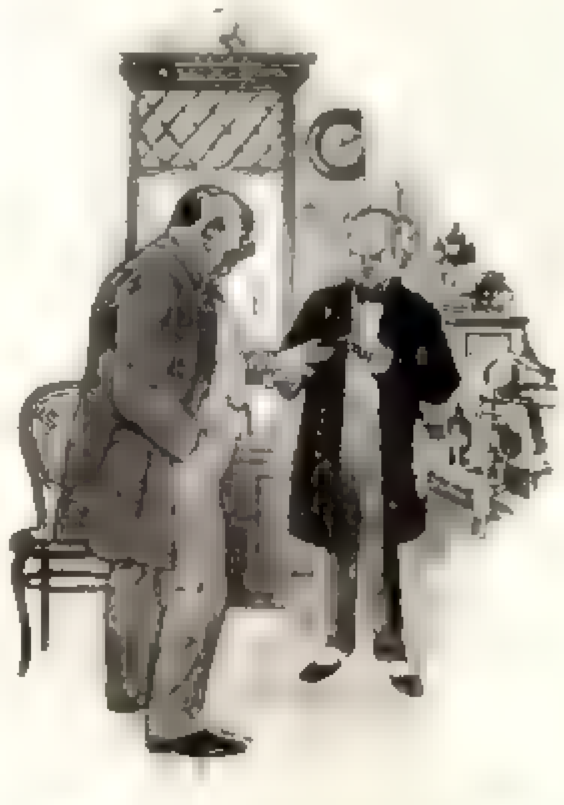
"Ye Highlands and Ye Lawlands——"

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

OUR principal dread of a wound is from fear that it may fester instead of healing "kindly." We don't exactly enjoy being shot, or stabbed, or scratched, though, as a matter of fact, in what Mulvaney calls the "fog av fightin'" we hardly notice such details unless immediately disabling, but our greatest fear, after the bleeding has stopped, is lest blood-poisoning may set in. And we do well to dread it, for in the olden days—that is, barely fifty years ago—in wounds of any size or seriousness two-thirds of the risk remained to be run after the bleeding had been stopped and the bandages put on. Nowadays, the danger is only a fraction of one per cent. Up till half a century ago every wound was expected to form "matter," or pus, in the process of healing.


"I Keep My Finger-Nails Clean, Sir!"

Even surgeons thought it a necessary part of the process of healing, and the approving term "laudable pus" was applied to a discharge without either offensive odor or tinge of blood, from the surface of a healing wound; and the hospital records of the day noted with satisfaction that, after an operation, "suppuration was safely established." So strongly was this idea intrenched that a free discharge, or outpouring of some sort, was necessary to the proper healing of a wound, that in the Middle Ages it was regarded as exceedingly dangerous to permit wounds to close quickly. Wounds that had partially united were actually torn apart, and liquids like oil or wine or strong acids, that tended to keep them from closing and set up suppuration, were poured into them, and in some instances their lips were actually burned with hot irons. There was a solid basis of reason underlying these extraordinary methods—namely, the rule-of-thumb observation handed down from one generation to another—that wounds that discharged freely and "sweetly," though they were slow in healing and left disfiguring scars, usually did not give rise to serious or fatal attacks of blood-poisoning or wound-fever. And of two evils they chose the less: plenty of pus and a big ugly scar in preference to an attack of dangerous blood-poisoning, which, if it didn't kill you, might easily cripple you for life by involving a joint. The trouble was with their logic, or rather with their premises. They were firmly convinced that the danger came from within, that there was a sort of "morbid humor" which must be allowed to escape, or it would be dammed up in the system with disastrous results.

Lord Lister's Great Discovery

ONE day a brilliant skeptic by the name of Lister, who is still living, took it into his head that, perhaps, the fathers of surgery and their generations of imitators might have been wrong. He tried an experiment, shut germs out of his wounds, and behold, antiseptic surgery, with all its magnificent line of triumphs, was born!

Now, a single drop of pus in an operation-wound is a deep disgrace and calls for a vigorous overhauling of equipment from cellar to skylight; while a second drop means a commission of inquiry and drumhead court martial. This is the secret of the advances of modern surgery, not that our surgeons are any more skillful with the knife, but that they can enter cavities like those of the skull, the spinal column, the abdomen and the chest, remove what is necessary and get out again with almost perfect safety, regions which were almost absolutely forbidden ground to their forefathers on account of the forty, yes, seventy per cent risk of death from suppuration.

The triumphs of antisepsis, or keeping the bugs out of the cut, in surgery have been illustrated scores of times by abler pens, and become a household word, but certain of its practical applications in wounds and scratches and trifling injuries of every-day life are not yet as thoroughly familiar as they should be. When once we know who our wound enemies are, whence they come, and how they are carried, the fate of the battle is practically in our own hands.

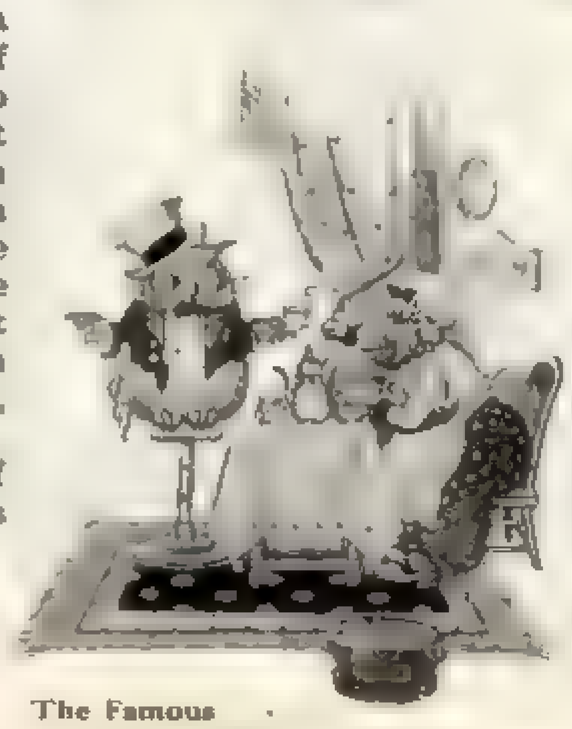
Like most disease germs our wound-infection foes are literally "they of our own household." They don't pounce down upon us from the trees, or lie in wait for us in the thickets, or creep in the grass, or grow in the soil, or swarm in our food. They live and can only live within the shelter of our own bodies where it is warm and moist and comfortable. This is one great (in the expressive vernacular) "cinch" that we have on the vast majority of disease germs, whether medical or surgical, that they do not flourish and breed outside of the body, or of houses closed and warmed, and this grip can be improved with skill and determination into a veritable strangle-hold on most of them.

In the language of biology, most of them have become "adapted to their environment" so closely that they can scarcely flourish and breed anywhere outside of the warm, moist, fertile soil of a living body, and many of them cannot even live long at temperatures more than ten degrees above or fifteen degrees below that of the body. At all events, so poorly are these pus germs able to preserve their vigor and power of attack, not merely outside of the human body, but outside of some wound or sore spot, that probably eight-tenths of all cases of wound infection, or blood-poisoning, come from some previous festering wound, sore, ulcer, scab, boil or pimple in or on some other human being or animal. Practically, whenever we get pus in a wound in a hospital we insist upon finding the precise previous case of pus from which it originated, and seldom is our search unsuccessful. If we kept not only our wounds surgically clean, but our gums, our noses, throats, skins and finger-nails also, and burned and sterilized everything that came in contact with a sore, pustule or scab, we would wipe out nine-tenths of our cases of wound-infection and suppuration; in fact, practically all of it, except such small per cent as may come from contact with infections in animals.

This is the reason why, up to half a century ago, by a strange paradox, hospitals were among the most dangerous places to perform operations in, on account of the abundance of wounds or sores always present for the pus germs to breed in, and the fact that out of fifty or more wound cases there were practically certain to be one or two infected ones to leaven the whole lump.

Some Mistakes of the Past

SURGEONS, ignorant of antisepsis, and careless nurses spread the infection along until, in some instances, it reached a virulence which burst into the terrible "hospital gangrene." This dread disease was the scourge of all hospitals, especially military ones, all over the civilized world as recently as our War of Secession. In some wards of our military hospitals from thirty to fifty per cent of all the wounded received were attacked by it, and over five thousand cases were formally reported during the war, of which nearly fifty per cent died. This plague was born solely of those two great mothers of evils, ignorance and dirt, and is today, in civilized lands, as extinct as the Dodo. Then the dread that the community had of hospitals as places that "help the poor to die," in Browning's phrase, had a certain amount of foundation; and cases operated upon in a farmhouse kitchen, where no one in the family happened to have had a boil or a catarrh or a festering cut within a month or so, and where the knife happened to be clean or new, would recover with less suppuration than a hospital case. Nowadays, from incessant and eternal vigilance, a hospital is the cleanest and safest place in the world for an operation, so that most surgeons decline to operate outside of one, except in emergencies; and some will not even operate outside of one with which they are personally connected, so that they know every step in the process of protection.


The Famous Burrowing-Owl Who Forms a Happy Family With the Prairie-Dog

It was this terrible risk of the surgeon carrying infection from one case to another that made the Coroner of London declare, barely sixty years ago, that he would hold an inquest upon the next case of death after ovariotomy that was reported to him, on account of the fearful pus-mortality that followed this serious operation, which now has a possible death-rate from all causes connected with the operation of only a fraction of one per cent.

The brusque reply is still remembered of Lawson Tait, the great English ovariotomist, to a distinguished German colleague, who had inquired the secret of his then marvelously low death-rate, after a glance at the bands of mourning on the ends of the other's fingers, "I keep my finger-nails clean, sir!" There was sadly too much truth in the saying of another eminent surgeon, that in the pre-Listerian days "many a poor woman's death-warrant was written under the finger-nails of her surgeon." This reproach has been wiped out. But the labor, pains and persistence after heart-breaking failures which it took to do it! Never was there a more vivid illustration of the declaration that genius is the capacity for taking pains than antiseptic surgery! Not a loophole must be left unstopped, not a possibility unconsidered, not a thing in or about or connected with the operating-room left unsterilized, except the patient and the surgeon; and these are made as nearly so as possible without danger to life.

In the first place, the operating-room itself must be like a bathroom, or, more accurately, the inside of a cistern. Walls, floor and ceiling all water-proof and capable of being washed down with a hose. There must be no casings or cornices of any sort to catch dust; and in the best-appointed hospitals no one is permitted to enter, under any pretext, whose hands and garments have not been sterilized.

In the second place, everything that is brought into the room for use in or during the operation is first thoroughly sterilized. The knives, instruments and other operative appliances are sterilized by boiling, or by the use of superheated steam; and the towels, dressings, bandages and sheets, by boiling, baking or by superheated steam. Then begins the preparation of the surgeon and the nurse! Dressing-rooms are provided in which the outer garments are removed and the hands given an ordinary wash. Then the scrubbing-room is entered, where, at a series of basins provided with running hot and cold water, whose faucets are turned by pressure with the foot, so as to avoid any necessity for touching them with the hand, the hands are thoroughly scrubbed with hot water, boiled soap and a boiled nail-brush.

Certain Practical Applications in Wounds and Scratches are Not Yet as Thoroughly Familiar as They Should Be

Germless Hands and Instruments

THEN they are plunged into and soaked in some strong antiseptic solution, then washed again; then plunged into another antiseptic solution containing some fat-solvent like ether or alcohol, to wash off any dirt that may have been protected by the natural oil of the skin. Then they are thoroughly scrubbed with soap and hot water again, to remove all traces of the antiseptics, most of which are irritating to wounded tissues; then washed in absolute alcohol, then in boiled or distilled water. Then the nurse, whose hands are already sterilized, takes out of its original package, in which it came from the sterilizing oven, a linen surgical gown or suit, which covers the operator from neck to toes. A sterilized linen or cotton cap is placed upon his head, and pulled down so that scales or germs of any sort from his hair may not fall into the wound. Some surgeons of stout and comfortable habit, who are apt to perspire in the high temperature of the operating-room, tie a band of gauze around the forehead to prevent any unexpected drops of perspiration from falling into the wound; while some purists muffle up the mouth.

You would think that by this time the hands were clean enough to go anywhere with safety, but no risks are going

Armies are Not Beaten Without Some Physical Cause

to be taken. A pair of rubber or cotton gloves, the former taken right out of a strong antiseptic solution, the latter out of the sterilizing oven, are pulled carefully on by the nurse. Holding his sacred hands spread out rigidly before him, like the front paws of a kangaroo, the surgeon carefully edges his way into the operating-room, waiting for any doors that he may have to pass through to be opened by the nurse, or awkwardly pushing them open with his elbow. In that attitude his hands are maintained until the operation is ready to begin.

Then comes the patient. If his condition will in any way permit he has been given a boiling hot bath and scrub the night before and put to bed in a sterilized nightgown, between sterilized sheets. The region which is to be operated upon has, at the same time, been scrubbed and rubbed and flushed with hot water, germicides, alcohol, soap; in fact, has undergone the same sacred ceremonial of cleansing through which the surgeon's hands have passed, and a large, closely-fitting antiseptic dressing, covering the whole field, has been applied and tightly bound on. He is brought into an anteroom, put under ether by an anaesthetist, through a sterilized mask; is wheeled into the operating-room, the dressing is removed and a thorough double scrub is again given for "good measure" to the whole area in which the wound is to be made. A baked sheet is thrown over the lower part of his body, another over the upper part, a third, with an oval opening in the center, spread over the region to be operated upon. The instrument-nurse takes a boiled knife out of a sterilized dish of distilled water, hands it to the surgeon, who takes it in his gloved hand, and the operation begins.

Now, if you can think of any possible chink through which a wandering *streptococcus* can, by any possibility, sneak into that wound, please suggest it!

Two Dangerous Criminals

THIS brings us to the criminals in the case. There are two of them: *Streptococcus Pyogenes* and *Staphylococcus Pyogenes*—cousins, as you see, by their names. Their last name really means something for once, and is not half so alarming as it sounds, as it is Greek for "pus-making." Their family name is *Coccus*, which means a berry, from their rounded shape under the microscope to the eye of some poetically-minded microscopist. The *Streptococcus* is by far the most dangerous character and desperate criminal, being concerned in nearly all the severer and dangerous wound fevers, septicemia, erysipelas. *Staphylococcus* is a milder and less harmful individual, seldom going further than to produce the milder forms of festering, discharging, refusing to heal, and pustules. He is not to be given a yard of leeway, however, for if he can get a sufficient number of dirty wounds to run through he can work himself up to a surprising degree of virulence and poisoning power. Indeed, this faculty of his may possibly furnish us the clew as to how these pus-makers developed their power of living in wounds. There is another *coccus* also in the group, the *Staphylococcus Pyogenes Albus* ("white"), to distinguish him from the other two who have the surname *Aureus*—"golden," the real Yellow Peril. He is an almost perfectly harmless denizen of the surfaces of our bodies, particularly the mouths of the sweat ducts and the openings of the hair follicles. Under peculiarly favorable circumstances, such as a very big wound, an aggravated chafe, or the application of that champion bug-breeder, a poultice, he may summon up courage enough to attack some half-dead skin cells and make a few drops of pus on his own account. He is the criminal concerned in the so-called "stitch-abscesses," or tiny points of pus, which form around the stitches of a big wound, and in some of the smaller pimples which "turn to matter." It is conceivable that this feeble and harmless white *coccus* may at some time have been accelerated under favorable circumstances to a state where he was endowed with "yellow" powers. But this is a mere academic question. Practically the one thing needful is to keep all the rascals out of every wound.

In the Middle Ages it was Regarded as Exceedingly Dangerous to Permit Wounds to Close Quickly

Now comes the question, how is this to be done? Fortunately it is not necessary to hunt out and destroy the pus germs in their breeding-places outside of the human body. As we have seen, they do not long retain their vitality out-of-doors; as a rule, not more than a few weeks, even in the dust of rooms and dirt of houses, even if the houses have been contaminated with the dressings of or discharges from wounds. There are two main things to be watched: first, the wound itself, and second, any unwashed or unsterilized part of your own or some other living body. Dirt of all sorts is a mighty good thing to keep absolutely out of the wound, but practically a whole handful of ordinary soil or dust rubbed into a wound might not, unless it happened to contain fertilizer of some sort, be half so dangerous as a single touch with a finger which had been dressing a wound, rubbing an ulcerated gum or scratching an itching scalp. If it be a cut on the finger or scratch on the hand, for instance, don't suck it or lick it unless you can give an absolutely clean bill of health to your gums and teeth. If not thoroughly brushed three or four times a day they are sure to be swarming with germs of twenty or thirty different species, which not infrequently include one or both of the pus germs. Indeed, the real reason why the bite of certain animals, and above all of a man, is regarded as so dangerous, is on account of the swarms of germs that breed in any remnants of food left between the teeth or in the pockets of ulcerating gums. Many a human bite is almost as dangerous as a rattlesnake's. The devoted hero who sucks the poison of the dagger or arrow out of a wound may be conferring a doubtful benefit if he happens to be suffering from Riggs' disease.

How to Treat Wounds

ONLY a few weeks ago the death of a London surgeon was reported from blood-poisoning due to the bite of a would-be suicide whose life he was endeavoring to save with a stomach pump.

Don't try to stop the bleeding unless it comes in spurts or is profuse enough to be serious. The loss of a few teaspoonfuls, tablespoonfuls or, for the matter of that, cupfuls of blood, won't do you any harm, and its free flow will wash out the cut from the bottom, and carry out most of the germs that may happen to be present on the knife or nail. If water and dressings are not accessible, let the blood "cake" and dry over the wound without disturbing it, even though it does look rather gory.

A slight cut with a clean knife or other instrument, into which no dirt has been rubbed, will often require no other dressing than its own blood-scab. If, however, as often happens, you cannot be sure of the cleanness of the knife, tool or nail, hold the wound under running water from a pump or tap (this is not germ-free, but practically never contains pus germs), until the wound has been thoroughly washed out, wiping any gravel or dirt out of the cut with soft rags which have been recently laundered or baked in the oven; then dry with a soft piece of linen or white goods, put on a dressing of absorbent cotton, such as can be purchased for a few cents an ounce at any drug-store. Absorbent or surgical cotton makes a good dressing, because it both sucks up any fluids which might leak out of the wound and forms a mesh-filter through which no germs can penetrate.

It is not advisable to use sticking-plaster for any but the most trivial wounds, and seldom even for these, for several reasons. First, that its application usually involves licking it to make it stick; second, that it must cover a sufficient amount of skin on each side of the wound to give it firm grip, and that this area of skin contains a considerable number of both sweat ducts and hair follicles which will keep on discharging under the plaster, producing a moist and unhealthy condition of the lips of the wound. Moreover, these sweat ducts and hair follicles will, as we have seen, frequently contain white *staphylococci* which are at times capable of setting up a low grade of inflammation in the wound. A wound always heals better if its edges and coverings can be kept dry. This is why cotton makes such an ideal dressing, since it permits the free evaporation of moisture, a moderate access of air, and yet keeps out all germs.

If the cut or scratch is of any depth or seriousness whatever, or the knife, tool or other instrument be dirty, or if any considerable amount of street dust or garden soil has got into the wound, then, by all means, it is advisable to go to a physician, have the wound thoroughly cleaned on antiseptic principles, and put up in an aseptic dressing. A single treatment of this sort, in even a comparatively trifling wound, which has become in any way contaminated, may save weeks of suffering and disability, and often danger to life, and will in eight cases out of ten shorten the time of healing from forty to sixty per cent.

The rapidity with which a wound in a reasonably healthy individual, cleaned and dressed on modern surgical principles, will heal is almost incredible, until it has actually been seen. The principal danger from garden soil or street dust in a wound is not so much from pus germs, though these may be present, as from another "bug"—the tetanus or lockjaw bacillus. This deadly organism lives in the alimentary canal of the horse, and hence is to be found in any dirt or soil which contains horse-manure. It is, fortunately, not very common or widely spread, but sufficiently so to make it the part of prudence to have thoroughly asepticized and dressed any wound into which considerable amounts of garden soil or street dust have been rubbed. The reason why wounds of the feet and hands have had such a bad reputation, both for festering and giving rise to lockjaw, is that it is precisely in these locations that they are most likely to get garden soil or stable manure. The classic rusty nail does not deserve the bad reputation as a wound-maker that it enjoys; its bad odor being chiefly due to the fact, already referred to, that injuries inflicted by it are most apt to be in the palm of the hand or in the sole of the foot, and hence peculiarly liable to contamination by the tetanus and other soil bacilli.

For some reason or other which we don't as yet thoroughly understand, burns from a toy pistol in particular, and Fourth of July fireworks in general, seem to be peculiarly liable to be followed by tetanus. The fulminate used in the cap of a toy pistol and the paper and explosives of several of the brands of firecrackers have been thoroughly examined bacteriologically, but without finding any tetanus germs in them. So many cases of lockjaw used to follow Fourth of July celebrations a few years ago that boards of health became alarmed, and both forbid outright the sale of deadly toy pistols, and also provided supplies of the tetanus antitoxin at various depots throughout the cities, so that all patriotic wounds of this description could have it dropped into them when they were dressed. Since then the lockjaw penalty which we pay for our highly intelligent method of celebrating the Fourth has diminished considerably. It is probable that the mortality was chiefly due to infection of the ugly, slow-healing, dirty little wounds with city dust, a large per cent of which, of course, is dried horse-manure. What with both the tetanus bacilli and the swarms of flies, one of which breeds solely and the other chiefly in stable manure, and which carry summer diseases, typhoid, diphtheria and tuberculosis in every direction, some day stables within city limits will be as strictly forbidden as pigpens, or most rigorously cleaned and inspected. So definite is the connection between the tetanus bacilli and the soil that "tetanus fields," or "lockjaw gardens," are now recognized and listed by the health authorities on account of their having given rise to several successive cases of the disease.

Burns From a Toy Pistol in Particular Seem to be Peculiarly Liable to be Followed by Tetanus

Warnings for Lockjaw Gardeners

WORKERS in such fields or gardens who scratch or cut themselves are warned promptly to report themselves for treatment with tetanus antitoxin. Apart from the tetanus germ, the problem of the treatment of wounds, though it should embody cleanliness personified, is yet not so much a matter of keeping dirt in general out of the wound as it is of keeping out that particular form of dirt which consists of or contains discharges from some previous wound, sore, ulcer or boil!

Though both the pus organisms can breed and flourish freely only in wounds or sores, this is but their colony where they gather strength to invade the entire organism. We used to make a distinction between those cases in which only their toxins or poisonous products got into the blood, with the production of fever, headache, backache, delirium and sweats, which we termed septicemia, and those in which the *cocci* themselves were carried into the blood and swept all over the body, forming fresh *foci*, or breeding-places, that resulted in scattered abscesses which we called pyemia. But now we know that there is no hard-and-fast line to be drawn, and that the germs get into the blood much more easily than we supposed, and the degree and dangerousness of the fever which they set

(Continued on Page 24)

BULL'S-EYE

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

IV

DUSK on the appointed Wednesday came almost with the lowering of the winter sun behind the houses. The street, as Paul turned the corner on his now more than doubtful errand, lay half in shadow—the same dull vista of uniformity, unaltered, except that the round stone heads of all the door-posts wore their snow periwigs a trifle thinner and more aslant. This repetition of railings and somber doorways, emphatic and statistical, gave the young man an odd encouragement

"The street's here, anyway," he told himself. "And the house is here. And I'm here. Now," he thought, mounting the steps, "we'll see if our inconstant friend has changed his mind again."

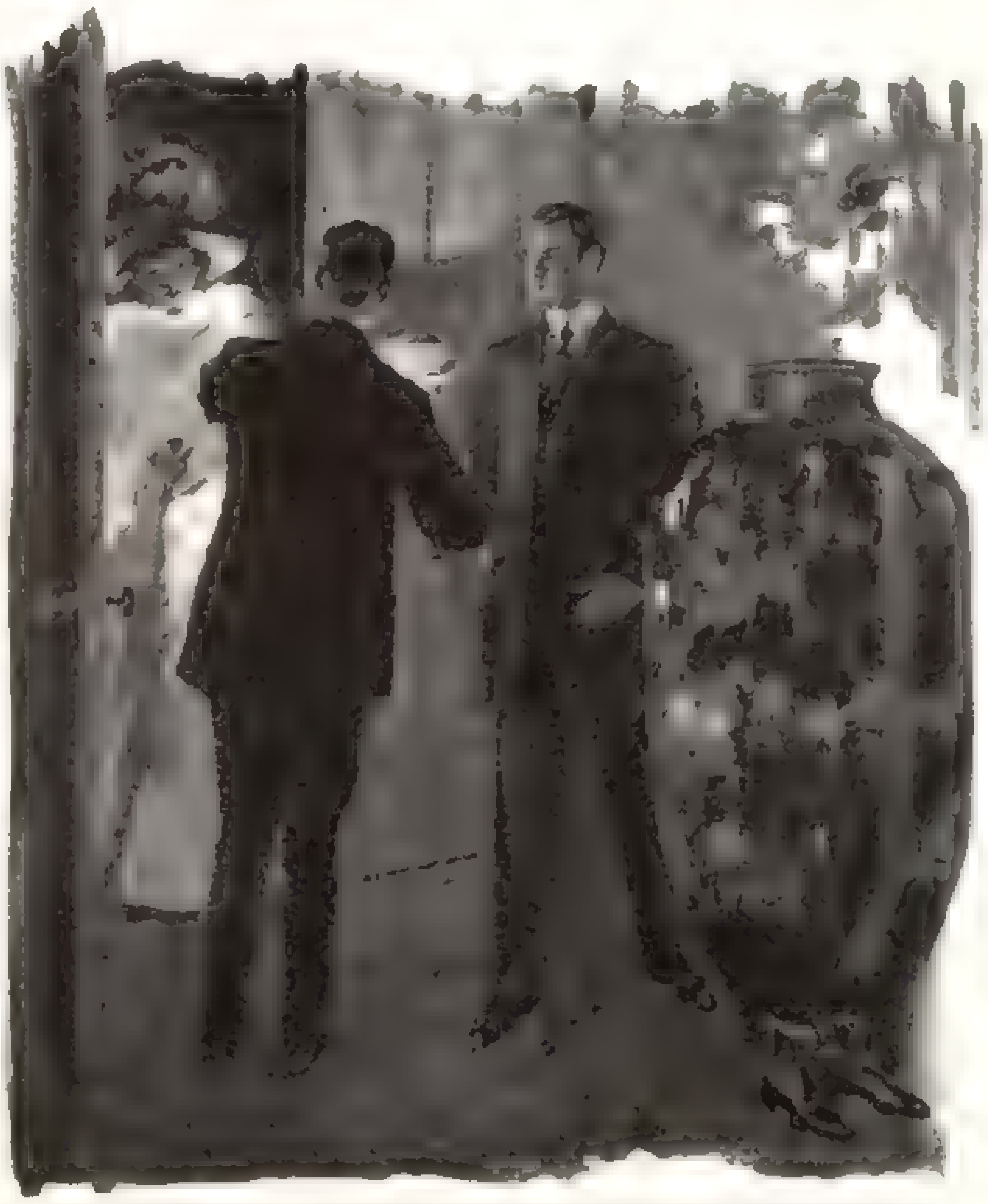
The bell, as he tweaked the handle, jangled in the bowels of the house. Nobody came.

"Dusk it is, old fellow." Paul drew from his pocket the girl's key, fitted it in the slot and turned. "Dusk was the orders, if we break owners."

The prolonged whine of the wards, ending in a click, not only brought to mind his first entrance, but gave him further security. This was the sound he must remember. He was night-watchman extraordinary, coming at the hour set, and knowing his instructions, whatever his employer might forget or deny.

Inside the hall evening had already fallen. The paler gloom from without, through the closing door, wheeled across a scrap of white paper that lay underfoot. Paul stooped and, bringing it up into the last of the daylight, deciphered four lines of neat handwriting:

For the caretaker:
Proceed as directed.
I shall send you my address.
Don't forget the furnace.



Of the Shining Eyes, the Flushed Cheeks, the Red Lips Parted in Wonder, Paul Caught Only a Flying Vision

After all, then, his strange encounter with Mr. Viles last night had not canceled their agreement. Relieved at having this one certainty, Paul shut the door and waited to regain his eyesight in the dark hall. The two tall jars guarding the lower stairs stood alone, as though the house had been robbed of all other movables. On the right, an open door revealed a long room, in shape exactly like that above where Constance had sat by the fire; but here the dusty floor echoed underfoot, and vacant walls reverberated the sound. Paul made a careful tour, preceded by this flying rumor of his footsteps. The cellar, black as pitch, and containing only the furnace with its great heap of coal, had at the back a single outer door, fast barred and bolted. The rear of the house stood impregnable, and in all its lower levels there was not so much as a clock ticking

"Point one." Paul meditated at the foot of the main stairs, to which his reconnaissance had brought him back. "There's nothing on this floor except you." He patted one of the huge jars. "And whoever wanted you would have to fetch a van and stevedores."

As he mounted, the loose boards tilted with a groan.

"Point two: I'd have fair warning up here." He paused on the little platform where the stairs bent at right angles; and as he did so another fact caught his eye, to fit at once into his plans for defense. A low window of ground glass ran athwart the landing and glimmered with the light of some early street lamp filtering through a court or air-shaft. "Point three is, that nobody could pass that window, coming up, and not stand out like a picture on a screen."

He tested this conclusion by halting against the row of jars which lurked in the upper hall, and looking back down the short flight. The oblong sidelight, though dim and opaline, shone clear enough. No visible thing could pass unobserved by any means short of soaring.

"Three very good points," reflected Paul, entering the long room where porcelain treasures stood crowding the twilight. "My headquarters can be here in comfort."

He established them at once, striking a match, and applying the flame, first to a fire laid in the nearest grate, then to a candle on the tabouret. Out of the tall black screen shimmered the golden storks, flickering and flying. The slim revolver and cartridge-box lay beside the candlestick.

"Old Serpent-Green, you may as well be useful." Paul spoke aloud for the sake of company, as he tossed his new greatcoat over the high vase of *tsang* and crowned it with his hat. "Hold those for me."

He broke open the revolver, found the five chambers already studded with cartridges, and, snapping it shut, thrust it into his pocket.

"Under arms—what nonsense!" he thought, smiling. "But a promise is a promise all the same, I dare say."

A tour of the room, candle in hand, showed him that everywhere the tall porcelains, blue and yellow, ox-blood and green, gilded, bare or patchworked with multitudinous warriors and mandarins, jostled their high shoulders or round bellies in amazing number; but that everywhere, too, through the interstices of this crowd, peeped the serried labels and gilt lettering of books. Here and there a title called to him, like an old friend, out of the throng, and collecting high and low, he soon had an armful of reading for the winter's night. When he rounded the edge of the scarlet screen, however, something far brighter confronted him, and with a more vehement appeal.

Beyond the fireplace, on a table, stood a small picture in a bronze frame. The face, which from the tossing candle-light caught a deceptive tremor of expression, might have been waiting there in the darkness, ready to speak. In this museum, where even the shadows ranged themselves like dead Pharaohs, it was astonishing to meet a face so alive and friendly.

This was Constance, and no other. Paul, setting down his candle, lifted the bronze frame timidly, as he might have taken her hand.

The dark eyes, now at close quarters, gave back his look with quiet candor, from under straight brows. Trembling vitality played in her glance, like the springing of thought into spirited action; the mouth shaped itself for instant speech, as though words waited at the point of the upper lip, and were checked only by the two lines, quivering between appearance and disappearance, which joined the curve of her nostrils.

"Constance," said the young man aloud, "you'll have to sit by my fire, uncle or no uncle."

Adding the picture to his cargo of books, he steered a winding course among the porcelains back to his own lighted fire. From the top of a bookshelf he foraged a reading lamp; so that when he settled in his great chair at last, with book and pipe, he could look up from time to time and see her countenance outshining the candle, in a small votive niche among the vases.

The house might be silent, but no longer empty. He could pass the evening with this best of company looking down on him, as though a breathing presence shared, in quietness, all that he read or pondered. The fire fluttered between them. A new-risen wind, flowing about and overhead in the outer night, whispering at the windows, seemed to cut off this dwelling from all others in the street, and wrap it round as solitary as a lighthouse. And here its keeper sat at ease, by a warm and well-befriended hearth, the verses in his book chiming with the hour and the place; "so calm," he read:

. so calm that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! The thin, blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not.

He consulted the portrait on the mantel, gravely nodding.

"That's good poetry, Miss Constance?" Then, looking down at the grate, he laid aside his book. "Our fire's getting low-burnt, too."

Groping out fresh coals from the brass box, Paul discovered, fallen behind it, a flat wad of printed sheets. These he carried back to his chair and unfolded

The editorial columns of a newspaper lay before him, new and crackling. More from habit than interest, Paul turned to the front page and scanned the headings. The humors, policies and violent destinies of that day he had already learned, and stuffed into a hospital box in the street. He now sat rereading a few paragraphs lazily and mechanically, when a vague discomfort stole between him and the printed columns.

"Today. This thing happened late today; so did this, and this." He peered into the topmost corner of the sheet, then bounded on foot, to look about him in the crowded gloom. All this fireside quiet was gone, as though an enemy had stolen behind his back. Mr. Sidney Viles would have sailed that morning. Yet here was an evening paper, all clean and crisp, stamped out at mid-afternoon. Some one had sat reading it, probably in this very chair, long after the house should have been locked and deserted

"Wait a bit." Ashamed to be caught staring at vacancy, Paul rustled the pages and ran one finger down the marine paragraphs. Sea-going news in this journal was brief and ill reported; but of all the ships into which a cautious householder might climb, two had sailed in the morning, two at noon, and only one so late as three o'clock. Not Mr. Viles, but somebody else, had folded his evening paper inside out.

The picture of this unknown reader, sitting alone by a cold grate, made somehow an ugly fancy for a night watchman. Paul could not shake off his insecurity. He stepped into the corridor, and there in the dark, between the two files of pottery, gave ear to the stillness. No stir came, however, but the flutter of his fire within, the gusty breathing of the wind without, and a faintly-changing light on the ground-glass window below him.

In disgust he snapped his fingers, so that the hollow obelisk of the stairway rang.

"Nonsense!" he grumbled, returning to his pleasant station before the picture. "How should I know all their goings and comings? A servant, very likely. People before dusk are out of my sentry-go."

And yet, although he might relight his pipe and reopen his book, Paul could neither read nor smoke with the same comfort. In this still, domestic island, confined by the sweeping ocean of night wind, he sat like a Crusoe who could not even swear to a footprint. Study as he pleased, his eyesight would overflow the page and catch a hint of glimmering porcelain, squat in ambush around his chair. From the drowsiest moments he started broad awake, only to know nothing had happened, and—worse than all—to dislike that nothing.

The evening wore, the mood vanished. Volume by volume, Paul ran through his first levy of books, till, yawning, he debated whether to rise and prowl for more among the hidden regiment of authors. Decision proved so luxurious that he ended by stretching out both legs, and staring now into the fire, now up at his bright comrade in her little shrine. All at once he jerked head and shoulders upright in an acute fit of listening.

A sound had come, no louder than a whisper. It was not of his making, or from the fire, or from the wind. If name, cause and direction might be given to so light a stir, this dropped from the ceiling, as though an unshod foot had passed furtively across the room above.

"Somebody overhead?" Paul found himself perched, with legs drawn in and feet poised, all taut for a spring. Then laughing angrily, to be wrought upon by mere weight of silence, he rose and took his candle. "We'll see, then; precisely what I'm here for."

The second flight of stairs, like the first, wound steeply into the dark. A few jars, the surplus and tail-end of the collection, straggled half-way up, gradatim. Then empty stairs mounted to an empty hall.

The candle-flame, streaming in the slow breeze of his motion, made but a quaking, ragged circle of vision, and somewhat blinded him. By peering hard, as he entered and searched bedroom after bedroom, Paul could descry no living thing in the farthest corner—no moving thing, except shadows that dodged at every turn, and the apparition of his own fiery head, recurring, to surprise him, from the depth of mirror by mirror.

Pulling aside curtains, probing closets, he hunted thoroughly and with the same result, always ready, when a knob rattled in turning, or a door creaked open, to meet a face bolder than his own, or rouse a crouching body from behind a chair.

He was by no means ready, however, for the much more simple discovery when it came. Having taken each door in turn from the stairhead, he came last to that of the room directly above his headquarters by the reading lamp. From the fore end of the upper corridor a glass knob blinked at him like a great eye. He grasped it, and turned softly.

Behind this door, if anywhere, lay the reason for the stealthy, half-imagined sound. The brown panels, however, stood firm against his push.

Of all rooms in the house, this alone was locked.

Paul waited, frowning at such Bluebeard tricks. The wind, whining in a chimney close overhead, prolonged its lonely and peevish complaint.

V

PAUL'S hand was steady and his head clear for other things than shooting with a pistol; yet as he now confronted the impassable door, a keen distrust, a hatred of all this silence and uncertainty, laid hold of him like a chill.

"Mr. Bluebeard," he inwardly repeated, warming himself by anger and the sense of unfair play. "Something's queer. Mr. Bluebeard has a double game in this house."

While he pondered a stratagem unrolled itself. Paul rattled the glass knob deliberately, and then, stepping back with a premeditated scuff of the foot, spoke aloud.

"The old idiot!" he growled, as in soliloquy. "They're his own doors; I suppose he may lock 'em if he chooses!"

The words, set to the ghostly music of overtones, ran echoing throughout the vacant upper story; and with footsteps no less audible, Paul began the first part of his manœuver—an ostentatious retreat. His feet drummed hollow and brisk on the stairs as he plunged downward, whistling, with a shrill gayety, and flourishes that the narrow hall twisted into false harmonics:

J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière;
J'ai du bon tabac, tu n'en auras pas!

Regaining his fireside below, he hauled a chair back and forth on scurrying wheels, overturned coals in the brass bin, let the lid fall with a resounding clap, knocked out his pipe against the grate and, as he stuffed tobacco into the bowl, whistled always, merry as a fife:

J'en ai du fin et du bien râpé,
Qui ne s'ra pas pour ton fichu nez!

At the close Paul carefully scratched a match with a loud, ripping stroke. Instead of lighting his pipe, however, he threw the blazing splinter into the grate; and though he sat down so heavily as to make his chair groan, he neither sank back nor dozed, but instantly perched on the edge of the leather, and began slipping off his shoes, more cautious than a runaway boy. With equal stealth he rose, waited a long time, and at last moved, foot by noiseless foot, past the tabouret, past the hat and greatcoat which transformed the serpent-green jar into a shrunken scarecrow, and past its dark brethren lining the corridor.

For his second ascent, moreover, Paul took no candle, but following with fingertips the glimmering slant thread of light on the polished rail, soon left even this clew below, and mounted by the blind touch. The boards were smooth and cold underfoot, but held firm, springing no such trap of sudden noise as that which lay set in the lower stairway.

At the top he halted motionless, clutching the newel, not only to get his bearings in the dark, but to wait and listen. The wind, fluctuating between whisper and drone, repeated without hope its ancient, sad and wordless questioning. It baffled the ear, and left all minor sounds in doubt. Yet this, Paul found, might work both ways; for by standing rigid in the lulls, and creeping forward when the chill whine rose highest, he could reach the locked door in secrecy.

With ear to the panels, he stood like a piece of the insubstantial darkness. His neck became a twisted bundle of aches. His breath, drawn and exhaled with painful care, seemed to whistle in his nostrils.

The worst was, that even then he could not make sure. It might be some fancied regularity amid the irregular stirrings of the wind; it might be one of those nameless impulses by which old houses disturb the night, when a sleeper half wakes; but once Paul imagined another breathing more guarded than his own, and once he might almost have caught the smothered creak of metal, as when a man, sitting on the edge of a bed, shifts hand or foot.

But this was guesswork—the perplexity of a hearing long strained, and vexed by that widespread moaning in the air.

To stand hearkening thus at full stretch—with head wrenched about, cheek glued to the panel, fingers aching in their cramped support, and every muscle caught with a crick—became at last ridiculous. The sounds within, had they been real, were far too impalpable to deserve such effort. The wind, moreover, had swelled its vacillating note, altered, risen, and blended in a steady chord of æolian sorrow.

It was of no use to listen.

Nevertheless, when Paul encamped once more by his fireside he could not win back his former comfort, or even his former singleness of mind. The unbidden picture recurred of some person whose outline he could not so much as conjure into man or woman, sitting behind that door, under lock and key, and breathing by stealth.

A presence without shape or motive, perched on the edge of a bed, in Egyptian darkness and December cold, alone, at the top of an empty house: the plain summary of it was preposterous.

Paul caught up his deferred pipe, lighted it, and laughed. Yet for all that, when chuckling echoes of his laughter ran in and out through devious alleys of porcelain, he whisked his head about, darted a sharp glance after that hide-and-seek of impish merriment, and laughed again, curtly, for mere defiance.

"I'm as bad," he mused, staring back at the fire—"I'm as bad as any maiden lady. All imaginary, of course."

By reasoning, indeed, Paul contrived to feel a very genuine shame at his little Anabasis into the dark; but this unquiet stillness of the night, bringing counsel more insidious than reasons, besieged him with its ambiguity. Mr. Viles, curator of glimmering surfaces and hollow echoes, had left instructions clear enough. His front door was to be watched, below—not any Bluebeard room above. Why, then, should simple orders now turn equivocal, and the act of watching divide, fork, split twofold and fourfold, ready and unready in all directions, as though mistrust had spun its filaments like a spider's web round about in front and rear, upstairs as well as down?

"I don't care." Paul dismissed the whole matter in a cloud of tobacco. "If anybody was inside there, let him sit and snuffle."

Night dragged on. Nothing stirred throughout the house. By degrees the young man's studied carelessness became a dozing lethargy, then dull desire to sleep. He took his greatcoat from the serpent-green jar, snuggled the folds about his feet and, blowing out both lamp and candle, tilted back his capacious chair.

The red coals touched with misty glow a few brighter objects close at hand—an angle of the brass box, a glazed bosom of *flambé*, the slant gold threads of a stork's legs on the screen.

How long he had slept Paul could not tell. No sound had waked him, but only vague uneasiness; perhaps because an arm of the chair pressed his ribs, perhaps because the firelight had sunk and diminished. As if continuing a dream, he lay victim to that profound yet hollow disbelief with which the early hours convince a sudden waking. There was no pale stranger named Viles, no young man walking hungry in the streets, no house, full or empty, where one unknown would be so mad as to place another—these truths alone stood off, keen and fiery, in a general stupor.

Continuing his dream, the skeptic saw the golden legs still twine in their embroidered flight. Continuing the dream still, he heard, from somewhere far off and below, a grating whine of metal, slow, prolonged and poignantly familiar.

That slow whine ended in a click.

Paul's dreaming came to as sharp an end. Here at last was a matter of fact—the sound of the lock, which he stood engaged to hear and know. The false key had turned, its maker was entering the house. Never in his life had Paul felt so utterly awake; and though for a moment he trembled like a hunter who has heard his first buck rustling the leaves, the fit seemed one of joyful curiosity.

Without a sound he loosed his feet from the greatcoat, rose, and peered cautiously, to make certain that in the dim glow no forgotten obstacles lurked between him and the door; then, groping with fingers outspread and deflected, he crept through a dubious little fareway, over the threshold, into the porcelain gallery at the stairhead. He was mortally afraid, but only of tripping on some trifle and upsetting his whole chance with a crash.

Luck held, for nothing overturned.

In a niche of gloom, Paul set his back against the cold, unbreathing bosom of a jar and waited. Below him the ground glass, a vague, milky, oblong strip, trembled between light and darkness—as clear for his purpose, however, as though it were the slide of a great microscope, into the field of which might swim, next instant, a living discovery.

Nothing came. No sound rose from below stairs.

"Come up, come up," Paul found himself urging, in a silent hurry of the mind. "Oh, won't you come up, come all the way up?" The doggerel sang and skipped in his head like echoes. "Come on! Nothing on the ground floor for you!"

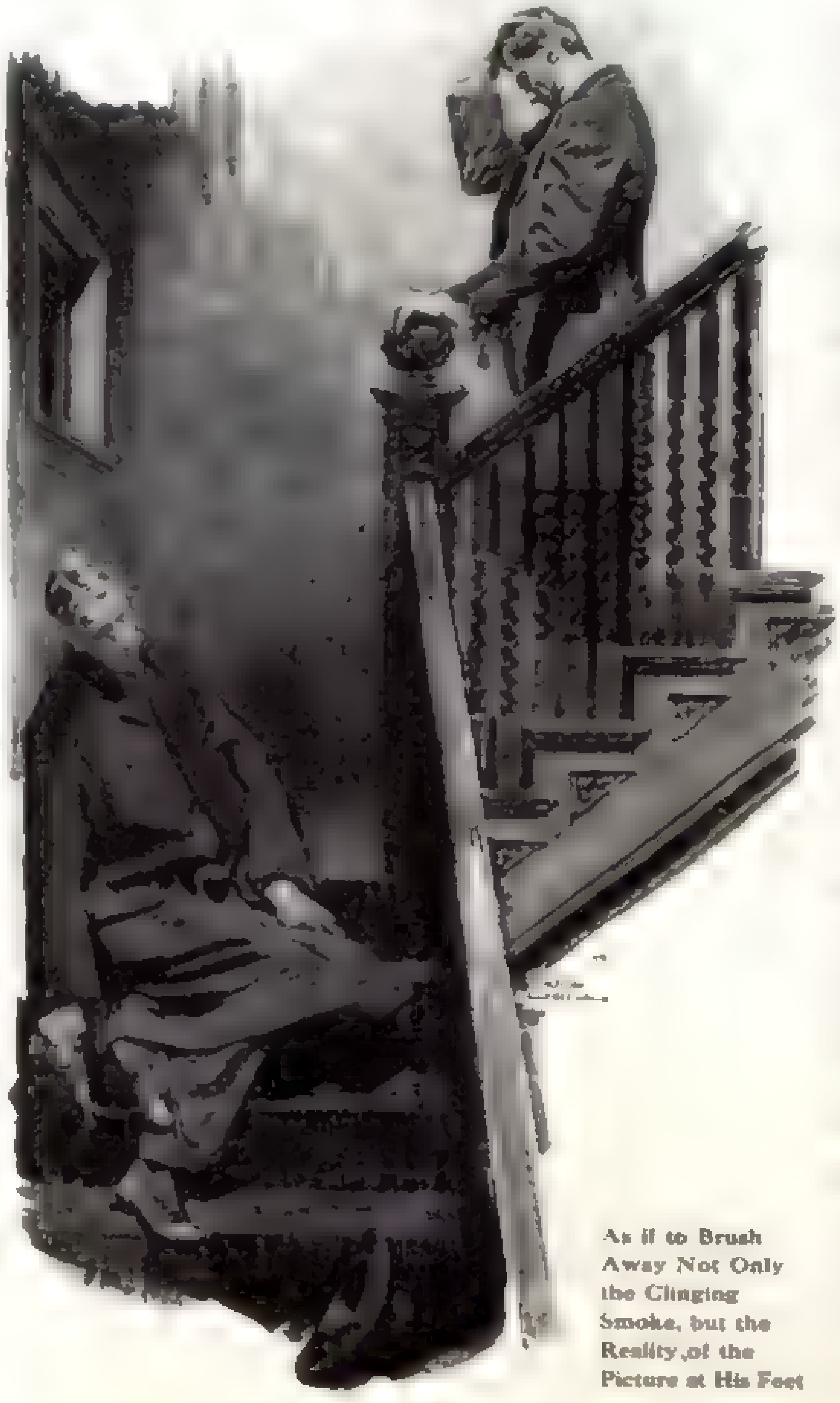
Not the least flutter answered from downstairs. The house might have turned to solid stone but for dry, obscure vibrations which came and went with the monotony of the wind, and which, almost below the limit of hearing, reported, as to some new sense, that the darkness remained hollow.

A long time had passed, and the watchman, aching to shift weight and posture, had begun to doubt his summons, when another and more subtle uneasiness laid hold of him. It was not so much a sound, though he might almost have sworn that somebody, not himself, had drawn breath gently, close at hand; it was not so much the blind instinct of proximity, although he could almost feel another pair of eyes straining toward his, which strained, unblinking, in hard concentration downward at the milky band of the sidelight; it was not so much the indefinable stir that daunted and enraged him as the direction from which it came. A presence had drawn near, not from below, but from above. For a moment this imagining became so real that the young man, with no attention to spare from whatever might approach in front, longed to cry out, to dismiss angrily whatever might wait behind him.

"I can't," ran his fierce vexation—"I can't listen two ways at once!"

Then all this trial vanished. The distress, the tension, snapped like a cut bowstring. Halfway down the stairs resounded the squealing cry of tough wood in sudden friction.

Paul, as though released, leaned forward, smiling in the dark. All now was plain. Here came the man in flesh and blood; there flickered the long, low pane across which his shadow would come heaving. All was ready, and lacked but the moment of completion.



As if to Brush Away Not Only the Clinging Smoke, but the Reality of the Picture at His Feet

The plan was so exact, the trap so neat, that Paul felt a queer pity mingle with his exultation. That fellow—now waiting, shocked and breathless, on the step which had so loudly betrayed him—would in a moment be his own betrayal. Paul found time even to wonder what shape the intruder would take on the glass, whether broad, squat and dangerous, or lean and slinking.

The second loose board cried louder than the first, with a dry groan wrenched from all its seasoned fibers.

"No fool, anyway," thought the listener; for the long pause which followed told of infinite, stealthy patience. A quarter of an hour might have lapsed before the step tilted with a faint, releasing creak. "He knows how to wait."

Again the wind mourned through a long interlude. The stillness, in every lull, was like the stillness on both sides of a rat-hole.

Now it must happen, thought Paul, as, counting silently, he tried to number the steps remaining, to compute the slowest and most crafty rate of ascent. His shoulder grew numb between the hard porcelains. And yet no change arrived, except that now the house seemed crowded with persons listening.

Suddenly, unless it was the falsehood of tired eyes, a shade, no bigger than a man's hand, blotted the almost imperceptible reflection on the polished rail. The blot stole upward, paused on the slant line, stole up, paused, glided out of sight. Then the dim knob topping the lower post, at the turn of the stair, slowly grew, bulged, and took on a faint black ridge of knuckles.

These rested for an unconscionable stay. When of a sudden they melted, Paul heard the slow, dry rub of cloth over smooth wood, as a foot slid forward on the landing.

"He'll come quickly now," reasoned the watcher. "Got this far without being stopped ——"

To fit the words, there dodged into midfield of the glimmering sidelight a black shadow, sharp, alert, unwittingly public, as when some interloper dodges between a magic lantern and its white sheet. The head, shoulders and bent elbow of a man, crouching somewhat, turned from profile to square front.

Paul held his pistol cocked, the words already framed, and now at tip of tongue, to halt this black shape where it stood. Suddenly he lowered his weapon in strange perplexity. Some sidelong movement, some elderly trick, some nameless but familiar angle in the silhouette below him, jerked all his plans into confusion. The likeness was too strong: no time, this, for mistakes.

In a voice more strident than the creaking boards, Paul cast his decision aloud:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

A snarl of rage, from the landing, turned into a kind of choking despair. The bent shadow wheeled as though to plunge downstairs, stopped, writhed and was swallowed by the darkness.

Out from the heart of this black dissolution leaped a long shred of flame, dropping sparks. The roar and wind of it blew the sleeve from Paul's wrist, in the same instant that with the other hand, aiming a little to the right of the blinding flash, he replied.

The two short noises had joined in one. After it, there was no more sound but that which rang in the ears. The smell of gunpowder, thick and smarting, filled the landing as though it were the Captain's shooting-gallery.

A strong white light from overhead, which flooded the whole turn of the stairs, and which at that moment struck Paul as highly natural and fitting, showed him how the interchange had ended. In the smoke below there sat, tight against the wall, as though the wind of the firearm had stuck him to the woodwork, a man in black clothes.

The face was hardly paler than in life. But what turned Paul's head giddy was the absence of that wry smile from the lips. Mr. Viles had played the eccentric once too often, but now, all serious and drooping, would offend so no more.

"His own house!" Paul heard himself wailing, as it were from a distance. The pistol, unheeded, fell out of his hand into a loose heap of tinkling potsherds. "Viles! The poor old fool! Why did he fire at me?"

The young man descended a few steps in sudden and violent repugnance; then pausing, drew his tattered sleeve across his face, as if to brush away not only the clinging smoke, but the reality of the picture at his feet.

Still blown flat against the wall the figure sat, with pale face averted and chin on breast, pondering over the late concussion. It seemed to stare down at the black pistol, in the guard of which its forefinger lay curiously tangled. Real beyond dispute, its lean feet slanted across each other, in neat black hose capped with white at heel and toe.

The smoke had lifted before Paul, seeing these things, could wonder at the strange light which revealed them.

He looked overhead. A globe of opal glass, imbedded in the ceiling, shone through widening layers of burnt gunpowder. At the sight he recalled a noise, disregarded till now, like the click of a switch in the upper stairway.

Considering this, heavily, he was aware that a dry voice had put some question.

"Poor old fool?" It cut out the words very precisely. "I can't agree with you, my friend."

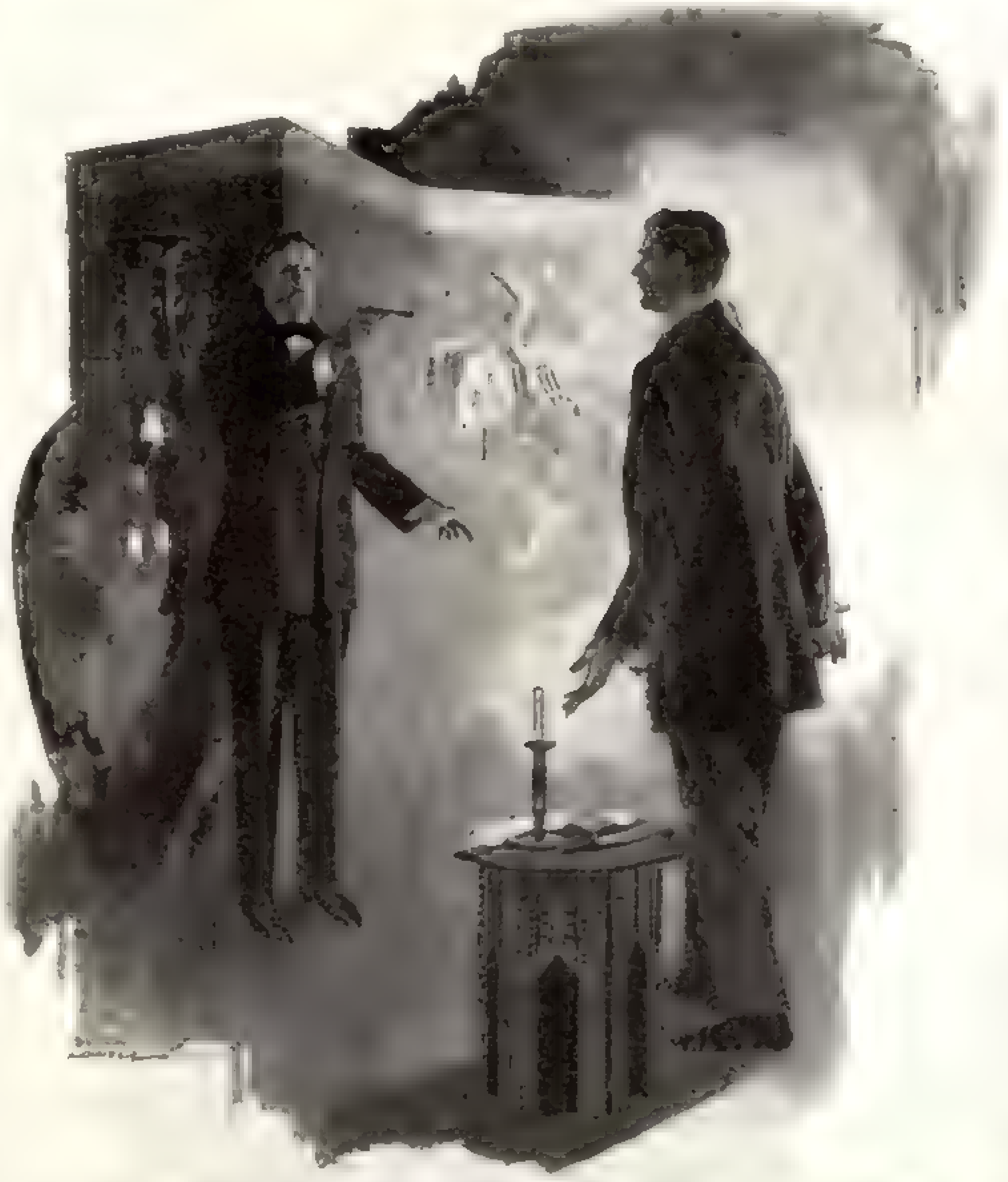
Paul turned, his mind and body clogged with nightmare.

The man who sat thinking below the window had never a smile, good or bad. Yet here, above, standing among fragments of shattered china, Mr. Sidney Viles, the living double of his dead self, pulled his thin lips aside and downward, still pale, but smiling.

VI

MR. VILES lay dead on the landing; Mr. Viles watched from the stairhead, alive and wary.

For a moment this monstrosity created and maintained its own silence. Paul felt the cry struggle in his throat, but never heard it issue forth. His shot, fired into the dark, had not merely ended a life, but destroyed the bounds of identity, split the self in twain, murdered all differences between the quick and the dead. He looked from one to the other rapidly, in a darkness and horror of the spirit.



"Fire!" He Commanded; Then, Laughing Bitterly, Spread Out His Empty Hands, and Waited

The thing was shocking as a resurrection, baffling as a dream, yet somehow paltry, or meanly sinister, like parlor magic.

The dead man's feet, crossed lean and stiff, were still cased in black worsted, capped with white at heel and toe; but his counterpart, now taking one step downward, wore house-moccasins of rough sealskin, gray as willow buds in spring.

At sight of this trivial detail, Paul's courage leaped within him and rebounded. Feet shod and unshod could not be the same. Clinging to this conviction, he nevertheless drew aside, flattened himself, ground his ribs against the banisters, as with a profound shrinking of the flesh he let the descending apparition pass, to stand beside the motionless.

"Who is he?" Mr. Viles peered down at the white face, then raised what might have been its whiter mask and image. The question came hard, like the biting of a rasp into dry wood. "Who is he?"

Paul, straining at them both in odious wonder, feebly shook his head.

"Oh, what have you done?" groaned his master. Something—perhaps the hollow vault of the stairs—made the words ring queerly. "Do you see—your mistake?" The speaker fought for each sentence, gulping. "Don't you guess? Look at the face. Look at the face, man!"

Paul stared by turns, however, at both figures, till they swam and wavered before his eyes, like lineaments in water.

"It's yours." He forced the answer from a throat dry and constricted. "It's your own face."

His master shook in a fit of trembling; bent on him a strange scrutiny, devoid of grief, in which dread strove with calculation. Then turning silently, beckoned him to follow, and remounted the stairs.

"Light the lamp inside there," Paul heard him stammering; and in fretful iteration: "Light the lamp. Go in, go in! Be quick!"

Obeying, the young man struck a match, saw the uneven ridge of flame run circling the wick, heard the glass chimney snap fast. Though performed in a daze, the familiar act aroused him, striking with all the power of habit, through the stress and welter of his mind. Outside, darkness filled the hall, at a blow, as the button of the switch clicked from the upper stairs. Potsherds rattled under the silent returning moccasins. The sounds, the quick blotting out of the doorway which led to that spectacle below, and more than all the shape of Mr. Viles now sidling into the room, restored Paul from his stupefaction. The case had grown at least real. Ill business might be afoot, but the agents now began to wear the face of clay.

As on the former night, Mr. Viles, retreating to a corner, groped among bottles on a shelf, with a hand that set them clattering. He filled, raised and quickly drained a great tumbler, then approached the lamp, still coughing and shuddering after a drink so fiery.

"I'm badly shaken," he whined, glancing between words as though his porcelain jars might overhear; "badly. Never get over it. Never."

His cold blue eyes, watching Paul across the lamp, contracted narrowly. In their light some purpose grew and gathered to a head, as in the eyes behind a fencer's mask.

"A dreadful thing." His voice dropped low and quavering with unwilling sincerity. "A dreadful thing, even to you, for your cheeks are whiter than mine. And to me, at my age ——" Mr. Viles paused and shook his head. "At my age, each contemporary swept away is another barrier gone. Another bulwark melted. We perch all too near the brink, and suddenly a great piece caves off where our neighbor stood, and we stand so much nearer. Tonight you have pushed my—have pushed him over. And now that he's gone—oh, but I can tell you, I feel the earth crumble under my foot, next!"

Paul raised his head with a strange gesture of relief, comprehension and contempt.

"Your private feelings," he retorted coldly, "are not worth listening to. Neither are mine, though I have quite as many. This is a time for different talk."

Again that purpose gathered and shone in the salty blue eyes.

"You speak bitterly," complained Mr. Viles with effort. His neat black clothes, his precise attitude with hands clasped behind him, declared the man as calm as a portrait; but his lips worked continually, chafing and moistening each other in vain. "You speak bitterly, and to me. To me! May I have no feelings, pray, when that man lying outside there is my own brother?"

Recoiling unsteadily, Paul struck an elbow of the chair and sat down at random—very sick and cold.

"Your brother?" said he, watching in fascination those dry lips chafe and writhe. "Your brother? And I have—I have ——"

"Yes, you." Mr. Viles inclined his gray head severely. "You have done it."

The wind sighed about the house. The two men stirred neither hand nor foot, but their looks met, crossed and held firm, like two blades stiffly engaged. Once more Paul saw in his opponent's eye the brightness of a secret plan, complete, ready, but suspended. Meanwhile, his own mind sped backward over the situation. Hint by hint, suspicion to suspicion, afterthought on afterthought, magnetically

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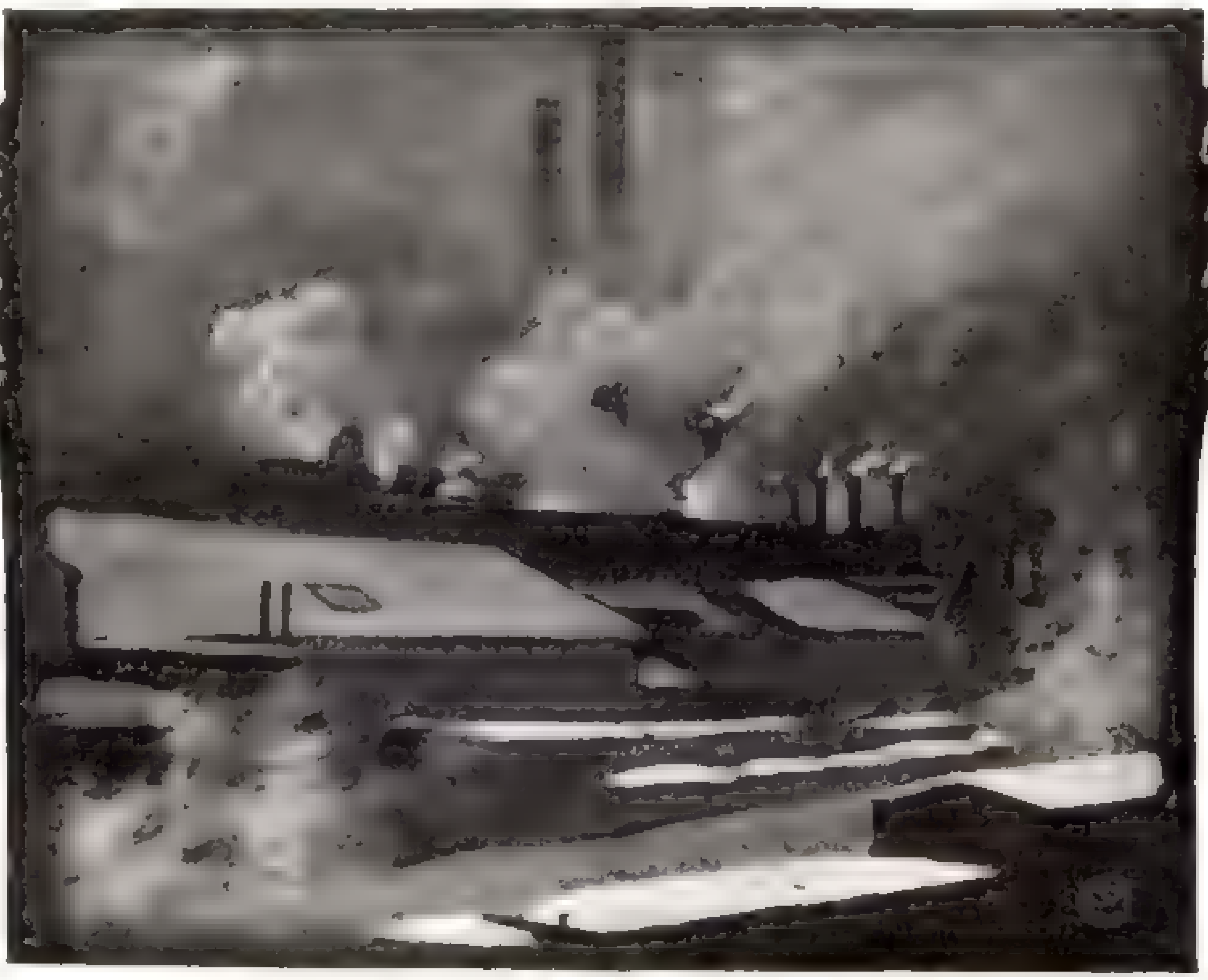
BURNING UP MONEY

How We are Wasting Our Coal Supply



By Waldemar Kaempffert

IF A TRUSTWORTHY geologist were to inform you that at the present rate of consumption (414,000,000 tons a year) the 2,200,000,000,000 tons of unmined coal in the United States would last 5000 years or more, you would probably not worry about the fuel supply of your children or your children's children. But suppose this same geologist were to add that the rate of consumption is not likely to remain 414,000,000 tons a year; that, as a matter of fact, it is increasing by stupendous leaps and bounds; that in about two hundred years the coal fields of the country will be exhausted what then? Slowly but surely the day is approaching when coal will be regarded as a mineral so rare that specimens of it will be carefully preserved in the glass cases of museums—relics of an industrial epoch in which mankind wasted its most precious natural gift.

Statistics collected by the Government prove that the nation has consumed about seven billion tons of coal up to the present time. During the last ten years we burned nearly as much coal as our fathers consumed in the past century. This almost incredible consumption of coal is an indication of national industry. It is also an indication of reckless national waste. To check the increase in the consumption of fuel is impossible, because it spells industrial stagnation, and because it is equivalent to stopping the building of more railroads, steamships, factories and power stations. If we would postpone the coal famine which is beginning to loom on the horizon of the future we must ascertain whether we are employing coal to the utmost advantage. That task has been undertaken by the United States Geological Survey. The results of the Survey's investigations are embodied in a series of highly-technical reports, which may be regarded as an engineering indictment of almost every one who owns a stove or a boiler.

Where the Accusing Finger Points

THE average factory proprietor is in the position of a man who throws away every cent of a hundred dollars with the exception of a single five-dollar bill; for, as coal is burned at present, less than five per cent of it is converted into useful work in the average manufacturing plant. Even the largest and best-designed plants are able to utilize only about ten per cent of the energy locked in a ton of coal. Much of that pittance is in turn lost in illuminating a street or a house. It has been estimated that only about one-seventh of one per cent of the fuel value of coal is actually converted into light in an incandescent lamp.

Part of this waste cannot be avoided, because we have not yet learned to utilize the energy of coal directly. We still find it necessary to burn coal in a furnace to heat water; to lead the steam arising from the water to an engine; to drive a dynamo by means of the engine, and then to generate a current which eventually causes an electric incandescent lamp to glow. Still, a very large part of this waste may be traced to ignorance and carelessness in the burning of coal. Every pillar of smoke that rises from a factory chimney is an accusing finger. The black pall of smoke that hovers over Pittsburgh and London is the visible evidence of waste that is nothing short of wanton.

What you and I may consider smoke may not be regarded as smoke at all by an engineer. To us smoke is black; to him it may be almost colorless. In other words, we call an attribute of smoke the thing itself. We might just as logically maintain that trees are composed entirely of bark. The engineer and the chemist are concerned not merely with the soot or free carbon which gives smoke its color and thus deceives us, but with many invisible gases which represent a far greater loss in money than the soot. In the thickest of writhing smoke columns the amount of soot or unburned coal is very small, fluctuating as it does from one-sixth to one-half of one per cent by weight. The loss due to the escape of combustible and, therefore, valuable gases, on the other hand, may amount to three or ten per cent. Small as it is, the amount of soot in smoke is able to work extensive havoc. According to the smoke inspector of Chicago the black fumes belched by the chimneys of his city cause an annual loss of $50,000,000 in ruined merchandise. Since one-third of the American population lives in cities, the United States Geological Survey estimates, on the basis of this smoke inspector's figures, that the total loss caused by soot reaches a dizzy total of $600,000,000.

Such calculations are little better than guesses; but, even granting that they are inaccurate, it can hardly be denied that the loss must be enormous. Think of the laundry bill of Pittsburgh and Cleveland! Think, too, of the loss in dry goods, draperies and delicate fabrics stained by soot. In a city like Pittsburgh the increased painting and whitewashing expenses must be huge. Indeed, in some coal districts it is cheaper to allow wood to weather and rot than to protect it by paint or whitewash. Smoke costs London $73,000 a day in extra lighting bills, with the deplorable result that the greater the amount of artificial light required the greater is the amount of smoke produced. Smoke means fog; for it has been demonstrated by actual experiment that a microscopic particle of solid matter (and smoke, as we have seen, is composed in part, at least, of soot) acts as a nucleus about which atmospheric moisture collects in a drop. The greater the number of particles the greater will be the number of drops. Many drops constitute a fog; and a fog is another name for a disease-breeder.

Lighting Cigars With Ten-Dollar Bills

THAT small fraction of soot which represents only part of the money we toss to the winds means death. Every particle of free carbon is a chariot on which bacteria may ride, a vehicle whereby microbes, which would otherwise be repelled, may enter the body. Dr. W. A. Evans, Chicago's Commissioner of Health, has statistically pointed out that there has been a steady decrease in deaths due to acute contagious diseases, impure water diseases and impure food diseases in his city, because much effort has been expended in blotting out these maladies; but that there has been an actual increase in deaths due to impure air because no attempt is made to check the pollution of the atmosphere. If smoke can be abated the community is justified in demanding its abatement regardless of economical considerations. It may cost me more to haul away my garbage than to dump it into my neighbor's yard, but that is no argument for endangering my neighbor's health.

Smoke abatement, fortunately, also reacts to the benefit of the abater, for it means money in his pocket.

To understand why the burning of coal involves the fuel supply of our descendants as well as the destruction of property and the poisoning of the air we breathe, we must understand what occurs in the furnace of a boiler. Every shovelful of coal which the fireman throws into a furnace-door contains a certain amount of ash, fixed carbon and volatile matter. The ash is a negligible quantity, except in so far as it impedes the proper handling of a furnace. The fixed carbon, with which we are all familiar in the form of coke, is smokeless. Hence it must be the volatile matter to which our extravagance in coal-burning must be traced. That volatile matter is composed very largely of combustible gases, which are now allowed to heat the atmosphere uselessly and from which the engineer is supposed to extract all the heat possible.

In the manufacture of coke losses due to the escape of combustible gases are particularly heavy. Coke happens to be an indispensable fuel in the smelting of iron ore. To make it, soft coal is distilled with an amount of waste that reaches an appalling one-third of the heat value of the coal, not to mention other losses due to breakage in handling. The annual production of coke is about 36,000,000 tons, most of which is used to produce 25,000,000 tons of pig iron. Nine-tenths of this enormous amount of coke is made in what are known as "beehive" ovens, which allow the gaseous equivalent of 16,200,000 tons of soft coal to float into the air. With good coking coal at two dollars a ton this means that we are converting $32,400,000 into smoke and gas. A man who lights cigars with ten-dollar bills is no more reckless.

Wanton Waste in Smoke

SOME day provision will be generally made for the collection of these valuable fumes and for their industrial utilization. What are known as "by-product" coke ovens are slowly coming into use—ovens so designed that the gas can be collected and piped to points where fuel is needed and there consumed. Unfortunately the number of such installations is lamentably few. All told there are about thirty of them, aggregating some 3000 ovens. Small as the number is, these by-product plants manufacture about 50,000,000 cubic feet of gas, which is burned in doing useful work and not in senselessly heating the atmosphere.

The wanton waste of the coke oven finds its counterpart in nearly every factory boiler room. Whenever a fireman opens a furnace door to throw more coal on his fire he is taking money from his employer's purse. Cold air and more air than is necessary for the oxidizing process of the fuel enters the furnace; the gases are chilled, while an excess of air from without is heated—air that is not wanted. Because of the chilling the gases are cooled down below their burning temperature and are dissociated. Hence their free carbon, in the form of soot, escapes through the chimney. Heavy losses are entailed in every furnace which is stoked and cleaned in the ordinary manner—losses due to this relapse of gases into carbon, to the lowering of temperature due to imperfect combustion, and to the expulsion of these unconsumed gases.

Can this waste be prevented? The United States Geological Survey has been conducting a series of experiments for the purpose of answering the question. The Survey's work proves that smoke prevention is possible even in Pittsburgh; for in that notoriously-sooty town a Survey plant is operated absolutely without smoke, and

(Concluded on Page 36)

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 17, 1909

Tariffs, Tributes and Taxes

LAST year, to every dollar's worth of imported cotton goods, fifty-two cents in duties, on the average, were added; to a dollar's worth of earthen, stone and china ware, fifty-nine cents; to a dollar's worth of glass, fifty-three cents; to leather and its manufactures, thirty-two cents; to sugar and confectionery, sixty cents; to paper, twenty-four cents; to woolen goods, ninety-one cents. These articles everybody uses, and the tariff raises the price to everybody whether he uses an imported article or the domestic one with which it competes. The figures suggest the extent to which the tariff takes money out of your pocket and hands it over to the favored interests.

As a candidate Mr. Taft possessed some personal advantages over Mr. Bryan—and the disadvantage that his election would insure a continuation of this burdensome tariff tax. That a Republican Administration would make any really-important reduction in duties was one of those iridescent dreams in which we never indulged.

Introducing his bill into the Senate, Mr. Aldrich recommended it as a measure that would give the Government sufficient revenue. It was a poor recommendation. The Senate, in the opinion of the well-informed, so raised duties that imports would be cut off and the Government's revenue reduced—compelling the people not only to pay a higher tribute to the trusts, but also to pay additional taxes to the Government for its support.

Mr. Taft ought to try to be a very good President indeed, considering that in electing him the people surrendered any tangible hope of substantial relief from the extortions of the tariff-favored interests.

The Swindling Advertisement

A LEADING banker of Chicago points out that the great mass of people between rich and poor earn at times more money than they spend, and what they do with this surplus is a matter of prime importance. Much is put in banks, and to make banks secure is the object of constant governmental care. Some is wasted in various forms of vice, and the Government continually exerts itself to suppress these vices. But an important amount is lost through swindling "investments," and the Government does not take an obvious and effectual step to prevent that waste.

A police officer who has given much attention to the subject calculates that a hundred and fifty million dollars are lost annually by the people of the United States through these fraudulent "investments"—meaning only those schemes which are gotten up to swindle. He calculates further that not less than twenty out of the hundred and fifty millions go for newspaper advertisements by which the victims are lured in. Whether or not his calculations are accurate the amount lost in this way is certainly great.

Why does the Government turn its back on this waste? Why does it treat the newspaper that prints an advertisement which any well-informed person would know for a swindle as different from any other kind of bunco-steerer?

The American Duma

DISMISSING two Dumas which showed a disposition to be something more than clerical registrars of the royal will, the Czar set up a third, under a franchise so restricted that complete subservience was expected of it.

This Duma has not only got the power of the purse pretty completely into its own hands, but has even invaded the executive field of the Government—by slipping into bills a few jokers designed to give it some supervision of the Navy, and so on. The Czar is said to have been vastly shocked when it was pointed out to him how much actual authority the Duma had gradually absorbed.

Unless the Duma is abolished altogether, or filled up with palace lackeys, the Russian revolution will accomplish itself automatically. An autocrat cannot have a Duma of even the slightest independence any more than a straight line can have curves. The second condition destroys the first. Democracy is the great force nowadays. To set up an institution which is in any degree democratic is simply to spread a sail that catches the prevailing wind. It is bound to move. Thus the small, advisory, extra-constitutional yet democratic device of nominating United States Senators at popular primaries will finally make the Senate itself democratic.

If the Duma exists at all it is bound to grow more powerful while the Czar grows less.

San Francisco's Question

SO FAR, the graft prosecution in San Francisco has failed to reach any "man higher up." Only two out of twelve jurors were convinced that bribery in the trolley matter had been traced to Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways.

Calhoun is a man of much consequence. He personifies an investment of eighty million dollars. He could not, like the inconsequential, bribe-taking supervisors, be ruined with impunity. His indictment and trial were bitterly resented by men of his own class.

Whereupon the San Francisco Good Government League propounds this question: "Does the prosecution of wealthy persons charged with civic crimes injure business, or does it improve the financial standing of the city in the eyes of outside investors?"

So far as we are aware no categorical answer is possible. An event that occurred long ago is described as follows: "And He went into the temple and began to cast out them that sold therein and them that bought." Obviously, the immediate effect must have been to injure business, but the event is not judged on that ground nowadays. Will it be to my financial advantage to steal this man's watch? Possibly; but should I, therefore, do it?

Who can doubt that inasmuch as San Francisco has tried to punish civic crime, even at material cost, she has gained, and inasmuch as she has not tried, she has lost?

One Population Builder

THE board of army engineers is not very enthusiastic about a large commercial waterway from Chicago to New Orleans. A fourteen-foot channel, it estimates, would cost a hundred and thirty million dollars; population in many parts of the lower valley is sparse, affording but limited opportunities for commerce; along twelve hundred and sixty-five miles of river-front are only seven cities with over ten thousand inhabitants; no transportation system can make goods move from a place where they command a higher price to one where they command a lower price.

In 1860 engineers might—and some of them did—argue as follows: Kansas has only one inhabitant to the square mile, Colorado only a third of an inhabitant, Nebraska and Wyoming only a tenth; even Iowa has only twelve people to the square mile, and in the Dakotas people are too few and fleeting to be counted at all; you cannot have commerce without people: to build railroads over those empty spaces will cost a prodigious amount of money.

Nevertheless, the railroads were built and are now quite prosperous.

The engineers seem hardly to give sufficient weight to the fact that transportation makes both population and commerce. In considering a plan to redeem arid land by irrigation who would say: "The scheme is impractical, because you can see for yourself that nothing grows here"?

The Divorce Score-Card

NOT even so stern a critic of American divorce in high life as Mrs. Humphry Ward overlooks its compensatory feature. When her money-hunting but otherwise edifying English bridegroom makes a gesture which might look as though he had hit his vulgar but very rich American bride in the eye the latter's maid bobs right up to witness it. Generally speaking, divorce in high life is deleterious, but for the servants it is simply a windfall. For particulars, see newspaper accounts of any recent case.

In the most select circles, we understand, it has become the practice for servants to provide themselves with score-cards. Should the mistress hurl a soup tureen with good aim the nearest servant simply makes a cross opposite the date in the column headed "Hits." Should the master appear in a semi-intoxicated condition the domestic witness draws a semicircle in the appropriate column.

With the help of these convenient cards a servant is enabled to testify with accuracy and effect in any proceedings for divorce, separate maintenance or alimony—and to exact an adequate price for that ability. A servant whose card is liberally dotted over with three-baggers and home runs, so to speak, considers his fortune made. It is even said that exceptionally-promising scores are now accepted at the bank as collateral.

Reform With a Balance Sheet

A HUNDRED clergymen met in New York the other day to discuss the city budget for the ensuing year.

So businesslike an event is significant. There has never been any trouble about enlisting volunteers for the spectacular side of municipal reform. To discover opium dens and disorderly saloons and entrap a grafting policeman is exciting. It instantly provides a speaker or writer with good dramatic material. A newspaper unfriendly to the administration can always fall back on it for a rattling story. It is as easy for the reformers to make the discoveries as it is for the government to move the opium den a block west, close the disorderly saloon for a fortnight and transfer the policeman to another precinct.

To sit down and wade through a budget requires more resolution and, on the whole, promises more lasting results. This method has been little employed until recently, and because it was not employed the books of account of very many cities were a mere undecipherable hodgepodge, about midway between lunacy and crime. The newer civic reform in New York and some other cities begins modestly but firmly with a lead-pencil and a pad of paper, insisting first upon honest, intelligible bookkeeping.

This isn't picturesque, but it looks like business.

An English Good Example

"THE London Stock Exchange has asked us to conform to a custom that is prevalent in England of sending the annual report to shareholders sufficiently in advance of the annual meeting to permit of its being carefully examined," says the last yearly statement of a well-known American industrial. This English custom has been growing in favor here for some years, but is not yet universal, as it ought to be. Formerly the rule was to hand the stockholder his copy of the annual report and then, before he had time to turn the page, ask him to vote the reëlection of the old board and a formal approval of all its acts and doings during the year. Giving him an opportunity to form some idea of what the acts and doings have been before he ratifies them, is an improvement.

As to the whole subject of corporation publicity, concerning which so much has been said the last half dozen years, progress is slow. More industrials than formerly do publish annual reports and some with greater detail than before. But the concern which furnishes its own stockholders with fairly complete information as to its operations and condition—information at all comparable, for example, with that furnished railroad stockholders—is still the rare exception. Far too many of our industrials are still, to the investor, little better than pigs in pokes. There is no remedy for this condition except pressure from the stockholders themselves.

A Hand-Made War Cloud

ACROSS the water neighborly emulation in the battleship line has already reached that ripe stage where the press of England, Germany and France is busily assigning the United States to its proper place in "the coming struggle for command of the sea."

The London Spectator has occult knowledge that Washington statesmen are acutely alive to the momentous danger that would threaten this country if that command should pass to German hands, but it takes the rather gloomy view that the mass of the people and nearly all the newspapers are too stupid to see the point, and consequently will go fatuously along giving their attention to the crops and the tariff bill.

The Berlin Kreuz Zeitung is very indignant because London journals thus persist in poisoning our minds against Germany; while the Paris Figaro has a kindly suspicion that the United States, while saying nothing, is energetically preparing to pour a broadside into the Fatherland at the psychological moment.

Probably the Spectator is nearest right. There may be some gifted persons in Washington who are able to comprehend the present state of the British mind, but nobody else understands it. The day of great wars for trivial causes had passed, it was hoped, or was definitely passing; but here we have the really tangible possibility of a great war for no cause at all. A powerful nation begins, just out of hand, to discuss whether another powerful nation could possibly whip it, and by rapid stages excites itself fairly up to the fighting point.

The attitude of the United States is simply that of the innocent bystander who nervously watches a temporarily irresponsible person brandish a loaded shotgun.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Artillery of the Senate

THERE are many reasons why men wear their hair pompadour. There's Don C. Seitz, one of the big men of the New York World, for example. Seitz is a great collector of American humor and he thinks his pompadour is a part of his collection. Then there is George Bruce Cortelyou, erstwhile the risen young stenographer who held three Cabinet positions, but now in the gas business, owing to the exigencies of politics and the exigent Mr. Taft. Mr. Cortelyou wears his hair pompadour because he was the only statesman who ever did so, it being noticeable that when Frank H. Hitchcock branched out for himself he plastered his down.

And to prove it, there is Alexander Stephens Clay, Senator from Georgia, who wears his hair pompadour because he thought Hoke Smith would run against him for the Senate. Of course, Senator Clay had a pompadour before that dread thought entered his mind, but it was nothing to the splendid one he has now, a pompadour, it may truthfully be said, that is pompy, pomped and pompous

It fell out in this wise—not the pompadour, but the event—for, say what you like, Senator Clay has the finest head of hair on the Democratic side—the event fell out, you understand, thus: The Senator was first elected to the Senate in 1896 and again in 1903. That brought the end of his second term in 1909, and while he was in the frame of mind of many Senators, who have served twelve years, and really wanted to retire to Marietta and consider from that coign of vantage in a calm and contemplative mood the affairs of nations, really wanted to do that, he decided, on second thought, that it would be extremely unfair to his loyal supporters if he did not put his personal desires behind him and consent to serve again. He was for the calm and contemplative in Marietta, all right, you must believe, but when a man once gets into politics there are many considerations, aside from his personal desires, by which he must be governed. It was so with Clay. The people of Georgia insisted on his return.

That is, the people of Georgia, taken as a whole, insisted on his return. There was an occasional sporadic instance where the insistence was not so strenuous that it annoyed Senator Clay any, and one of these instances occurred in the case of H. Sporadic Smith, Governor, former Cabinet member, and all-around gregarious Georgian. In fact, before the time for reëlecting Senator Clay, it was rumored about that Mr. Smith would run against the Senator.

Now, after the event, Senator Clay has no idea that there would have been any trouble if H. Smith had done his durndest, but before the event he didn't know. He was uncertain. He was not sure what might happen. H. Smith is a mighty Georgian, and if he wanted to go to the Senate, replacing Mr. Clay, he might mess up frightfully that spontaneous tribute the Georgians were intending to pay to Senator Clay.

The Malicious Rat Story

IT WAS at this time the Senator's pompadour began to take on its present beauty. Of course, any Senator who sees formidable opposition is to be excused if he is scared, but when that opposition comes from a man named Hoke and is embodied in the Smith legion, the excuse is twice valid. The rumors came thick and fast, and hairs in that pompadour that had been so recreant during the years of its glory in the Senate as to lean a trifle, to become aslant, immediately straightened up until all were acting their part, and the pompadour attained its complete majesty, never again, let us hope, to falter, fail or vacillate.

Now mark you, Hoke Smith did not oppose Senator Clay, or if he did oppose him he was mighty weak opposition, for the people of Georgia sent Clay back to the Senate, sent him back for another six years, after which, if they do not send him back again, he will retire to Marietta to be calm and contemplative to sufficient degree. It is all over, and, of course, Senator Clay at no period, as he would say himself, had the slightest fear of a successful outcome. But the pompadour, refreshed and reinvigorated, remains on duty, rivaled only by that similar hirsute effect carefully nurtured by Senator LaFollette—there being no foundation, by the way, to the malicious report that LaFollette wears a rat in his—that story clearly being an invention of the multitude of enemies of this fearless protagonist of the LaFollette idea in politics, a canard put out by a scoundrelly opposition which is trying to stifle free speech, but which is not much on the stifle, as the Congressional Record will show.

Since the election to a third term and the rejuvenation of the pompadour Senator Clay has once or twice appeared in the arena, proving, in each instance, whatever his apprehensions may have been, that his voice is still intact. Senator Clay, speaking conservatively, grows more voice to the acre than any other two of the elder statesmen, for most of the elder statesmen squeak a bit. The Senator's total production of noise, while he is engaged in demonstrating an idea, runs much higher to the ton than the production of any of the other noise mines in the Senate, not excluding Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, of Iowa, whose sound yield has often been the marvel of those in the galleries and on the floor.

The Finest Head of Hair on the Democratic Side

Let the Senator get fully engaged with a subject—the machinations of the Sugar Trust, for example—and in five minutes he is rolling and reverberating like a forty-ton dynamite blast in the Culebra Cut. He can be heard distinctly at the Peace Monument, and once, on a wager, a sharp-eared person stood in front of the National Hotel, half-way up the Avenue, and got the sense of what he was exploding about. In the Senate Chamber it is deafening. The glass rattles with the impact of those stentorian tones, the chandeliers in Secretary Bennett's room sway and tinkle, the very walls rock, and at his peroration there is a burst of sound that makes a thunderstorm in Estes Park seem like the piping of the piccolo.

He is always at crescendo. Standing at his desk in the middle of the Democratic side he talks, not only for the benefit of those in the room, but for every casual stroller who may be within half a mile. "Boom!" he begins, "Boom-boom-boom!" The eight-inch guns go off in rapid action, and a moment later he turns the grim thirteen-inchers loose, and the cannonade is tremendous. Then, with one mighty and megaphonic explosion, he sinks into his seat, runs his fingers through that pompadour, and after the echoes have subsided and the walls have ceased to tremble the Senator who follows seems to be communicating his views in a hoarse whisper.

It happened, not long ago, when Senator Kean was in the chair that Senator Clay had something to say. Meantime, Senator Aldrich had interposed a motion to adjourn.

"I rise to a point of order," said Clay, sounding like a sunset gun.

"A motion to adjourn is not debatable," announced Senator Kean.

"I rise to a point of order!" This time it was a battery of sunrise guns.

"A motion to adjourn is not debatable."

"I rise to a point of order!" Here it was a Presidental salute of the biggest ordnance there is.

"A motion to adjourn is not debatable."

"I rise to a point of order!" Gunpowder mill going up—a battery of boilers bursting—a skyscraper falling into the street—the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

But it was of no avail. Senator Kean is as mild-mannered a man as ever put a motion to adjourn, and he put it, leaving Mr. Clay detonating rapidly, but vainly But we had the noise, and next morning Mr. Clay took occasion to vociferate about it again with marked clamorous effects, but still to no avail.

At that, it must not be thought the Senator is merely noisy. He is far more than that. He is a strong lawyer, an able and conscientious Senator, a student of governmental affairs, and a cogent reasoner and logical speaker. When he talks he has something to say. He is widely read and correctly informed. It is probable, to take one minor example, that he knows more about the sugar schedule in the tariff bill and the great sugar problem than does any other Senator. He is a popular and useful Senator and a most companionable and kindly man.

But, speaking of a sane Fourth of July: Why not engage the Senator to make the oration and let it go at that? There would be enough noise to suit the most fastidious.

Fired the Wrong Man

MASON PETERS, whom everybody in New York knows, was once the general press representative for the Henry W. Savage theatrical enterprises.

Peters and Savage had a frightful row one day and Peters was discharged, Savage telling him that it would be a long time before he had as good a job as the one he had just lost.

Peters went into the real-estate business and made a pot of money quickly. Then he bought himself a big red automobile, and every afternoon, at about the time Savage was in his office, Peters had his man drive him around in front of Savage's offices. Then he sat back in his car smoking a large fat cigar and honked the horn until Savage looked out of the window. Whereupon, Peters would make an elaborate bow to Savage and drive away. After about two weeks of this the performance got on Savage's nerves and he called the police.

"Here," said the policeman, "you mustn't bother Mr. Savage in this way."

"Bother him!" exclaimed Peters, "why I am not bothering him, surely. I am only showing him his mistake."

"His mistake?" repeated the puzzled policeman.

"Why, certainly; I am proving to him that instead of firing me he might better have fired himself."

A Noble Act

WILLIAM H. CURRIE, of the theatrical firm of Broadhurst & Currie, used to be an actor in the Charles H. Hoyt companies, and a good one.

One day Currie, tired of the stage, came into Hoyt's office, where Hoyt was sitting, and said: "Mr. Hoyt, I am through with acting. I am going to quit the stage."

Hoyt rose, took Currie's hand and shook it warmly.

"Currie," he said, with that nasal twang of his, "you are going to quit the stage? You are to be congratulated The American people owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

A Back Dive

"A CIRCUS came to a little town in Tennessee," said Colonel Robert M. Gates, "and one of the attractions was a high diver, a chap who dove from the top of the tent into a shallow tank, which is a feat common enough, but which created a great deal of talk in that locality.

"The wiseacres were talking about it at the store. Many of them thought it could not be done without killing the diver, but one old man insisted it was perfectly feasible.

"'What do you know about diving?' he was asked.

"'Wal,' he replied, 'nothin' in pertickler about that kind of divin', but I used to have a cousin who was the longest diver ye ever see.'

"'Longest diver?' scoffed the other sitters. 'Where'd he dive?'

"'Onct,' replied the old man, 'he bet a thousand dollars he could dive from Liverpool to New York.'

"'Did he do it?'

"'Nop, not that time. Y'see, he kinder miscalculated an' come up in Denver, Colorado.'"

Damp Foundations

OTIS HARLAN, the comedian, is liberally supplied with feet. One day, when he was playing in one of the late Charles H. Hoyt's companies, he complained to Hoyt that he had a bad cold.

"I should think you would have a cold all the time," responded Hoyt.

"Why?" asked Harlan.

"Because there is so much of you on the ground."

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Mr. Benj. J. Shirley, Barker, Niagara Co.
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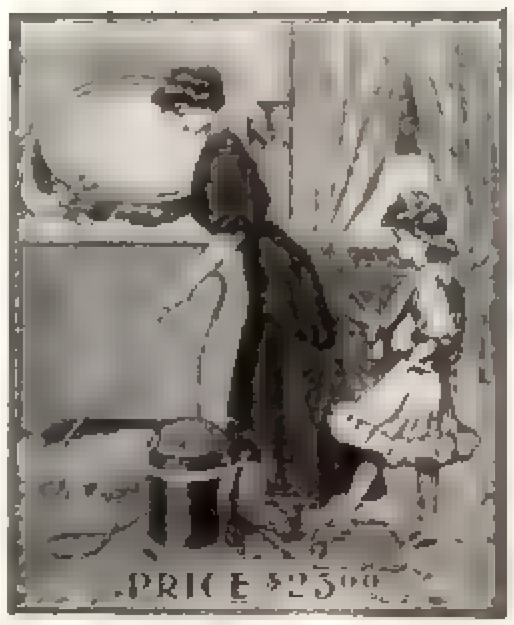


The New Way

Everybody Can Afford It

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner,** completely equipped for hand operation, costs only $25.

Think of it! This price is less than the price which the wagon vacuum cleaners and the professional renovators charge for just one cleaning.

And so tremendous are the savings effected by the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Are your means modest? Then the work of this machine as a labor-saver, time-saver and furniture-saver will appeal to you the more.

Are you well off? Then the more do you need this machine as a means of keeping your beautiful things in spick and span condition. If servants clean with it, they must do thorough work.

Some Savings It Effects

Nothing cuts short the life of carpet or rug so much as the grit which daily is ground into it under heel. The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** takes all the grit out, brightens up the fabric beautifully, prolongs its life wonderfully.

It also protects your carpets and rugs by saving them from being beaten. It adds to the life of upholstery and draperies by keeping them free from dust.

All the expenses of special renovations and housecleanings are abolished. Housekeepers also are freed from the necessity of employing outside labor especially for cleaning purposes.

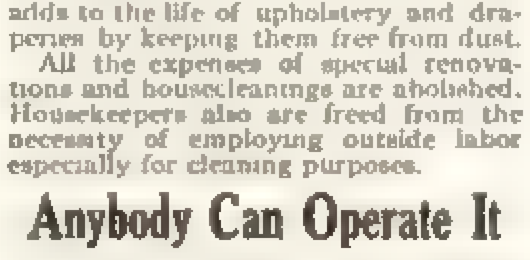
Anybody Can Operate It

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** weighs only 20 pounds, and is easily carried from room to room where needed.

To work it by hand puts absolutely no tax on the strength. Your eight year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy. Compared with sweeping, it is play.

No skill of any kind needed to use the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner,** and it keeps itself in good condition.

It is in all respects a household or family implement, just as much so as a broom or brush, and it is far easier to work.



The Old Way

Cleaning Fr
Its Toil And

You are vitally interested in cleanliness.

What else matters about your home, you

Along with dirt go bad odors, vermin, g

Along with cleanliness go freshness, swe

You know at what a great cost — in time is to be had with old-fashioned methods of cle

Implements such as the broom can reach

A large part of this dirt they scatter over a

Another large part of the dirt they work d and putrefy.

And that is why you must resort to tho up and tearing down, the pounding and bea

Don't do this any longer.

There is a newer, better way of cleaning

It will save your time, your strength, yo

For it is the only thoroughly efficient anc world has ever known.

Ideal Vacuu

Operated By Hand

It Eats Up

This neat, strong, compact, portable machine System. What a world of difference there is between

Sweeping calls for hard muscular work in a dus over everything, making necessary a second labor — t

With the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** you just t upholstery or curtain, and — whisk! — all dirt and du out of it. All the dirt, you see, is instantly seized a particle has a chance to fly. And the object is made

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** renovates every and beaten. Nothing ever has to be sent to a profes

$25 Brings You

Get an **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** at once and p agencies, simply send us $25, by Postal or Express M send you an **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** direct, complet

Every machine guaranteed to give absolutely s have been sold in eleven months, and the enthusiastic that you, too, must be delighted. Send your order t

Our Free Illustrated Booklet gives complete inf It tells a story that will mean a new era in your home.

THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPA

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER Eats Up The Dirt

eed Of All
l Drudgery

r office, your store, so long as it is not clean?
erms, disease and death.
eetness, purity, health and life.
, labor and money—anything like cleanliness
eaning.
only surface dirt.
wider area, to be rehandled again and again.
eep down into the carpet, there to decompose

se times of terror—the semi-annual ripping
ting, the carrying to and fro and out and in.

.

ur health, your money—even your very life.
l strictly sanitary system of cleaning that the

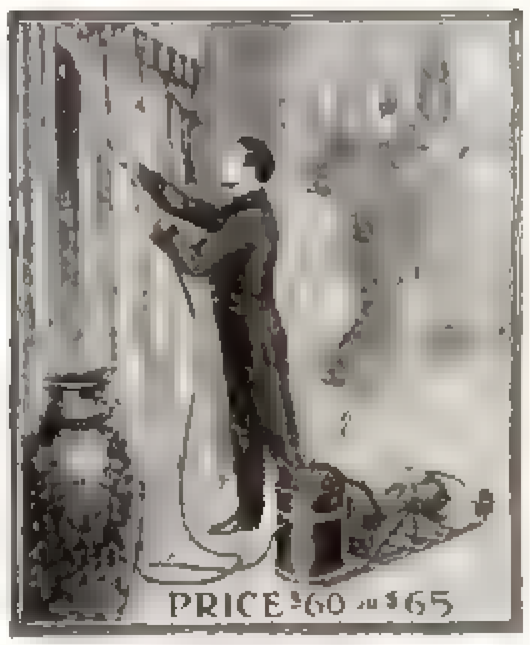
um Cleaner
The Dirt

Weighs Only 20 Pounds

is the perfection of the great Vacuum Cleaning
cleaning with it and cleaning in the usual way!
st-laden, germ-poisoned air. The flying dust settles
he "dusting off."
ake the nozzle and gently agitate your carpet, rug,
st, all germs, moths and eggs of vermin, are sucked
nd whirled into the vacuum chamber, so that not a
clean, wholesome and sweet through and through.
time it cleans. Nothing ever has to be taken up
sional renovator to be treated you don't know how.

the Ideal Direct

ut it to the test. If you do not live near one of our
Money Order, Draft or Registered Mail, and we will
ely equipped for hand operation.
atisfactory service. Over 23,000 of these machines
letters we have received from these purchasers show
o-day.
ormation about every phase of the cleaning problem.



The New Way

The Only Ideal Cleaner

In the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** all the parts of the most efficient Vacuum Cleaning System are for the first time scientifically and economically associated and concentrated.

Thus the force you put into it by hand is able to do all the cleaning work of the big power plants, and do it as well or better and with more convenience. Pump and separating tank being right where the actual cleaning is done, no surplus power has to be developed to enable the suction force to operate through pipes and tubing over long distances and around sharp angles. Protected by patents.

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is not a makeshift composed of more or less unrelated parts loosely put together. Each part was designed with especial reference to every other part, and it stands forth a complete machine, built for hard and lasting service year in and year out.

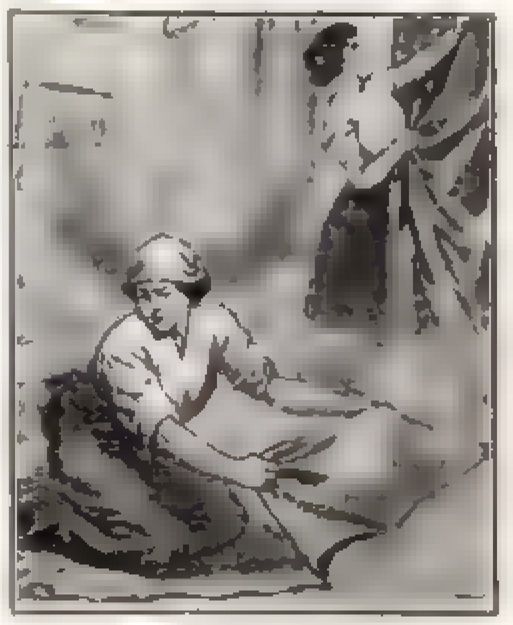
As all its essential features are fully protected by patents, the **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is utterly beyond the reach of imitators. It is the one and only "**Ideal Cleaner.**"

A Simple and Strong Machine

The **Ideal Vacuum Cleaner** is of strong metal construction throughout. It is compact, firm and strong to endure. It always works easily and always is reliable.

Its simplicity is remarkable. There are no parts concealed. Very seldom do any parts have to be replaced. Every part is easily and instantly gotten at.

Should it ever, by reason of accident be necessary to do anything to it, any ordinary mechanic could quickly fix it for you.



The Old Way

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Polson Implement Co., La Conner
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[illegible]
[illegible], Port [illegible]
W. H Rogers, [illegible] Lumber Exchange Bldg, Seattle
J. W Marty, [illegible] St, Tacoma
Western [illegible] Appliance [illegible], [illegible] Trust Building, Tacoma

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The Arnold Lumber Co., Douglas

The Senator's Secretary

CANDIDATES for membership in the Golf Cabinet are plenty enough, but few of them get a chance to qualify, or try to, which is all most of them can hope to do. President Taft has a roomful of sticks given him by gentlemen anxious to go around with him at Chevy Chase, and many an aspiring golfer has hinted at the White House that it would be bully to take the President on for a match.

Thus far, the President has been frugal with his invitations. Aside from the regulars, Vice-President Sherman, General Clarence Edwards and Captain Butt, he has played, at the time of this writing, with none but Travis of championship fame, with Allen Lard, a Washington golfer of some repute, and with two others. Travis and Lard, probably, have neither hope nor ambition to get into the Golf Cabinet, although Travis, after his first game with the President, put out a very seductive line of conversation about the remarkable game the President plays, saying the President has a fine stance, a beautiful swing, a good follow, plays a straight game and has no radical faults, which was very diplomatic of Travis and got him another invitation to play at Chevy Chase. Lard was called in to make up a foursome with Vice-President Sherman, Travis and the President—and that is as far as he goes.

Golf Cabinet Aspirants

The two real candidates for the Golf Cabinet are Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, and Representative Frederick Huntington Gillett, of Massachusetts. They have been invited to go around with the President. It isn't likely the President thought of them as Golf Cabinet candidates when he invited Bourne and Gillett to play with him, but it is sure as sunrise that Gillett and Bourne thought of themselves in that light when they were invited. Jonathan's highest desire is to have a latchkey to the White House.

Jonathan Bourne got to be regular scenery around the White House when Colonel Roosevelt was President. He gamboled gayly over there at nine o'clock in the morning and was last to bid the office force good-by at night. If he could get into the executive office he was happy, but if he couldn't he was content to sit in Loeb's room and bask in the atmosphere. Until the day Taft was nominated Colonel Roosevelt was the greatest man in the world to Jonathan. Then, although it wrenched him to do it, he split his allegiance with the President and bestowed half of it on the prospective President.

During the festivities leading up to the nomination of Taft, Jonathan had contributed liberally to the joy of all beholders by constructing a "second elective term" theory, and had preached it night and day. Jonathan argued that President Roosevelt's first three years in the White House were not, strictly speaking, a term, and that if he should be nominated and elected in 1908 it would be for his second elective term and would not infringe on the unwritten law that has hitherto forbidden more than eight years for any President.

To clinch this massive thought Jonathan offered a thousand dollars for the best essay or thesis or brief or argument proving that if Colonel Roosevelt were nominated and elected in 1908 it would be his second elective term. Nobody on earth disputed that, for Colonel Roosevelt was elected President but once, and Vice-President once, having succeeded to the Presidency when President McKinley died. However, Colonel Roosevelt himself had put out a rather emphatic bit of literature saying he regarded and intended to regard the spirit of the tradition or precedent or whatever it is, and that settled it for everybody but Jonathan.

There were a few cords of essays sent in, all proving that Jonathan's great idea was wonderful in its force, marvelous in its perspicacity and transcendent in its logic. Just about the time the judges had finished reading them all and had spent Jonathan's thousand beyond any possibility of recall, the Republican National Convention nominated Taft. Now, Jonathan has plenty of thousands, so that part of the affair bothered little. What he had to do in the premises was to attach himself to the Taft person, and he put out traps, birdlime and nets in every direction.

Every time there was a chance during the campaign, and sometimes when there was no chance, he visited Hot Springs. After the election he haunted Augusta, Georgia. About twice a week, bright and early, he would bob up at the hotel, and that night the dispatches would carry a line about Senator Jonathan Bourne calling on Mr. Taft, or playing golf with him, or carrying his satchel, or doing something merely to be in the Presence. It was during this period that Jonathan, who smokes dollar cigars, began to show a little thrift, and, instead of giving away his dollar cigars to all comers, got a line of forty-cent ones for his left-hand waistcoat pocket, which, it may be remarked in passing, were plenty good enough for anybody below the rank of President, and which also tied even the most effervescent cigar epoch in John Hays Hammond's life, for Hammond never gave away a dollar cigar. His were only forty-centers.

Well, it was impossible to lose Jonathan. He was constantly on the spot. After Senator Knox had been picked and announced as Secretary of State, Jonathan heard Knox intended to go down to Augusta.

"Going down to see the President, Phil?" Jonathan asked one day casually.

"Yes," replied Senator Knox.

"Good; I'll go down with you."

"But," said Knox, "I shall have to postpone my trip for a few days, I think. If you are going down don't let me detain you."

"Oh," smiled Jonathan pleasantly, "I can wait. Just let me know when you are going."

Senator Knox postponed that trip four times, but he couldn't lose Jonathan. When he finally took the train there was Bourne, and the dispatches had it: "Senator Knox, who is to be Secretary of State, and Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, arrived at Augusta today and will see the President-elect."

Lose Jonathan? Not in a million years. It was one of the greatest sorrows of his life that he could not play tennis and thus let President Roosevelt beat him. He scrubbed up on golf and now he is supremely happy, for he has had an invitation to play with Taft and he hopes for more. Jonathan may not break into the Golf Cabinet when it is finally formed, but it will not be because he does not strenuously try, nor will it be because he beats the President when they play. Jonathan may be able to play golf, or he may not; but whether he is or not he never will be able to play well enough to beat the President. Always will the score be Taft, up, and Bourne, down.

Gillett in Training

Gillett was a member of the famous Taft Philippine party, which resulted in several marriages and an amazing series of dinners and reunions and other functions. The Tafters had an idea they would be pretty hefty in running this Administration, but they haven't gone very far yet, and notice has been handed out to them that they are lovely people, but that, really, they must not think themselves a wing or a leg of the Government. Gillett has a mild blue eye and wears mauve whiskers. He is an amiable person who has been in Congress for sixteen or eighteen years, is very fond of society and much different in many ways from the rude and crass statesmen with whom he is surrounded. He exudes culture and is about as correct a person as Massachusetts supplies to the jostling halls of Congress, albeit he has made more of a stir in the Bachelor Assemblies than he has in the House of Representatives.

Naturally, Gillett is a candidate for the Golf Cabinet. Being a Tafter he is bound to Taft by ties stronger than those of mere politics, as he thinks, and if he can tie up those ties in any harder knots it is for him to do so. Going with Taft to the Philippines was to him, as it was to most of those who went, the great event of a lifetime. If he can cash it in for a membership in the Golf Cabinet he will not have served in Congress for sixteen or eighteen years in vain. He isn't in yet, but he will try—you may be very sure he will try. But, and this in strict confidence, if there ever is a Golf Cabinet it is whispered that Bourne and Gillett will be lucky to be caddies.

Meantime, the tariff discussion has dragged on and on in the Senate, and the Chautauquas are opening up. Looking at them casually, those two thoughts do not seem to have any apparent connection. But they have. They are entwined and intertwined—coalesced, so to speak. The tariff discussion is dragging on, and the Chautauquas are opening up. Go and ask Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, Senator from Iowa, or Benjamin Ryan Tillman, Senator from South Carolina, or Robert M LaFollette, Senator from Wisconsin, or any one of a dozen others of the silver-tongued fraternity, whether they have any connection, and you will get a line of language that will convince you the two episodes are practically one, for one of our most promising infant industries is lecturing by Senators and Representatives.

The Lure of Lucre

Chautauquas pay good money to speakers of note. Many Senators and many Representatives are not loth to spread their particular gospel at so much per spread before the highly intelligent people who go to Chautauquas. Some of them get a good deal of money. Now, how can a Senator or a Representative go out on the Chautauqua circuit and remain in Washington fighting for the dear people and their rights in the tariff fight? He cannot. That is certain. Duty calls for him in Washington and the simoleons call for him on the circuit, and, much to their disgust, the silver-tongued are compelled to listen to the stern call of duty instead of hearkening to the luring pleading of the scads.

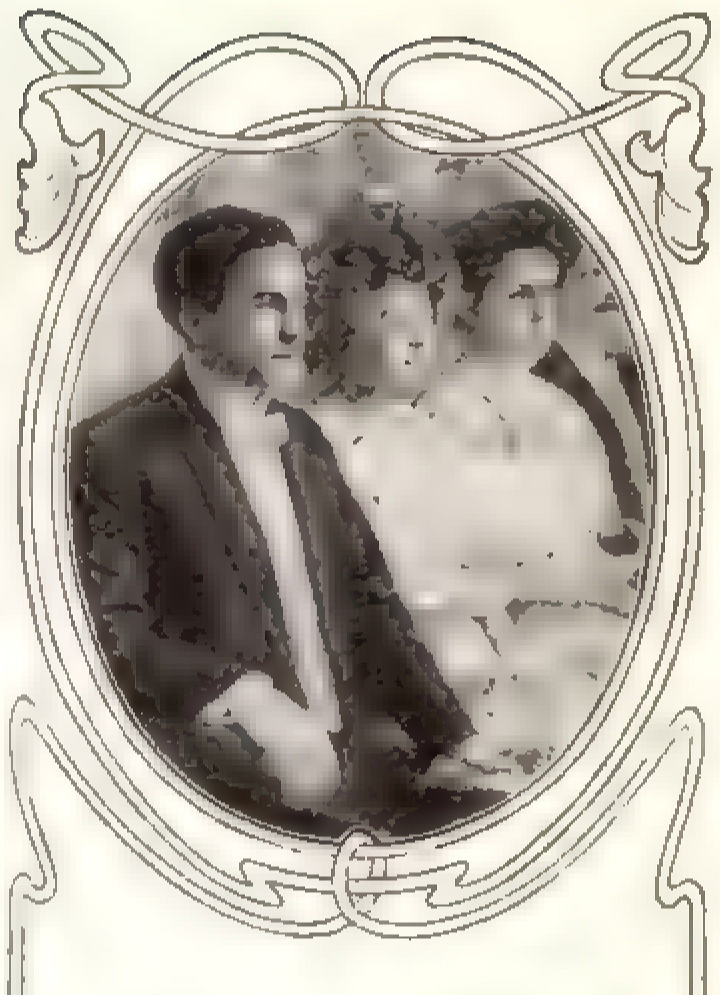
It is all very sad. Not only is a great public waiting to be educated and informed, but many a great Senator and Representative is waiting to be paid. If this tariff fight keeps up until the middle of August, or if it quits a few weeks sooner, there are dollars and instruction gone beyond recall.

These Senators of ours, these grave and dignified persons who constitute the membership of the "greatest deliberative body on earth," as we always say when referring to the Senate, are just about as human as any other ninety-two citizens who could be corraled under a glass ceiling, except in a few instances where the mummifying process has set in. They know, those of them who have platform aspirations, that if a Senator cavorts a bit on the floor of the Senate now and then, and gets his name in the papers, he will be more of an attraction in the lyceums than if he sat quiet and voted with the organization. Hence, some of them cavort. They only get seventy-five hundred dollars a year, anyhow, which isn't much for those who have no other income, and a good many of them have no other income, notwithstanding all this talk about millionaires in the Senate.

Therefore, they are not to be blamed if they snap at offers to talk for an hour or two for good money. Talking is the easiest thing they do. Furthermore, those who are millionaires generally couldn't talk if they tried.

But, leaving the lyceum engagements out of it, those night sessions the Senate held proved the human equation. Night sessions in Washington are good larks for the Washingtonians. They like to go up and fill the galleries, and the dear ladies have little parties to hear this Senator or that Senator speak. The result was that during the night sessions there were a good many Senators who got up and emitted long speeches on nothing in particular for the benefit of the ladies in the galleries, and the tariff bill made but little more progress than if there had been no night sessions at all. The Senators were showing off. They were speaking their pieces to the galleries.

It was fine and declamatory, and satisfying to the Senators and the galleries, but it made the men who are trying to get a tariff bill through so sore you couldn't point at them with your finger without getting a screaming "Ouch!"



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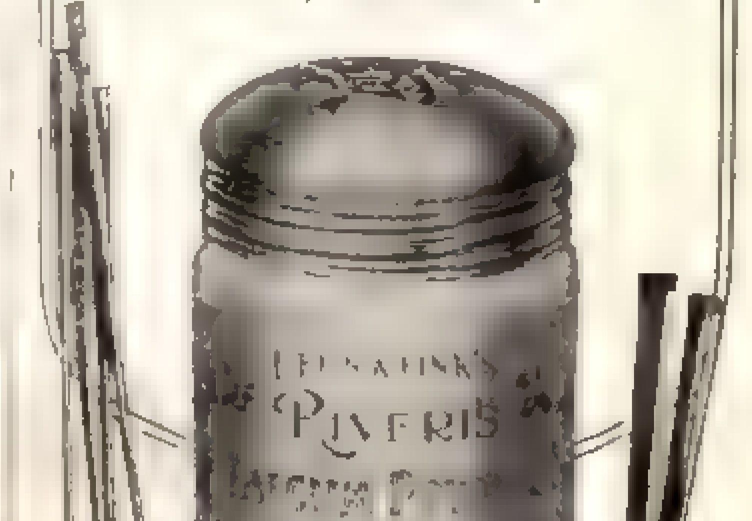

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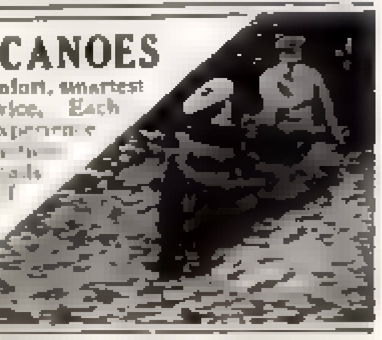

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YOUR SAVINGS

Bonds Secured by Natural Resources

AMONG the important securities that investors should know about are various kinds of bonds whose security is a natural resource which, owing to man's constant demands and inroads, steadily diminishes each year. It may be timber, coal, water or water power. Hence the important question arises: What are the safeguards that the investor should demand in bonds which are secured by such resources?

Let us first take up timber bonds, a type of bond not heretofore described in this department. They are brought out by lumber and sawmill companies for the purpose of raising money to develop their business, part of which is to cut down trees.

The total bond issue which is secured by timber should never be more than one-half of the value of the trees. In most cases it should not be more than one-third. Standing timber has a definite value because it is above ground and can be measured. The valuation put upon the timber should be independent of the value of the sawmills, railroad and logging equipment owned and operated by the company.

Since the only timber bonds worthy of consideration by the average investor are those brought out by a reputable bond and investment house, it follows that the appraisal of value should be made by an expert employed by this house. These experts should be men of long and seasoned experience. The lumber company's estimate is not sufficient.

Equally important is the title to the timber, for timber has a title just like land and may be secured by a mortgage. The title must be absolutely clear.

Having satisfied himself that the supply of timber is ample and that the title is clear, the investor must next be certain that the cost of operating the timber cutting and marketing is not excessive. Under ordinary conditions lumbering is expensive. The forests are often isolated; transportation of raw and finished material is expensive. The company must have railroad spurs connecting the mills with the railroad line, thus securing a market.

But even with all these features, a timber bond would not commend itself to the investor who seeks the highest security if it did not make some provision to cover the loss caused by the constant cutting down of trees. Each tree that falls to the ground reduces the security. Therefore, there should be some protection, and this is afforded by a sinking fund based upon what might be called a *per capita* of destruction. For every thousand feet of lumber cut a certain sum must be set aside. This ranges from two dollars to three dollars and a half per thousand feet, and it should be paid regularly every month on the timber cut the preceding month.

The Sinking-Fund Plan

The money comprising this sinking fund may be invested and thus earn more money; it may be used to retire some of the bonds each year, or it may be employed in the purchase of additional timber land to be added to the original security behind the bonds. The main thing, however, is this: No matter how the money of the fund is employed there must be such a sinking fund. Among other things it places a restraining hand on the company and prevents needless and heedless removal of trees. The investment of the fund should rest with the trustees of the mortgage. This keeps it out of the control of the lumber company.

There are various other points relating to the security behind timber bonds, each one depending upon local conditions. Sometimes the security is the contract for the sale of stumpage, which is a sort of by-product of lumbering. One issue of timber bonds, for example, is further secured by a contract with a company which agrees to pay two dollars and a half per thousand feet of stumpage for the first two years, and three dollars a thousand feet for the third year and remaining years. The lessee agrees to cut a minimum of one million feet a month, and to pay for this amount every month whether it is cut or not. The payments under this lease, which is assigned to the trustee of the bonds, aggregates a minimum of forty-two thousand dollars a year. The kind of tree that comprises the timber security is important. One large house that makes a specialty of timber bonds goes in for long-leaf yellow pine. This has great commercial value and is always in demand. Another has large holdings of spruce, the pulp of which is used for making paper. Oak and poplar are also good timber assets.

The timber bond should be a first-mortgage bond, coming ahead of every other claim on the property. Usually it has an interest rate of six per cent.

When you turn to coal bonds you find a security that is below ground and unseen. The investor must be guided by two things—the earning capacity of the company as shown by the record of a considerable period of years, and the reports of trustworthy geologists and engineers employed by the house that has underwritten the bonds. As in the case of timber bonds, the investor must demand not only a clear title to the property, and efficient and honest management, but also a sinking fund to cover the loss occasioned by the mining of the coal,

This sinking fund should range from two to three cents for every ton of coal mined. The disposition of this fund varies with different companies. Several of the largest follow the practice of "keeping alive" their bonds. This means that they buy up a certain number of them each year. A maximum price is fixed for them. Then, instead of retiring them, they are "kept alive." They become an asset of the company, and the interest they pay is either used to buy more bonds or to buy additional coal lands. In any event additional protection is hereby afforded the holders of the outstanding bonds.

The investor should look carefully into the earnings of the company. One high-class company whose coal bonds rank with the best of their type may serve as an example. Its net earnings have averaged three times the amount of the interest on all its bonds. This company has a total issue of three million dollars. The usual interest rate on such bonds is five per cent, and they may usually be had at a price to make the yield from five to five and one-half per cent.

Irrigation Bonds

The best-known bonds secured by water are the irrigation bonds. As in most other bonds the investor should only buy those that have been investigated and are brought out by a reputable house. On general principles beware of irrigation bonds issued by companies claiming to have large tracts in far distant and inaccessible places.

By the enactment of what is known as the Carey Act, passed by Congress in 1894, the United States Government has placed certain safeguards about irrigation bonds, and the investor should buy the bonds which enjoy this protection. The Carey act permits every state having arid land right to control the irrigation of one million acres of its arid country. Under this act any company can segregate (set aside) a district and develop it. It must install irrigation machinery and build ditches. In order to do this bonds are issued. The income of the company is from the sale of water rights to the farmers. Such companies usually operate with the coöperation of the state engineer and other state officials. The security behind the bonds consists of the irrigation machinery and the ditches, and the bonds must be a first mortgage on them. Yet no security is quite so important as the body of water which waters the region. It must not only flow all the year around, but also must be pure and clean. In many Western states where there are extensive irrigation sections this water comes from natural reservoirs in the mountains or from rivers.

Closely allied with these are water-power bonds which are issued by companies selling water power from falls.

In summing up the case of bonds secured by natural resources, it may be said that the highest types have a fairly ready market. Where the security is ample, and the earning power fully proved, they afford excellent opportunities as stable income producers.

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Town ______ State ______
Will you pay cash? ______ Or easy payments
Are you interested in our profit making plan ______

BULL'S-EYE

(Continued from Page 14)

sprang into place and fitted, as though a map should consolidate out of fragments.

Mr. Viles first broke the silence.

"Come, come," he cried, in a harsh and eager voice, but without a gesture. "Come, young man, pull yourself into shape! An error? Yes, yes, I know—and a rash, headlong, unspeakable error it is. But who blames you for it? He mistook you, you mistook him. Who blames you? Do I, of all persons?"

Though his body shook with the vehemence of these words, Mr. Viles kept both hands locked behind him.

"Do I?" he repeated. "On the contrary, I can swear to your intentions. Come, you were in your duty. Leave that to me. I accept the whole burden of this horrid mistake."

Whether his proposal sounded a halftone too anxious, or whether the man's attitude was too much like a pounce deferred, Paul sprang up, trembling with conviction, his heart fixed, and every faculty whetted for the encounter.

"Mistake?" He flung out all his loathing in the word. "There's no mistake now. It's plainer than your face, and even uglier. You hired me for this. You set the trap, and it caught. It caught him—out there—your brother. And here I am tonight—proxy for Cain."

Mr. Viles gave a light shrug, but sharpened his brows.

"Nonsense," he cut in promptly. "That's the wildest nonsense. You're upset, I know. Wait. Consider for a moment. Get your balance. You'll regret that speech."

"Not while it's the bare, murdering truth." Black look for black look, Paul more than held his own. "You know it's true. What else did you hire me for? What else were you hoping, just now, when you sat quaking on your bed upstairs? I'd come too early, and surprised you at your evening paper!"

The duel of eyes continued across the lamp. Then the elder combatant fell back a step, noiseless in his fur slippers.

"Out with it! You can't stare me down, or lie me down. Out with it! You simpleton," raged Paul, snapping his fingers, "do you think I don't know what's in your mind? Or that my pistol's behind your back there? Be a man for once and speak out, and shove your hands in front!"

Mr. Viles, who had shrunk against the jar of serpent-green, accepted this challenge by whipping both hands into view. The pistol clinked on the porcelain, as he swung its black muzzle forward. His face shone paler than ever, but venomous.

"Don't bluster," he said, the same quality of restraint hardening his voice. "Don't bluster. I give you fair choice of two stories. Either you were caretaker, and fired by mistake; or else my brother, while guarding this house, was shot by a thief on the stairs. I could describe that thief from top to toe, from his boot soles to his red hair. Better than that, I have already captured him"—the speaker twirled his pistol in a slight flourish—"as you see. The two stories are equal in force and credibility. Take your choice."

With an impatient shove, Paul trundled his armchair half across the room, and stood cleared for action.

"I choose neither," he answered quietly. "I still prefer the facts."

The collector of porcelain, ceasing to rub shoulders with his green *tsang*, gathered himself as before a dive.

"Remember first," he began, shrill and threatening, "remember, I'm not bound to capture my thief alive! Consider that, and quickly! I give fair warning ——"

Up flew the long barrel.

"Come a step nearer," the man quavered, "and you'll see!"

With eyes fixed not on the muzzle but on the white face behind it, Paul deliberately made one step forward.

"Fire!" he commanded; then laughing bitterly, spread out his empty hands and waited.

"I will," cried Mr. Viles hoarsely. "Look out! I will!"

"Do!" scoffed the young man, taking another stride. "Fire!"

The black muzzle wavered, a hand's-breadth before his eyes.

"What hinders you?" Even while he spoke, Paul's hand flashed up and struck aside, grasping as it struck, and wrenching. The pistol came away with astonishing ease, torn from fingers which, as Paul bent them back into surrender, felt cold and lean as the metal.

"Here!" He broke the mechanism open, slid the cartridges from palm to pocket, and with an abhorrence of firearms which was to last a lifetime snapped the pistol shut. "Here!" He thrust it back into the numb hands of its owner. "Your teeth are pulled."

Mr. Viles gave a choking sob, dropped the weapon on the floor, and stared after it as though it had fallen into a pit.

"What!" said Paul, in somber disdain. "You pull a trigger? Pick that gun up, Viles, and try again. I'll reload it for you!"

At this taunt the other raised a malignant glance and inhaled sharply between the bare teeth; then lowering his sleek, gray head, continued to search the pool of darkness for some expedient hidden there.

"Don't crow so loudly," he sneered at last. "Our little match has only begun. You still rely, I suppose, on what you call the truth?"

Paul nodded, slowly and grimly.

"Try it," cackled the dry voice with returning spirit. "Who'll believe you? Try it. Wait and see."

"Exactly; wait and see." Again the young man nodded, without compromise. "Meanwhile, at the risk of appearing human, we must look after—after your brother on the stairs. Bring the lamp."

Mr. Viles, suddenly diminishing in stature, drew back against his favorite jar; suffered another fit of trepidation; but spying no escape, edged forward like one propelled in a dream, and sulkily obeyed.

His brother, pale graven likeness, awaited them on the landing, silent, propped in ungainly ease, with chin more deeply burrowed into the breast of his coat, as though the man were averse to lamplight, or had been put to sleep by their discussion. Except for blown and wrinkled clothing, no sign of violence appeared.

"Light the way!" commanded Paul, stooping.

A small bed-chamber, furnished barely, received his burden, and with it a mean and grudging solemnity. When the door had closed and the two enemies stood in the passage, they eyed each other for a space more steadily than accomplices. Round about them, overhead, underfoot, the night silence drew tight and stringent, heavy as a weight, distressing as a vacuum. Even the wind had fallen still.

All at once the pair in the corridor sprang apart, listening.

"Give me your lamp," cried Paul, "before you drop it!"

"The door," whispered his companion. "Below—the front door!"

From under the stairs, deep in some recess of the lower floor, the bell alarmed the house with prolonged and imperious jangling.

VII

THE clamor of the bell grew slower, dropped a few violent single notes, and ended.

"Nobody would come," began Mr. Viles hoarsely. "Nobody ever, at this time of night ——" He broke off, staring and listening, like a man ready to flee. "What shall we do?"

Paul shifted the reading-lamp to watch his face the more intently, and with a strong disrelish.

"What shall we do?" whispered the collector once more.

"Go down," declared Paul sternly, "and let them in."

"But about—that?" The other pointed a lean white finger toward the door they had just closed. His features were set and blank of emotion, but at the roots of his gray hair a single bead of sweat shone large, like a drop gathered on a guttering candle. "What about that?"

"About that," Paul answered in the same voice, "I shall tell them the truth."

The trembling index vanished as Mr. Viles doubled his fist.

"And they'll believe you?" he snarled. "You stubborn blockhead! Where's your proof? Where's your witness?"

"Constance," replied the young man.

At the name Mr. Viles threw out both hands in a little flourish of glee, hitched up one shoulder, and, dropping it, suffered his whole body to relax and his face to thaw in a triumphant grin.

"I thought so!" he chuckled. "Find her! If that's your comfort, she's many miles away by now! Come, find her!"

Without answer, Paul turned, entered the porcelain room, set down the lamp, and hurriedly slipped on his boots. Striking a match, he lowered it to the candle; then, as the wick sputtered and caught fire, he wheeled suddenly on guard, warned by a slight brushing movement behind his back.

The householder had indeed stolen into the room, pounced and attacked, but in a strange and unexpected quarter. Without so much as looking at Paul, he had flung one arm round the serpent-green jar, and now bent, clasping and struggling, as though that reptilian vessel had sprung to life and wrestled with its master.

For an instant Paul watched, in stupid wonder. He saw the man's other arm plunged inside, to the shoulder; saw it draw upward quickly, out of the glazed throat; and not till then saw that the movements had a meaning.

"Would you?" he cried, darting round the tabouret and clutching the slack of the man's coat between his thin shoulder-blades. "Would you, though?"

With a squeak like a frightened hare, and with a hare's agility, Mr. Viles half turned, fought for a moment, then limply surrendering, allowed a small white packet to be torn from his fingers. It was a neat bundle of folded papers.

The bell below still rang with vehemence, so swiftly had the affair come and gone.

"A quick move," said Paul, slipping out the topmost document from the bundle. "A quick move, but you made a little too much noise. Oh, no—don't snatch."

Gripping both lean wrists in one hand, he unfolded and read aloud, by fragments, the mixed lines of print and manuscript:

> This Indenture, Made the fourteenth day . . . Between Constance Bowring, *femme sole*, the party of the first part, and ——

The line following was blank. "Witnesseth," began the next paragraph; then came a long written list; and at the foot, orderly and firm, the signature, "Constance Bowring," stood beside the seal.

"I begin to understand." Paul dropped the hands of his captive and pocketed the sheaf of papers. With new authority, he pointed toward the stair. "Let's not keep them waiting."

"Take this candlestick," came the next order. "Take it, I tell you! Go down—ahead!"

Thus—their parts reversed, the driven master lighting the steps for his man—the two began their descent and crossed the landing. Here, as they passed, Paul stooped for the dead brother's pistol, where it lay forgotten. He rose, however, only to place it on the window ledge, and fetch his hand away sharply, hating the rough cross-cut vulcanite of the butt and the cold metal of the guard.

As they started down the lower flight the noise of the bell ran dribbling into silence; under the sealskin moccasins, then under Paul's boots, the loose boards creaked and groaned.

At the foot of the stairs, between the two tall outposts of his collection, Mr. Viles halted and questioned his follower askance.

"Gone away?" he whispered. The candle, from flame-point to gleaming base, tilted in his hand as in a broken socket. "They must have gone. Listen!"

The front door stood before them, blank and uncompromising. From the other side no voice murmured at their delay, no impatient foot shifted.

"Open and see!" Paul spoke aloud. Cramped echoes of his answer vibrated.

"You." The other forced his lips into motion, but not sound. "You try it."

Paul shoved him roughly toward the door; and of a sudden, drinking in a huge breath, the man clutched that knob on which his brother's hand had been the last to lie, and turned. The door swung in with a great gust of freezing air. The flame of the candle tossed over and lay horizontal, streaming backward.

"Who's there?" called Viles, coughing. "What's wanted?" And then, suddenly bold, "I can't see anybody!"

He raised his left hand, curving it to shield the light. The movement flung a

When you speak of a "ten-cent cigar" you mean a cigar that costs *you* ten cents.

The same cigar is to the manufacturer a "$40 per M.," or 4c. cigar, to the jobber a "$50 per M.," or 5c. cigar, and to the retailer a "$60 per M.," or 6c. cigar.

Intrinsically that cigar is worth as much when the manufacturer appraises it at $40 per M., as it is when the retailer hands it over his counter as a "ten-cent straight." The difference between 4c. and 10c. is what it costs to get the cigar from the manufacturer to you along the old-fashioned trade turnpike with three tollgates.

Now, suppose you go to the maker of your cigars and say to him: "Sell me my cigars at wholesale and I'll take them home myself across lots."

I am a maker of cigars who sells his entire product to the smoker direct without the aid of the intervening dealers. Hence I am under no obligations to "the trade." I invite the patronage of the man who wants to buy his cigars at wholesale cost, without added expenses of the dealers. To prove that I actually do sell my cigars at wholesale prices I offer them under the following conditions:

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I guarantee the fillers of these cigars are clear Havana of good quality—not only clear, but long, clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings are used. They are *hand made*, by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

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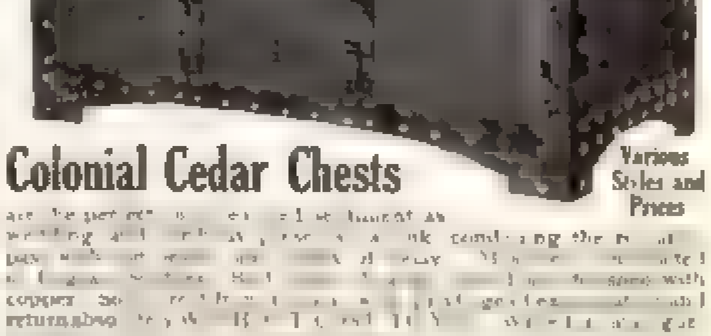

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barrier of shade across the open door; but above that barrier, in the same instant, wavered a face.

Of the shining eyes, the flushed cheeks, the red lips parted in wonder, Paul caught only a flying vision; for the candle struck the floor with a clang of brass, as Mr. Sidney Viles, crying some inarticulate word, sprang back in astonishment and rage, collided with his watchman, spun free, and darted headlong down the corridor.

The candle had flown from the stick and lay burning blue in a small puddle of wax. As Paul raised and fitted it, the back stairs resounded with the scurrying thud of moccasins; a bar, flung down upon cement, clattered in the cellar; and the slamming of a door shook the house.

Speechless, bareheaded, and in his slippers, Mr. Viles had gone racing out by the back way.

And here, as the light revived and sprang erect, his niece stood on the threshold, her eyes dark and widening, her straight brows lifted in alarm. For a moment those twin lines which joined the curve of her nostrils to the eager, pointed lip, quivered between surprise and resolution.

"But that—that was Uncle Sidney!" she cried at last. "What has happened? Where is my—where's his brother?"

Paul moved aside, bowed submission, but could frame no answer.

"Where's my Uncle George?" she continued with rising impatience. "Mr. George Viles? He came here tonight. Is he here now?"

Paul studied the patch of wax, already white on the floor.

"No," he stammered. "No—that is, he's no longer ——"

"Tell me." The girl's voice trembled, but with no unworthy tension. "What has happened? I expected—you need not be afraid of frightening me."

Again Paul bowed in constraint, and made a clumsy motion toward the stairs.

"If you will go up?" he ventured lamely. "I'll try to—explain. It's very cold here."

As she moved past him to the banisters Paul contrived, by sweeping his foot backward, to hide something under the base of the tall jar. Mr. George Viles, in removing his boots for the last time, had left them somewhat too conspicuous.

The girl, without turning, gave a short, weary laugh.

"Oh, I saw them," she called back, even more wearily, from the landing above. "He came here to steal, I suppose."

Paul mounted slowly after her, casting for words as he climbed. So long as the bell had rung, and the visitor waited unknown outside the door, the story had sprung full-grown in his mind, strong, true, succinct, tugging for utterance; but now, as he regained the porcelain room, he felt his courage bring up short, stuck fast between silly euphemism and brute fact.

Lighted by lamp and fire, at the same corner of the screen where they had first met, the girl stood watching him strangely. The tall, black panels mingled their shadow with the dark stuff of her dress and stole away all outlines; so that her face encountered his as from the dusk of a portrait, with both challenge and reserve.

Here stood his judge, let her decide. At this thought, Paul found his testimony shaken into order.

"If you're to believe me," he answered slowly, "I must ask for a little time and some patience. My name is Paul Savage, and I'm in the worst trouble of my life tonight."

She regarded him coldly, hesitated, then with grave humor:

"Mine is Constance Bowring," she retorted. "And so am I."

Paul bowed, like one who had been generously met.

"I'm sorrier than I can tell you," he declared. "All I hope now is, to be of help somehow. If you'll take it? And try, Miss Bowring, please try to believe me!"

The girl's face darkened.

"I have had practice," she cried impetuously, "in trying to believe people! If you will begin, Mr. Savage, possibly we can tell better. What has happened?"

Starting at the Captain's gallery, Paul recounted his adventure. Miss Bowring's steady look gave him neither aid nor discouragement. Slightly paler than before, she followed every turn of the narrative, now gravely nodding over some foreseen detail, now frowning over some unexpected. At mention of the false key and the creaking of the stairs in the dark, she crossed suddenly to the armchair, and sat down, but without once moving the light of her eyes.

"So the man came up, and when I hailed he fired. He missed me"—Paul raised his coat sleeve, torn from wrist to elbow—"by so much. The bullet smashed that jar outside. I fired—and it was Mr. George Viles."

His voice forsook him. The girl was leaning forward, her fingers outspread in a quick little motion of pity and awe.

"No, no," she cried. "It's my fault, not yours. You did *not* miss?"

Paul shook his head miserably. Of all silences in the house this seemed the longest. He recalled, afterward, an ivory paper-knife, and his hand twirling it across a book, round and round through a measureless interval. Miss Bowring, white and still, waited with a look more inscrutable than grief.

"I'm not good at words," he stammered; then, appealing incoherently, tossed his ragged arm again, to point upward. "See, on the mantel, Miss Bowring. Your picture. I put it there, at the first, because—because it was a face I could believe in. Will that help, somehow, to ——" He broke off, desperate. "Miss Bowring, don't—after what's happened—don't think I'm lying!"

She did not answer, though a change, the veiled shining of a different thought, stole beneath her lashes even while they lowered. With head bent, she sat as if tracing the dim pattern of the rug.

"Over me—they quarreled over me," she said quietly. "I might have stopped it. I was the motive."

At sight of her, bowed thus and trembling, Paul shook off his own trouble. To refute her would be reward enough. He took from his pocket the bundle of documents, and again unfolding the topmost delivered them into her hands.

"Don't blame yourself," he advised cheerfully. "Your only fault was in being too rich."

The "femme sole"—ill answering to that bloodless description—looked up from the paper sadly, but with a queer smile, as if she found this plain-dealing both a shock and a relief.

"It's my misfortune," she amended.

At her sincerity, so deep and yet so whimsical, Paul laughed outright.

"What pleases you in that?" Miss Bowring wondered.

"You." The bold reply slipped out before he thought.

A brief silence fell, awkward, but not of bad omen. Paul was first to break it.

"Misfortune's the right word," he continued, "especially with Mr. Sidney Viles for guide. You see the blank line left in that document? Had he some friend, some creature of his, whose name he might insert?"

The girl nodded in rueful assent.

"He was waiting for an agent, who was away." The effort of recollection drew her eyebrows together and tilted them upward in a quaint, sober little frown. "A formality, he said, for my advantage. A technical transfer to my—for purposes of—oh, something!"

"Of robbery," Paul interrupted, smiling. "His own name would stick out rather too barefaced. I'm no lawyer, Miss Bowring, but that's a bargain and sale deed, all the same. And until the missing name was supplied, anybody might lay hands on it, fill in the blank space, and relieve you of considerable—misfortune? So his brother George thought, however he contrived to get wind ——"

Miss Bowring rose abruptly.

"I told him." She took a sharp, timid survey of the crowded porcelains, glimmering in their close concealment. "I told him." She paused, trembling. "Oh!" she mourned, "I knew there was hatred between them, and jealousy of me, but I never thought them so bad as—as this!"

Paul's glance had followed hers about the room.

"I begin to suspect," he said dryly, "how your uncle's collection grew."

Miss Bowring, half-way to the door, stopped and wheeled in a fury of denial.

"Uncles?" she cried. "Those? Do you see any likeness?" The raised point of her lip quivered with anger; then, ashamed of this outbreak, she added quietly: "That nickname is dropped for good. And to think they could call themselves friends of my father's, and begin by being kind, when I was—first left alone!" Again she looked

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about the room and shivered. "Please come. I cannot bear this house."

Raising one hand to detain her, Paul scraped inside his pocket with the other.

"Nor I. But see, first. You mustn't forget." He showed a palmful of coins, then heaved up his fist to dash them clinking down into the green jar. "That was my pay. I landed here a stranger, without a penny or a soul to go to. I'd run through my allowance—more, too—and was ashamed. Anyhow, I took his pay. If only it was half so easy to fling away my share in tonight's business! You were forgetting that."

The girl had caught up the candle, and now impatiently beckoned.

"Get your coat," she ordered, "and blow out the lamp. I'm very tired, and—and frightened."

At the foot of the main stairs, however, she turned and gave the brazen stalk into his hand.

"I hadn't forgotten," she said, in a more gentle voice, but watching him steadfastly and between the eyes. "I saw you were a brave and a kind man. There! Now hurry, please. I've a carriage waiting outside. I was afraid even to come, and going back—quickly, please. We must bar the cellar door. I'll wait."

Paul gave back the candlestick, and closed her rebellious fingers round it. With his foot on the cellar stairs he turned for another sight of her face shining above.

Inside the carriage, as it labored through the snow, the two companions remained silent. The cold flicker of street lamps, meeting and deserting them in slow alternation, showed Paul only the whiteness of her face beside him, now taking form, now fading. She sat motionless, retired into this gloom, as though giving up all further thought and effort.

Street followed street. From a thicker obscurity within and without, Paul judged their course to lie, by some short cut, through a poorer quarter.

"Did you think I wouldn't stand by," said the girl abruptly, "and see you clear of this? After you slighted your own troubles?" She roused, to speak out from her little privacy of darkness. "Shall I tell you mine? It may help, when you come to notify—whoever must be told first."

The carriage, gathering headway down a gentle grade, swerved round a corner sharply. Blank windows of shops wheeled past, close on either hand.

"Something was wrong, I knew," began Miss Bowring slowly. "My—your employer, that is—was too anxious to send me away over Christmas. His brother George—poor creature, the very last things he told me were lies! Between them both—well, I did not go. And tonight I came looking for them, because ——"

The carriage, turning another corner, brought up with a jerk, a crash of tin, and a hoarse outcry from the gutter. Under the wheels a spurt of flame lighted the snow and the dancing hoofs, and in the one flash was quenched,

"That's a pretty job!" croaked an angry voice. "The likes o' you, drivin' hosses!"

In the dusk, a muffled figure stooped over the smoking ruins of his kitchen. A steamy fragrance of sausages filled the air.

"Pretty mornin's work!" growled Joe, the pedler, as Paul, jumping out, helped him to raise the battered mass. "Beyont repair, that's what *she* is!"

Even while he spoke Miss Bowring was out beside them.

"Is anybody hurt?" she cried. "What was run over?

"His livelihood," Paul answered. "Mr. Carmody was a good friend to me once; and we've run over his livelihood."

The pedler straightened himself slowly with a grunt of surprise. Before he had found the words, however, a clasp of metal snapped, and the girl, putting forth her hand, transferred something quickly to his fist.

"I'm very sorry," she declared, as the man ducked and stammered; then, turning to Paul: "If I can find him better work to do ——"

They nodded at each other in tacit conspiracy. Paul clapped the bankrupt on the shoulder.

"Joe," he commanded, "ask for a note at the Captain's gallery today."

He was mounting the step of the carriage when a strong hand gripped his sleeve and jerked him back toward the curb. Joe, with scarf pulled down to liberate a broader stare, grinned at him craftily.

"Luck's ketchin', Bull's-eye," came the hoarse whisper. "Luck's ketchin'. And you a-drivin' with the lady!" He winked slowly—a wink of infinite meaning—bent a stubby thumb toward the carriage door, and added fervently: "Don't you never lose sight o' *her!*"

And Paul, turning to where her face showed dimly in the window, forgot the clamor and misprision with which, for them, the morning would soon break. This pedler, croaking at his elbow, had in one clause outstripped the present and dared to achieve the future.

"Joe," replied the young man, smiling to himself in the darkness, "you have a singular gift of words."

(THE END)

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL

(Continued from Page 11)

up depends first upon their virulence, or poisonousness, and second, upon the resisting power of the patient at the time. Anything which lowers the general health and strength and weakens the resisting power of the body will make it much easier for pus germs to get an entrance into it and overwhelm it, so that after prolonged famines, for instance, or in the population of besieged cities, or in armies or exploring expeditions which have been deprived of food and exposed to great hardship, the merest scratch will fester and inflame and give rise to a serious and even fatal attack of blood-poisoning, of erysipelas, hospital gangrene and kindred diseases. Famines and sieges, in fact, are not infrequently followed by positive epidemics of blood-poisoning, often of severe and fatal forms.

It was long ago noted by the chroniclers that the death-rate from wound-fever in the soldiers of a defeated army was apt to be much greater than that of the victorious one, and this was quoted as one of the stock evidences of the influence of mind over the body. But we now know that armies are not beaten without some physical cause, that the defeated soldiers are apt to be in poorer physical condition to begin with; that they have often been cut off from their base of supplies, have made desperate forced marches without food or shelter in the course of their retreat, and until within comparatively recent years were never half so well treated or so well fed as their captors.

As the invading germs pass into the body they travel most commonly through the lymph channels, and are arrested and their destruction attempted by the so-called lymphatic glands, or lymph nodes. This is why, if you have a festering wound or boil upon your hand or wrist, the "kernels" or lymph nodes up in your armpit will swell and become painful. If the lymph nodes can conquer the germs and eat them up, the swelling goes down and the pain disappears. But if the germs, on the other hand, succeed in poisoning and killing the cells of the "kernel," these melt down and turn to pus, and we get what we call a "secondary abscess."

The next commonest point of attack of these pus germs, once in the body, and by far the most dangerous, is the valves of the heart, as in rheumatism and other fevers. Others will attack the kidneys, giving rise to albumen in the urine, while others again attack the membrane of the joints (*Synovia*), and cause suppuration of one or more joints, very apt to be followed by serious stiffening or crippling. So that common, and in many instances comparatively mild as they are, the pus germs in the total are responsible for a very large amount of damage to the human body.

This is the way *Streptococci* and *Staphylococci* behave in an open wound or sore, but they have two other methods of operating that are somewhat special and peculiar. One of these is where they dig and burrow, as it were, under ground in some limited space, resulting in that charming product known as a boil or a carbuncle. The other, where they spread rapidly over the surface just under the skin, after the fashion of the prairie fire, producing erysipelas. In the first of these

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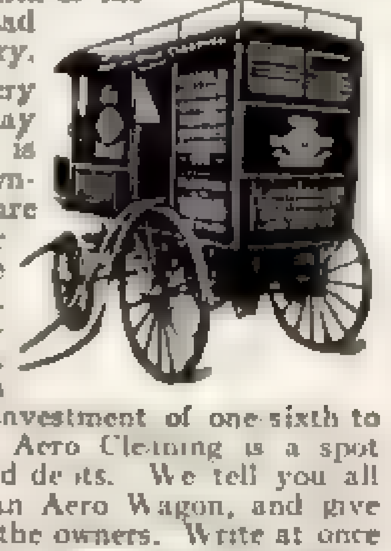
E. L. Grove, of Meadville, Pa., writes us that he will keep his Aero Wagon Vacuum Cleaning Outfit busy every month of the year. Last fall he had work booked for January.



This shows that every day is housecleaning day when an Aero Wagon is in the community. Owners of Aero Wagons are making $3,000 a year and more. We have their letters to prove it. An ordinary store requires $10,000 capital. The Aero Wagon gives better returns on an investment of one-sixth to one-fourth as much. Aero Cleaning is a spot cash business. No bad debts. We tell you all about starting with an Aero Wagon, and give you the experience of the owners. Write at once for our free book, "The Money You Can Make With An Aero Wagon."

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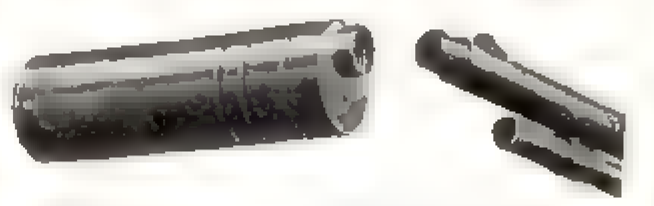

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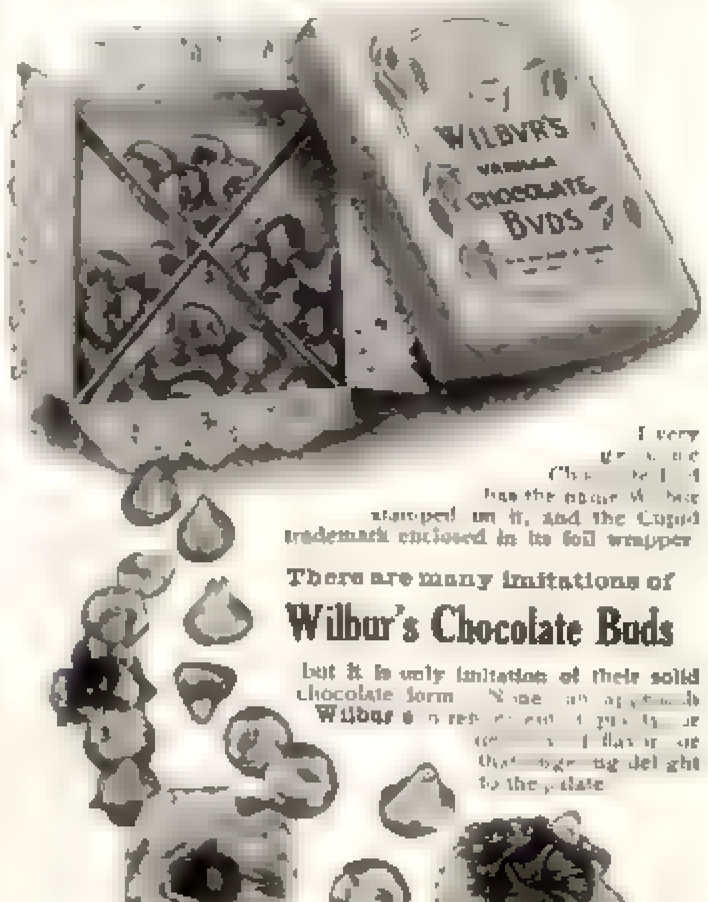
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Get it for your kitchen — you will find it the most [illegible] kitchen [illegible] in existence. No [illegible] standing over [illegible]. No more paring or chopping with your lap as a holder for pans and crocks.

The SANTO Table Sink makes [illegible] of [illegible] all [illegible]. No matter how [illegible] you are [illegible] the range [illegible] without leaving your chair. [illegible]

The round bottom pans are removable. [illegible] a hooded strainer on one end so the contents can be washed without spilling. Pans are made of heavy, rust-proof tin and hold 4 to 6 quarts.

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Don't let them sag open for flies and mosquitoes. Attach

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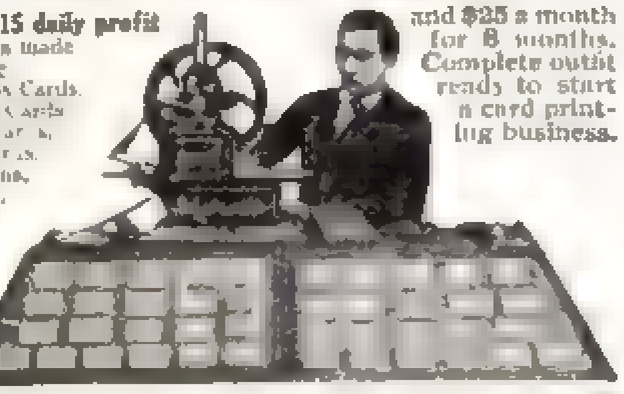

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the pus germ behaves like the famous burrowing-owl of our Western plains, which forms a happy family with the prairie dog. He never makes his own burrow, but simply uses one which is already provided for him by Nature, and that is the little close-fitting pouch surrounding the root of a hair. Whether the criminal be a harmless native white *coccus* which has suddenly developed anti-social tendencies, or a Mongolian immigrant who has been accidentally introduced, is still an open question. The probabilities are that it is more frequently the latter; for, while boils are absolutely no respecters either of persons or places, and may rear their horrid heads in every possible region of the human form divine, yet they display a very decided tendency to appear most frequently in regions like the back of the neck, the wrist, the hips and nose. One thing that these areas have in common is that they are liable to a considerable amount of chafing and scratching by collars, and stocks on the neck, and cuffs on the wrists, or friction from belts, or pressure or chafing from chairs or saddles. When the tissues have been bruised or chafed after such fashion, especially if the surface of the skin has been broken, then any pus organism which is either present in the hair follicle like the white *coccus*, or is rubbed into it by the finger which has just been sucked in the mouth or possibly engaged in dressing some wound, or cutting meat, or handling fertilizer, finds all the materials for an explosion at hand.

The Harmful Poultice

The peculiar throbbing, burning pain of a boil is due to the fact that the whole drama of inflammation and swelling is taking place, not merely under the surface of the skin, but in the toughest part of its structure, composed chiefly of hard, white, fibrous tissue which will not give a fraction of an inch. Hence, the nerve trunks are trapped, as it were, like a finger in the crack of a door, and make their pain outcry accordingly.

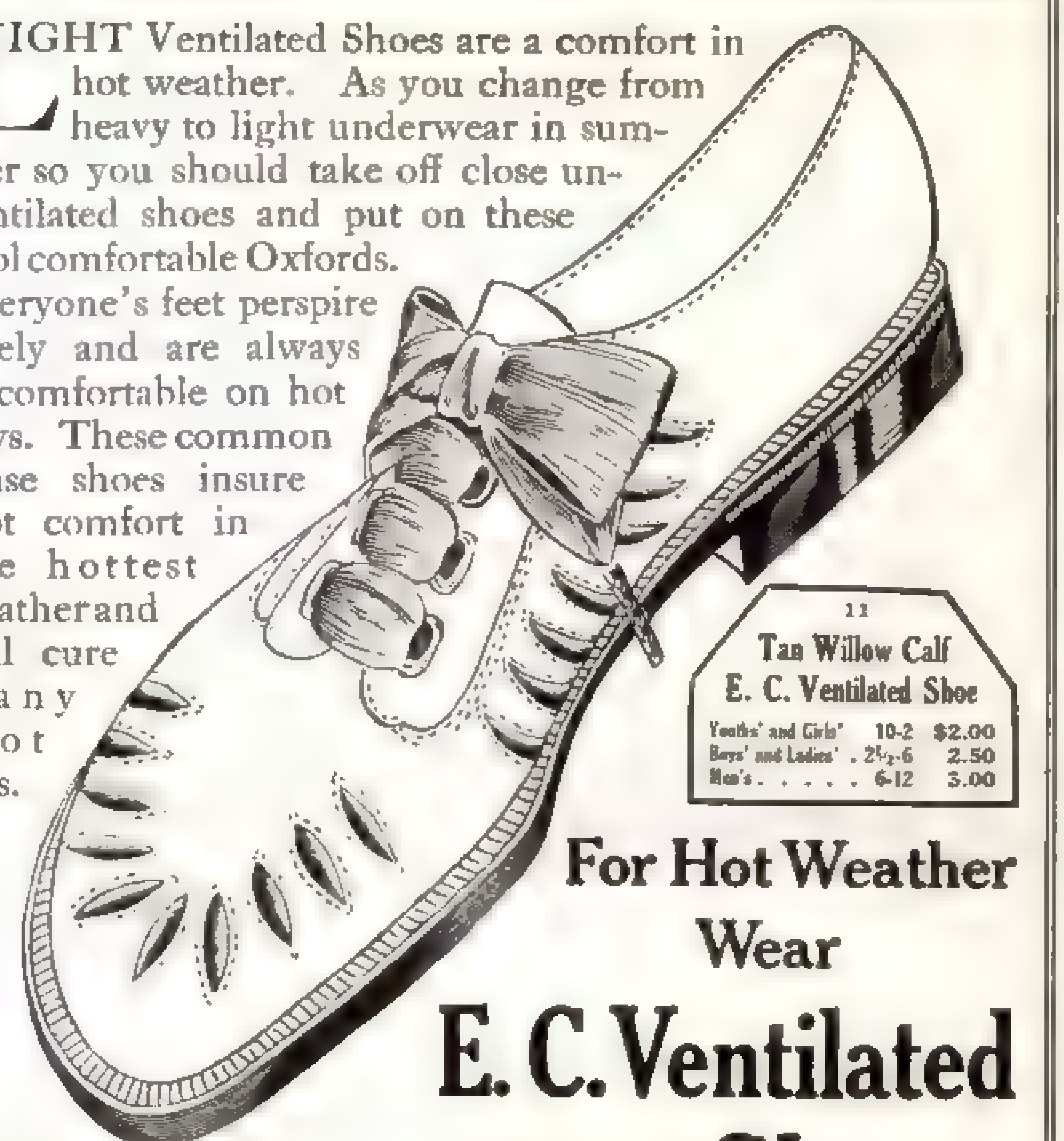
The only effective way to treat a boil is to kill or wash out the germs which have got trapped in the gland-pocket. As the glands go well down under the surface of the skin, the little pus mine has generally to be laid open by a free incision with a lancet, to allow both the whole cavity to be washed out with germicides and any further matter or other fluids to escape freely. If this be done by skilled hands, at an early period in the drama, days and even weeks of suffering and serious risk of blood-poisoning will be avoided.

At a very early stage a surgeon can, not infrequently, drop or inject into the center of the trouble a few drops of some powerful antiseptic, and short-circuit the whole process. One of the most distressing features of boils is their tendency to form crops, and the finest known fertilizer for producing both the largest boils and the most plentiful crop of them is the old-fashioned poultice. Its moist heat relieves the pain, it is true, but at the same time markedly encourages the growth of the pus organisms, so that the amount of matter formed in a poulticed boil will be greater than if the boil had been left alone entirely, and ten times as much as under antiseptic treatment.

In addition to this, it softens up all the surrounding skin, and opens wide the mouths of the glands, so that, as soon as the boil breaks and the *streptococci* begin to pour forth in the pus, they can wander under the moist, protecting surface of the poultice and find a new refuge in the gaping mouth of another gland. This is why new boils are apt to form in rings around the original boil which has been poulticed. The poultice is the finest dressing in the world for a boil — from the point of view of the *streptococcus*. He would ask no better.

Fortunately, as we become more cleanly, both in our personal habits, our food and our house surroundings, the whole group of wound infections and of septic diseases tends to become rarer. In fact, a notable diminution is obvious already. We must attack pus wherever we find it, whether in the pockets around the roots of our teeth; in our noses and throats, as in neglected catarrhal conditions; in festering wounds, boils, pimples and matter formations of all sorts; and we shall win as notable victories over the Yellow Peril of pus in the household and in times of peace as we have already in the operating-room and in war.

LIGHT Ventilated Shoes are a comfort in hot weather. As you change from heavy to light underwear in summer so you should take off close unventilated shoes and put on these cool comfortable Oxfords. Everyone's feet perspire freely and are always uncomfortable on hot days. These common sense shoes insure foot comfort in the hottest weather and will cure many foot ills.



11
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THE POLICY OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

This factory turns out sterling silver and silverplate. When it was founded, eighty years ago, silverplating, as well as machinery for stamping articles of solid silver, was practically unknown. A workman received a smooth disk of 925-fine silver bullion, like a thick pieplate, and with nothing but a penciled design, a few hammers, queer-shaped anvils and chasing tools, beat out of this disk an artistic teapot or sugar bowl. That took one week, two weeks, three weeks. An apprentice came into the plant in those days and learned a real trade, because there was a trade to teach him.

But today the original silversmith's trade has been encroached upon by silverplating and machinery, so that the apprentice, coming to work, might be set running a stamping machine or battery, and never learn any other detail. This actually happened, until the factory could find few intelligent apprentices. Unless a boy was more or less obtuse he worked there not much more than a month, quitting as soon as he found that he was not learning anything which would be useful to him as a man.

The superintendent worked out an apprenticeship course some years ago, and now the factory has as many desirable boys as it needs. A bright youngster, in good health, with grammar-school education, is employed three months on trial, and then signs a five-year agreement if acceptable, beginning a stated course in silversmithing by the old-fashioned method. He is paid for his time, earning three dollars a week the first year and seven dollars the last. Strict account of his work is kept by percentages, based on quality, diligence and good conduct. Ratings are given every three months by a committee of foremen who inspect his productions, and additional money premiums are awarded for reasonable percentages of efficiency, the money itself being held until he completes the course. At the end of five years he is a genuine silversmith, not merely a boy who has run a machine in a silver factory, knowing nothing else, and a diploma is given—a certificate that he has served the course. The certificate bearing the name of this particular company is sufficient to secure him regular employment at any other silverware establishment in the country. These apprentices often step into places as foremen, either with their own company or elsewhere. One of the cardinal principles of the system is that the apprentice has the privilege of appealing to the superintendent should he feel that he is not making reasonable progress under his foreman during the course. If his appeal is based on real grounds for complaint the boy is transferred. But the spirit in that factory is such that foremen seldom suffer this humiliation.

Making it Easy for Old Age

The same company has an interesting pension system for both wage and salary earners. When disqualified for work on account of age or permanent bad health, any employee, man or woman, whose record is good, receives a pension as long as he or she lives. The amount is based, somewhat ingeniously, upon age, years of service and the wages which were being earned at the time pension begins. A man sixty years old, for example, must have worked for the company forty years. A man of seventy can have a pension on twenty-five years' continuous service. For each year of service one per cent of the wages he received on retirement are paid him monthly—that is, a mechanic of sixty, retiring after forty years' service, giving up wages of seventy-five dollars a month, would receive a monthly pension of thirty dollars. To meet this item no charge whatever is made to employees, the company setting aside a yearly sum for pensions equal to one per cent of the entire amount paid for labor the previous year.

How stability of employment and reasonable certainty as to the future appeal to workmen may be illustrated by a couple of incidents which came to the attention of a large building contractor.

He was finishing a skyscraper in San Francisco, and the structural iron-workers were being laid off. These men receive

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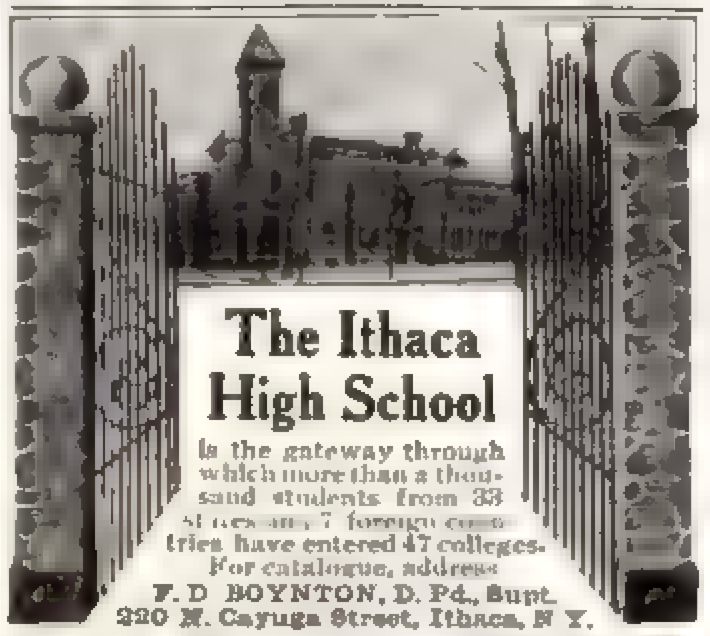

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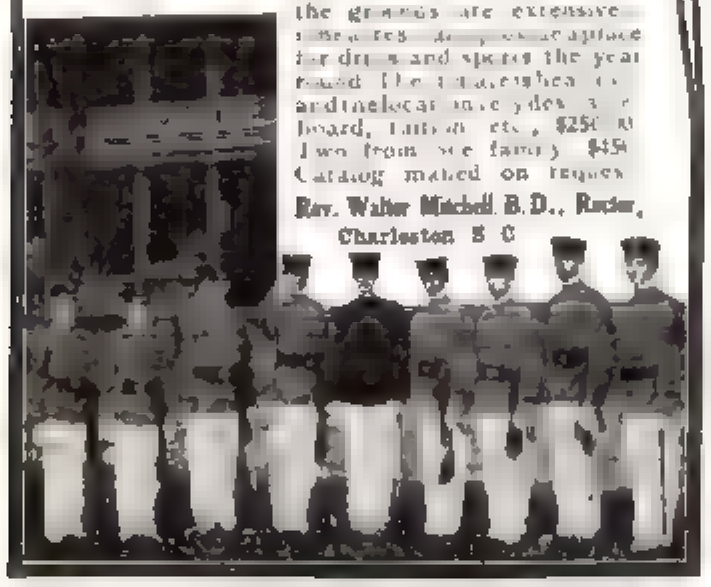

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exceptionally high wages, owing to the dangerous character of their work. Yet the iron-worker's profit disappears in idle days and railroad fares, because the irregularity of his work takes him now to Canada and next winter to Mexico

A watchman was needed on this San Francisco contract. One of the best iron-workers heard of it, and the prospect of having something steady appealed to him so strongly that he took the place at fifteen dollars a week, rather than set out to find another job at his trade at thirty dollars

Another case of the same sort, says this contractor, was that of a bricklayer in New York City, a man capable in every way, earning five-fifty a day at his trade. When a twelve-dollar-a-week job was offered in a machine shop he took it gladly, because it was steady. In a year he had a bank balance, where before, in moving from job to job, he had never got ahead.

Most of the large corporations in this country, industrial, public service and transportation, are today strengthening their organizations along this line of the steady job. Some go in for apprenticeship courses that teach men to earn more money for themselves and at the same time earn higher profits for the company through better work and reductions in waste materials and spoiled work.

One of the large railroad shops in the East recently started a course for boys working machines. These youngsters—it has five hundred of them—leave school early to work for wages, and therefore have no technical knowledge. An instructor was engaged to teach them in classes, explaining how to read blueprints, how to use tools, how to understand the theory of their work and machines, how to think as well as work, and encouraging the reading of technical papers and books. When journeymen mechanics through the shops found out what the boys were studying they sent a committee to ask that the company teach them the same things. So night classes were established for the men.

Other employers rely on pensions, plans for marking employees by percentages, so that good work counterbalances bad, seniority of promotion, and so forth. Every American employer, big or little, seems to be experimenting with something of this nature today, and many are finding their own answers to the much-discussed "labor problem." Some find one answer, others another. The solution is, manifestly, never twice alike. But at the bottom somewhere will be found this broad idea of stability of employment—ballast to the job—so that it will not merely pay satisfactory wages, but be such that a man can leave it tonight in the assurance that it will be there tomorrow.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Collins' articles on The Policy of the House.

THE DESPOILER

(Concluded from Page 9)

. . . Then I began to repent of the bitterness in which I had come. . . . And I left the papers in your keeping. . . . I thought for I have known mostly evil—that, perhaps, you would destroy them. . . . It never entered your head. . . . You are clean white—and so are your girls and your boy. . . . I did not expect to find white people in possession. Why should I? . . . But I said, 'Surely the Englishman isn't white—he is after the money.' But right away I began to have that feeling, too, smoothed out of me. . . . And now, when he finds that instead of Dorothy being an heiress she is a pauper, he says, 'But surely, Dorothy is still yours to give!'

"I was a fool to come. Yet I am glad."

Neither Ballin nor the Earl spoke.

"Could I have this room to myself for a little while?" asked Forrest

"Of course," said Ballin; "it is yours."

Forrest bowed; the corners of his mouth turned a little upward.

"Will you come back in an hour—you, alone, cousin?"

Ballin nodded quietly.

"Come along, Charlie," he said, and together they left the room. But when Ballin returned alone, an hour later, the room was empty. Upon the Signer's writing-desk was a package addressed collectively to "The Ballins," and in one corner was written, "Blood will tell."

The package, on being opened, proved to contain nothing more substantial than ashes. And by the donor thereof there was never given any further sign.

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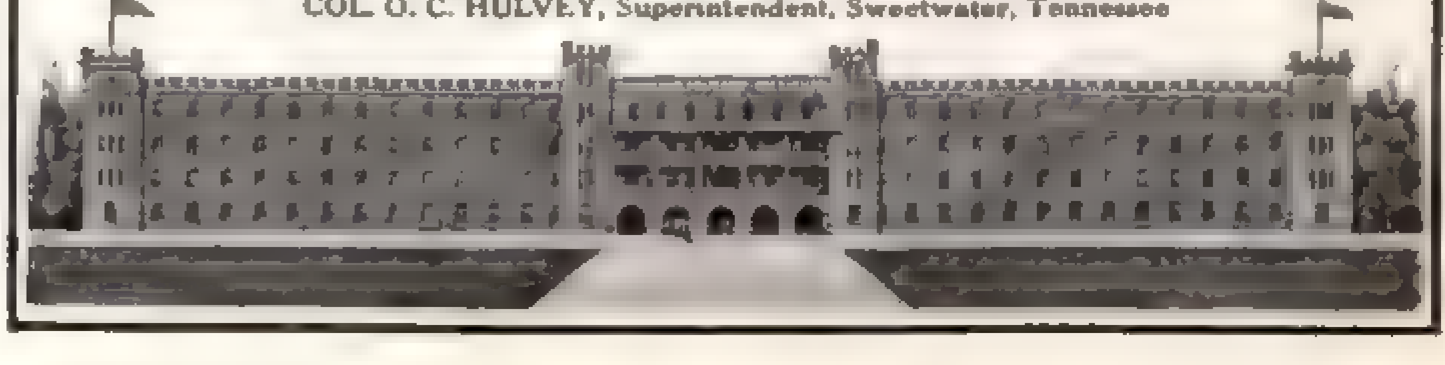

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THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 6)

loftier even when the few who have escaped the deadly leveling grind of modern methods of education attempt to teach the masses to think for themselves.

That is bad enough in itself—but add to cut-and-dried pedagogy the outrageous liberty which modern pupils are permitted in school and college; and add to that the unheard-of luxury in which they live—and the result is stupidity and utter ruin.

My babies must have discipline, system, frugality, and leisure for individual development drilled into them. I do not wish them to be ignorant of one single modern grace and accomplishment; mind and body must be trained together like a pair of Morgan colts.

But I will not have them victims of pedagogy; I will not have them masters of their time and money until they are of age; I will not permit them to choose companions or pursuits for leisure until they are fitted to do so.

If there is in them, latent, any propensity toward viciousness—any unawakened desire for that which has been my failing—hard work from dawn till dark is the antidote. An exhausted child is beyond temptation.

If I pass forward, Tappan, before you—and it is likely, because I am twenty years older and I have lived unwisely—I shall arrange matters in such shape that you can carry out something of what I have tried to begin far better than I, old friend; for I am strong in theory and very weak in practice; they are such dear little things! And when they cry to be taken up—and a modern trained nurse says "No! let them cry!"—good God! Remsen, I sometimes sneak into their thoroughly modern and scientifically arranged nursery, which resembles an operating-room in a brand-new hospital, and I take up my babies and rock them in my arms, terrified lest that modern and highly-trained nurse discover my infraction of sanitary rule and precept. Friend, I am very unfit! It will be well for them when I move on. Only try to love them, Tappan. And if you doubt, kill them with indulgence rather than with hygiene!

He died of pneumonia ten days later. He had no chance. Remsen Tappan picked up the torch from the fallen hand and, blowing it into a brisk blaze, shuffled forward to light a path through life for the highly-sterilized twins.

So the Half-Moon Trust became father and mother to the Seagrave children; and Mr. Tappan, as dry-nurse, prescribed the brand of intellectual pap for them and decided in what manner it should be administered.

Now, home tuition and the "culture of the individool" was a personal hobby of Mr. Tappan and promiscuous schools his abomination. Had not his own son, Peter Stuyvesant Tappan, been reared upon unsteady legs to magnificent physical and intellectual manhood under this theory?

So there was to be no outside education for the youthful Seagraves; from the nursery schoolroom no chance of escape remained. As they grew older they became wild to go to school; stories of schoolrooms and playgrounds and studies and teachers and jolly fellowship and vacations, brought to them from outside by happier children, almost crazed them with the longing for it.

It was hard for them when their little friends, the Malletts, were sent abroad to school—Naida, now aged twelve, to a convent; and Duane, who was now fifteen, three years older than the Seagrave twins, accompanied his mother and a tutor, later to enter some school of art in Paris and develop whatever was in him. For, like all parents, Duane's had been terribly excited over his infantile efforts at picture-making—one of the commonest and earliest developed of talents—but which never fails to amaze and delight less gifted parents and which continues to overstock the world with mediocre artists.

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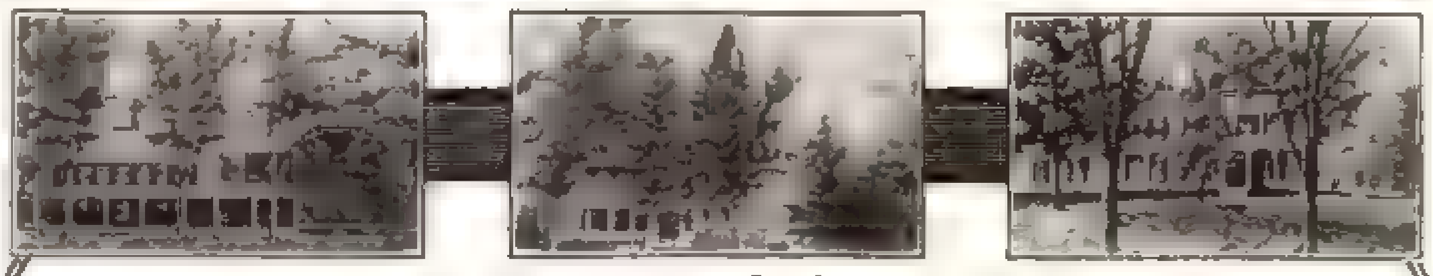

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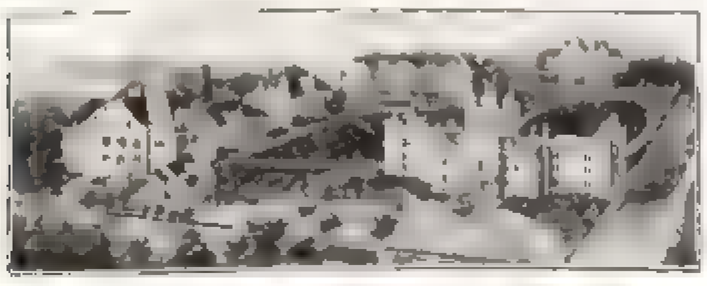

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his wife to watch the incubation of Duane's Titianesque genius and Naida's unbelievable talent for music; and when the children came to bid good-by to the Seagrave twins they seized each other with frantic embraces, vowing lifelong fidelity. Alas! it is those who depart who forget first; and at the end of a year Geraldine's and Scott's letters remained unanswered.

At the age of thirteen, after an extraordinary meeting of the directors of the Half-Moon Trust Company, it was formally decided that a series of special tutors should now be engaged to carry on to the bitter end the Tappan-Seagrave system of home culture; and the road to college was definitely closed.

"I want my views understood," said Mr. Tappan, addressing the board of solemn-visaged directors assembled in session to determine upon the fate of two motherless little children. "Indiwidoolism is nurtured in excloosion; the elimination of the extraneous is necessary for the dewelopment of indiwidoolism. I regard the human indiwidool as sacred. Like a pearl"—he pronounced it "poil"—"it can grow in beauty and symmetry and purity and polish only when nourished in seclusion. Indiwidoolism is a poil without price; and the natal mansion, gentlemen—if I may be permitted the simulcritude—is its oyster."

Long Island Dutch—with all that it implies—was the dull stock that Remsen Tappan rooted in. Born a poor farmer's son, with a savage passion for learning, he almost destroyed his eyesight in lonely study under the flicker of tallow dips. All that had ever come to him of knowledge came in these solitary vigils. Miry and sweating from the plow he mastered the classics, law, chemistry, engineering; and finally, emerging heavily from the reek of Long Island fertilizer, struck with a heavy surety at Fortune and brought her to her knees amidst a shower of gold. And all alone he gathered it in.

On Coenties Slip his warehouse still bore the legend: "R. Tappan: Iron." All that he had ever done he had done alone. He knew of no other way; believed in no other way.

His son was what his father had made him under the iron cult of solitary development; and now the father, loyal in his own way to the memory of his old friend, Anthony Seagrave, meant to do his full duty toward the two orphaned grandchildren.

So it came to pass that tutors and specialists replaced Kathleen in the schoolroom; and these ministered to the twin "poils," who were now fretting through their thirteenth year, mad with desire for boarding-school.

Four languages besides their own were adroitly stuffed into them; nor were letters, arts and sciences neglected, nor the mundane and social patter, accomplishments and refinements, including poise, pose and deportment.

Specialists continued to guide them indoors and out; they rode every morning at eight with a specialist; they drove in the Park between four and five with the most noted of four-in-hand specialists; fencing, sparring, wrestling, swimming, gymnastics, were all supervised by specialists in those several very important and scientific arts; and specialists also taught them hygiene: how to walk, sit, breathe; how to masticate; how to relax after the manner of the domestic cat.

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Everything that was taught them, done for them, indirectly educated them in the science of self-consideration and deepened an unavoidably natural belief in their own overwhelming importance.

. . . .

Between the ages of fifteen and sixteen Scott might have entered Harvard, for the entrance examinations were tried on both children and both passed brilliantly.

For a year or two they found a substitute for happiness in pretending that they were really at college; they simulated, day by day, the life that they supposed was led there; they became devoted to their new game. Excited through tales told by tutor and friend, they developed a passionate loyalty for their college and class; they were solemnly elected to coveted societies, they witnessed Harvard victories, they

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strove fiercely for honors; their ideals were lofty, their courage clean and high.

So completely absorbed in the pretense did they become that their own tutors ventured to suggest to Mr. Tappan that such fiercely realistic mimicry deserved to be rewarded. Unfortunately, the children heard of this, but the Trust Officer's short answer killed their interest in playing at happiness, and their junior year began listlessly and continued without ambition. There was no heart in the pretense. Their interest had died. They studied mechanically because they were obliged to; they no longer cared.

That winter they went to a few parties—not many. However, they were gingerly permitted to witness their first play, and later, the same year, were taken to Lohengrin at the opera.

During the play, which was a highly moral one, they sat watching, listening, wide-eyed as children; at the opera Geraldine's impetuous soul soared straight up to Paradise with the first heavenly strains, and remained there far above the rigid, breathless little body, bolt upright in its golden sarcophagus of the grand tier.

Her physical consciousness really seemed to have fled. Until the end she sat unaware of the throngs, of Scott and Kathleen whispering behind her, of several tall, broad-shouldered, shy young fellows who came awkwardly into their box between the acts and tried to discuss anything at all with her, only to find her blind, deaf and dumb.

These were the only memories of her first opera—a confused, chaotic brilliancy, Paradise revealed, and long, long afterward the carriage flying up Fifth Avenue through darkness all gray with whirling snow.

. . . .

Their eighteenth year dragged, beginning in physical and intellectual indifference, but promised storm as they became more accustomed to glimpses of an outside world—a world teeming with restless young people in unbelievable quantities.

Scott had begun to develop two traits: laziness and a tendency to sullen, unspoken wrath. He took more liberty than was officially granted him—more than Geraldine dared take—and came into collision with Kathleen more often now. He boldly overstayed his leave in visiting his few boy friends for an afternoon; he returned home alone on foot after dusk, fiercely telling the chauffeur to go to the devil.

Again and again he remained out to dinner without permission, and finally, one afternoon quietly and stealthily cut his studies, slipped out of the house and reappeared about dinnertime, excited, inclined to be boisterously defiant, admitting that he had borrowed enough money from a friend to go to a matinée with some other boys, and that he would do it again if he chose.

Also, to Kathleen's horror, he swore deliberately at table when Mr. Tappan's name was mentioned, and Geraldine looked up with startled brown eyes, divining in her brother something new—something that unconsciously they had both long, long waited for—the revolt of youth ere youth had been crushed forever from the body which encased it.

"Damn him," repeated Scott, a little frightened at his own words and attitude; "I've had enough of this baby business; I'm eighteen and I want two things: some friends to go about with freely and some money to do what other boys do. And you can tell Mr. Tappan, for all I care."

"What would you buy with money that is not already provided for, Scott?" asked Kathleen, gently ignoring his excited profanity.

"I don't know; there is no pleasure in using things which that fool of a Trust Company vote to let you have. Anyway, what I want is liberty and money ——"

"What would you do with what you call liberty, dear?"

"Do? I'd—I'd—well, I'd go shooting if I wanted to. I'd buy a gun and go off somewhere after ducks."

"But your father's old club on the Chesapeake is open to you. Shall I ask Mr. Tappan?"

"Oh, yes; I know," he sneered, "and Mr. Tappan would send some chump of a tutor there to teach me. I don't want to be taught how to hit ducks. I want to find out for myself. I don't care for that sort of thing," he repeated savagely; "I just ache to go off somewhere with a boy of my own age where there's no club and no preserve and no tutor, and where I can knock about

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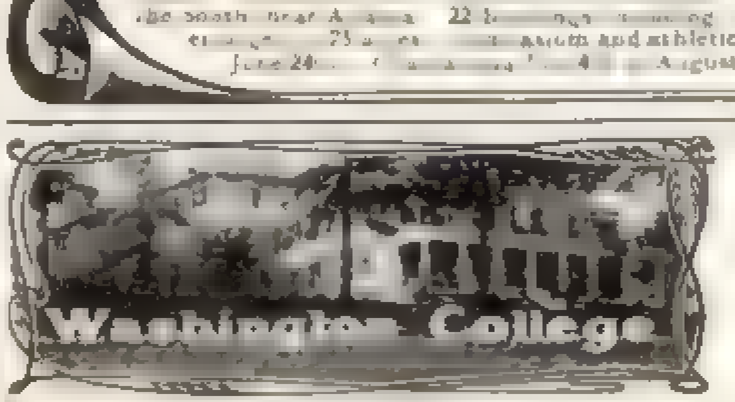

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"The only real liberty I have I take! Anyway, you have enough for a girl of your age. And you'd better shut up."

"I won't shut up," she retorted irritably. "I want liberty as much as you do. If I had any I'd go to every play and opera in New York. And I'd go about with my friends, and I'd have gowns fitted, and I'd have tea at Sherry's, and I'd shop and go to matinées and to the Exchange, and I'd be elected a member of the Commonwealth Club and play basket-ball there, and lunch and—and then have another fitting ——"

"Is that what you'd do with your liberty?" he sneered. "Well, I don't wonder old Tappan doesn't give you any money ——"

"I do need money and decent gowns. I'm sick of the frumpy prunes-and-prisms frocks that Kathleen makes me wear ——"

Kathleen's troubled laugh interrupted her:

"Dearest, I do the best I can on the allowance made you by Mr. Tappan. His ideas on modern feminine apparel are perhaps not yours or mine ——"

"I should say not!" returned Geraldine angrily. "There isn't a girl of my age who dresses as horridly as I do. I tell you, Mr. Tappan has got to let me have money enough to dress decently. If he doesn't I—I'll begin to give him as much trouble as Scott does—more, too!"

She set her teeth and stared at her glass of water.

"What about my coming-out gown?" she asked.

"I have written him about your début," said Kathleen soothingly.

"Oh! What did the old beast say?"

"He writes," began Kathleen pleasantly, "that he considers eighteen an unsuitable age for a young girl to make her bow to New York society ——"

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Geraldine, furious. "Very well; I shall write to Colonel Mallett and tell him I simply will not endure it ——"

"Let me do the writing, dear," said Kathleen quietly. And she rose from the table and left the dining-room, both arms around the necks of the Seagrave twins, drawing them close to her sides—closer when her sidelong glance caught the sullen bitterness on the darkening features of the boy, and when on the girl's fair face she saw the flushed, wide-eyed, questioning stare.

When the young, seeking reasons, gaze questioningly at nothing, it is well to divine and find the truthful answer lest the other self, evoked, stir in darkness, counseling folly.

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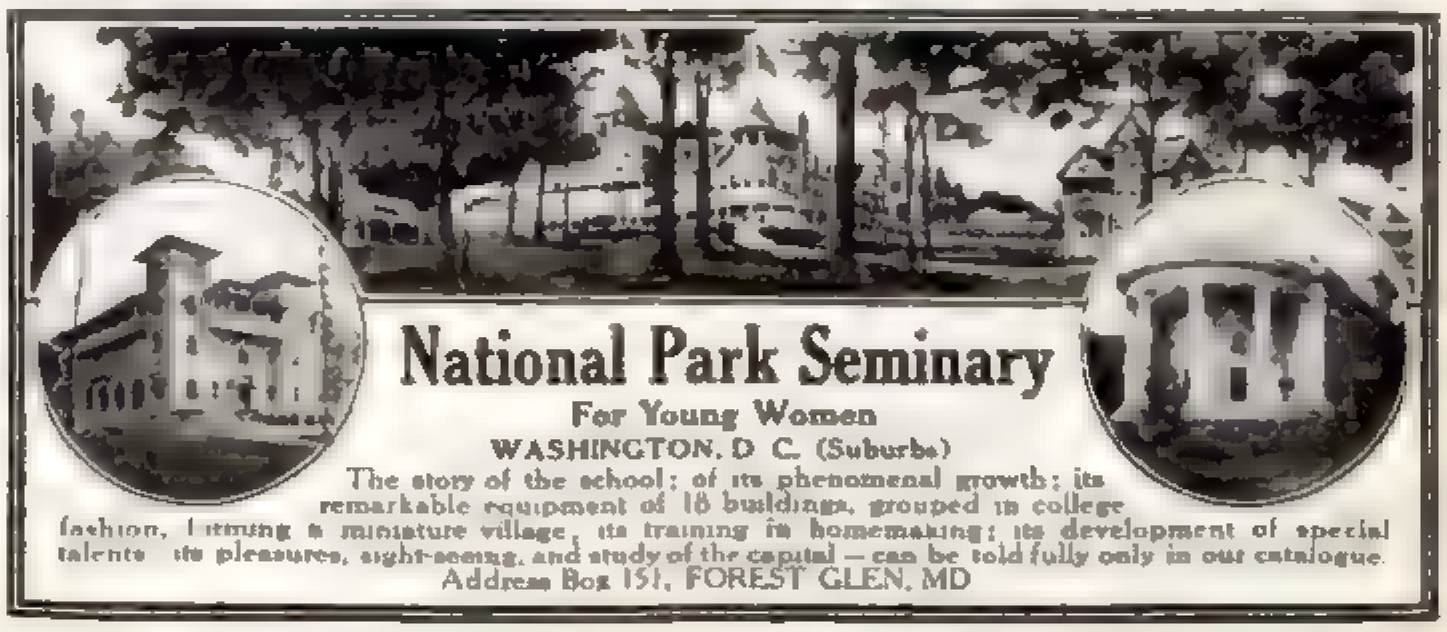

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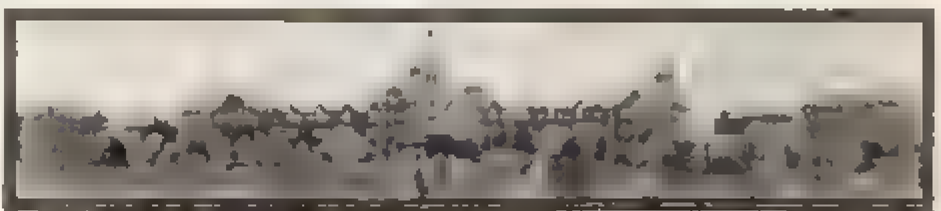

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If the pillars of the house of Seagrave had been founded upon millions, the damask and rosewood chairs in the red drawing-room now groaned under the weight of millions. Power, authority, respectability and legitimate affluence sat there majestically enthroned in the mansion of the late Anthony Seagrave, awaiting in serious tribunal the appearance of the last of that old New York family.

Mrs. Severn came in first; the directors rose as one man, urbane, sprightly and gallant. She was exceedingly pretty; they recognized it. They could afford to.

Compositely they were a smooth, soft-stepping, soft-voiced company. An exception or two, like Mr. Tappan, merely accented the composite impression of rosy-cheeked, neatly-shaven, carefully-dressed prosperity. They were all cautious of voice, moderate of speech, chary of gesture.

Geraldine's starched skirts rustled on the stairway. When she came into the room the directors of the Half-Moon Trust were slightly astonished. During the youth of the twins the wives of several gentlemen present had called at intervals to inspect the growth of Anthony Seagrave's grandchildren—particularly those worthy and acquisitive ladies who had children themselves. The far-sighted reap rewards. Some day these baby twins would be old enough to marry. It was prudent to remember such details. A position as an old family friend might one day prove of thrifty advantage in this miserably mercenary world where dog eats dog and dividends are sometimes passed. God knows and pities the sorrows of the rich.

Geraldine, her slim hand in Colonel Mallett's, courtesied with old-time quaintness, then her lifted eyes swept the rosy, rotund countenances before her. To each she courtesied and spoke, offering the questioning hand of amity.

The thing that seemed to surprise them was that she had grown since they had seen her. Time flies when hunting safe investments. The manners she retained, like her fashion of wearing her hair and the cut and length of her apparel, were clearly too childish to suit the tall, slender, prettily rounded figure—the mature oval of the face, the delicately firm modeling of the features.

This was no child before them; here stood adorable adolescence, a hint of the awakening in the velvet-brown eyes which were long and slightly slanting at the corners; hints, too, in the vivid lips, in the finer outline of the profile, in faint bluish shadows under the eyes, edging the curved cheeks' bloom.

They had not seen her in two years or more, and she had grown up. They had merely stepped downtown for a hasty two years' glance at the market, and, behind their backs, the child had turned into a woman.

Hitherto they had addressed her as "Geraldine" and "child," when a rare interview had been considered necessary. Now, two years later, unconsciously, it was "Miss Seagrave," and it occasioned considerable embarrassment when the subject of intimate silks and laces could no longer be avoided.

But Geraldine, unconscious of such things, broached the question with all the directness characteristic of her.

"I am sorry I was rude in my last letter," she said gravely, turning to Mr. Tappan. "Will you please forgive me? . . . I am glad you came. I do not think you understand that I am no longer a little girl, and that things necessary for a woman are necessary for me. I want a quarterly allowance. I need what a young woman needs. Will you give these things to me, Mr. Tappan?"

Mr. Tappan's dry lips cracked apart; he swallowed grimly several times, then his long, bony fingers sought the meager ends of his black string tie:

"In the cultiwation of the indiwidool," he began harshly, and checked himself when Geraldine flushed to her ear-tips and stamped her foot. Self-control had gone at last.

"I won't listen to that!" she said, breathless; "I've listened to it for ten years—as

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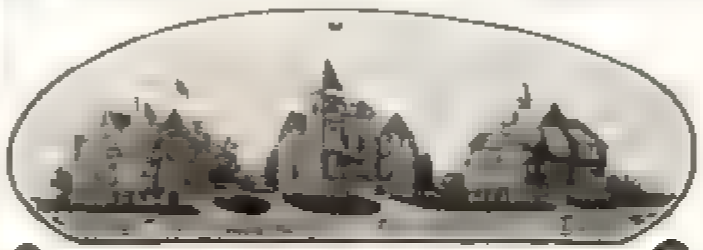

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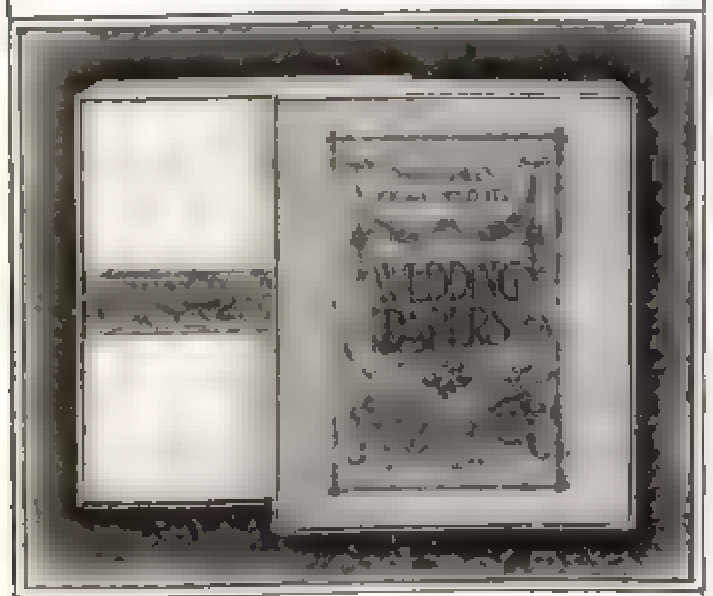

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long as I can remember. Answer me honestly, Mr. Tappan! Can I have what other women have—silk petticoats and stockings real lace on my underwear—and plenty of it? Can I have suitable gowns and furs, and have my hair dressed properly? I want you to answer; can I make my début this winter and have the gowns I require—and the liberty that girls of my age have?"

She turned on Colonel Mallett: "The liberty that Naida has had is all I want; the sort of things you let her have is all I ask for." And appealing to Magnelius Grandcourt, who stood pursing his thick lips, puffed out like a surprised pouter pigeon: "Your daughter Catherine has more than I ask; why do you let her have what you consider bad for me? *Why?*"

Mr. Grandcourt swallowed several times, and spoke in an undertone to Joshua Hogg. But he did not reply to Geraldine.

"Isn't there anybody to answer me?" asked Geraldine, turning from one to another.

"Concerning the cultivation ——"

"Answer me!" she flashed back at him. There were tears in her voice, but her eyes blazed.

"Miss Seagrave," interposed old Mr. Montross gravely, "I beg of you to remember ——"

"Let him answer me first! I asked him a perfectly plain question. It—it is silly to ignore me as though I were a foolish child—as though I didn't know my mind."

"I think, Mr. Tappan, perhaps if you could give Miss Seagrave a qualified answer to her questions—make some preliminary statement ——" began Mr. Cray cautiously.

"Concerning what?" snapped Tappan with a grim stare.

"Concerning my stockings and my underwear," said Geraldine fiercely. "I'm tired of dressing like a servant!"

Mr. Tappan's rugged jaw opened and shut with another snap.

"I'm opposed to any such innovation," he said.

"And—my coming out this winter? And my quarterly allowance? Answer me!"

"Time enough when you turn twenty-one, Miss Seagrave. Cultivation of mind concerns you now, not cultivation of raiment."

"That—that ——" stammered Geraldine, "is s-supremely s-silly." The tears reached her eyes; she brushed them away angrily.

Mallett coughed and glanced at Myndert Beekman, then past the secretary, Mr. Varick, directly at Mr. Tappan.

"If you could see your way to—ah—accede to some—a number—perhaps, in a measure, to all of Miss Seagrave's not unreasonable requests, Mr. Tappan ——"

He hesitated, looked dubiously at Mr. Montross, who nodded. Mr. Cray, also, made an almost imperceptible sign of concurrence. Magnelius Grandcourt, the sixty-year *enfant terrible* of the company, dreaded for his impulsive outbursts though the effect of these outbursts was always very carefully considered beforehand—stepped jauntily across the floor, and lifting Geraldine's hand to his rather purplish lips, saluted it with a flourish.

"Oh, I say, Tappan, let Miss Seagrave have what she wants!" he exclaimed with a hearty disregard of caution, which outwardly disturbed but inwardly deceived nobody except Geraldine and Mrs. Severn.

"I think, Magnelius," said Colonel Mallett coldly, "that it is, perhaps, the sense of our committee that the time has practically arrived for some change—perhaps radical change—in the—in the—ah the hitherto exceedingly wise regulations."

"*May* I have real lace?" cried Geraldine. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Colonel Mallett, for interrupting, but I was perfectly crazy to know what you were going to say."

Colonel Mallett, a trifle ruffled at the interruption, swallowed several times and then continued without haste to rid himself of a weighty opinion concerning the début and the petticoats of the Half-Moon's ward. He might have made the child happy in one word. It took him twenty minutes.

Concurring opinions were then solemnly delivered by every director in turn except Mr. Tappan, who spoke for half an hour, doggedly dissenting on every point.

But the days of the old régime were evidently numbered. He understood it. He looked across at the crackled portrait of his old friend, Anthony Seagrave; the

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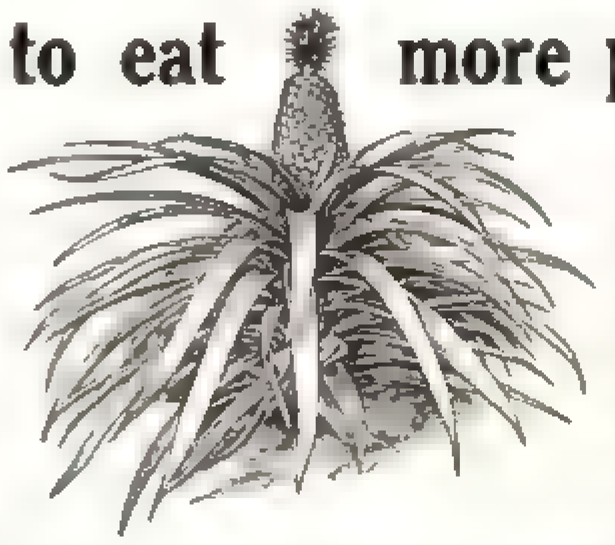

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faded, painted features were obliterated in a bar of slanting sunlight.

So, concluding his dissenting opinion, and having done his duty, he sat down, drawing the rusty skirts of his frock coat close around his bony thighs. He had done his best; his reward was this child's hatred—which she already forgot in the confused delight of her very sudden liberation.

Dazed with happiness, to one after another Geraldine courtesied and extended the narrow, childlike hand of amity—even to him. Then, as though treading on invisible pink clouds, she floated out and away upstairs, scarcely conscious of passing her brother on the stairway, who was now descending for his turn before the altar of authority.

. . . .

When Scott returned he appeared to be unusually red in the face. Geraldine seized him ecstatically:

"Oh, Scott! I *am* to come out, after all—and I'm to have my quarterly, and gowns, and everything. I could have hugged Mr. Grandcourt—the dear! I was so frightened—frightened into rudeness—and then that beast of a Tappan scared me terribly. But it is all right now—and *what* did they promise you, poor dear?"

Scott's face still remained flushed as he stood, hands in his pockets, head slightly bent, tracing with the toe of his shoe the carpet pattern.

"You want to know what they promised me?" he asked, looking up at his sister with an unpleasant laugh. She poured a few drops of cologne on to a lump of sugar, placed it between her lips, and nodded:

"They *did* promise you something, didn't they?"

"Oh, certainly. They promised to make it hot for me if I ever again borrowed money on notes."

"Scott! Did you do that?"

"Give my note? Certainly. I needed money—I've told old tabby Tappan so again and again. In a year I'll have all the money I need—so what's the harm if I borrow a little and promise to pay when I'm of age?"

Geraldine considered a moment: "It's curious," she reflected, "but do you know, Scott, I never thought of doing that? It never occurred to me to do it! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," said her brother with an ugly laugh, "it's not exactly a proper thing to do, I believe. Anyway, they raised a terrible row about it. Probably that's why they have at last given me a decent quarterly allowance; they think it's safer, I suppose—and they're right. The stingy old fossils."

The boyish boast—the veiled hint of revolt and reprisal vaguely disturbed Geraldine's sense of justice.

"After all," she said, "they have meant to be kind. They didn't know how, that's all. And, Scott, do let us try to be better now. I'm ashamed of my rudeness to them. And I'm going to be very, very good to Kathleen and not do one single thing to make her unhappy or even to bother Mr. Tappan. . . . And, oh, Scott! my silks and laces—my darling clothes! All is coming true! Do you hear? And, oh, Scott! Naida and Duane are back, and I'm dying to see them. Duane is twenty-three—think of it!"

She seized him and spun him around.

"If you don't hug me and tell me you're fond of me I shall go mad. Tell me you're fond of me, Scott! You do love me, don't you?"

He kissed his sister with preoccupied toleration. "Whew!" he said, "your breath reeks of cologne!"

"As for me," he added, half sullenly, "I'm going to have a few things I want, now. . . . And do a few things, too."

But what these things were he did not specify. Nor did Geraldine have time to speculate, so occupied was she now with preparations for the wonderful winter which was to come true at last—which was already beginning to come true with exciting visits to that magic country of brilliant show-windows which, like an enchanted city by itself, sparkles from Madison Square to the Plaza between Fourth Avenue and Broadway.

Into this sparkling metropolitan zone she hastened with Kathleen; all day long, week after week, she flitted from shop to shop, never satisfied, always eager to see, to explore. Yet two things Kathleen noticed: Geraldine seemed perfectly happy and contented to view the glitter of Vanity Fair without thought of acquiring its treasures for herself, and when reminded that she was there to buy, she appeared to be utterly ignorant of the value of money, though a lifetime without it was supposed to have taught Geraldine its rarity and preciousness.

The girl's personal tastes were expensive; she could linger in ecstasy all the morning over piles of wonderful furs without envy, without even thinking of them for herself; but when Kathleen mentioned the reason of their shopping, Geraldine always indicated sables as her choice, any single piece of which would have required half her yearly allowance to pay for.

And she was forever wishing to present things to Kathleen; silks that were chosen, model gowns that they examined together, laces, velvets, jewels, always her first thought seemed to be that Kathleen should have what they both enjoyed looking at so ardently; and many a laughing contest they had as to whether her first quarterly allowance should be spent upon herself or her friends.

On the surface it would appear that unselfishness was the key to her character. That was impossible; she had lived too long alone. Yet Geraldine was clearly not acquisitive; though, when she did buy, her careless extravagance worried Kathleen. Spendthrift—in that she cared nothing for the money value of anything—her bright, piquant, eager face was a welcome sight to the thrifty metropolitan shopkeeper at Christmastide.

A delicate madness for giving obsessed her; she bought a pair of guns for Scott, laces and silks for Kathleen, and for the servants everything she could think of. Nobody was forgotten, not even Mr. Tappan, who awoke Christmas morning to gaze grimly upon an antique jeweled fob all dangling with pencils and seals. In the first flush of independence it gave her more pleasure to give than to acquire.

Also, for the first time in her life, she superintended the distribution of her own charities, flying in the motor with Kathleen from church to mission, eager, curious, pitiful, appalled, by turns. Sentiment overwhelmed her; it was a new kind of pleasure.

That night she arose shivering from her warm bed, and with ink and paper sat figuring till nearly dawn how best to distribute what fortune she might one day possess, and live an exalted life on ten dollars a week.

Kathleen found her there asleep, head buried in the scattered papers, limbs icy to the knees; and there ensued an interim of bronchitis which threatened at one time to postpone her début.

But the medical profession of Manhattan came to the rescue in battalions, and Geraldine was soon afoot, once more drifting ecstatically among the splendors of the shops, thrilling with the nearness of the day that should set her free among unnumbered hosts of unknown friends.

Who would these unknown people turn out to be? What hearts were at that very moment destined to respond in friendship to her own?

Often lying awake, nibbling her scented lump of sugar, the darkness reddening, at intervals, as embers of her bedroom fire dropped glowing to the hearth, she pictured to herself this vast, brilliant throng awaiting to welcome her as one of them. And her imagination catching fire, through closed lids she seemed to see heavenly vistas of youthful faces—a thousand arms outstretched in welcome; and she, advancing, eyes dim with happiness, giving herself to this world of youth and friendship—crossing the threshold—leaving forever behind her the past with its loneliness and isolation.

It was friendships she dreamed of—and the blessed nearness of others—and the liberty to seek them. She promised herself she would never, never again permit herself to be alone. She had no definite plans, except that. Life henceforth must be filled with the bright shapes of comrades. Life must be only pleasure. Never again must sadness come near her. A latent capacity for happiness seemed to fill her breast, expanding with the fierce desire for it, until under the closed lids tears stole out, and there, in the darkness, she held out her bare arms to the world—the kind, good, generous, warm-hearted world, which was waiting, just beyond her threshold, to welcome her and love her and companion her forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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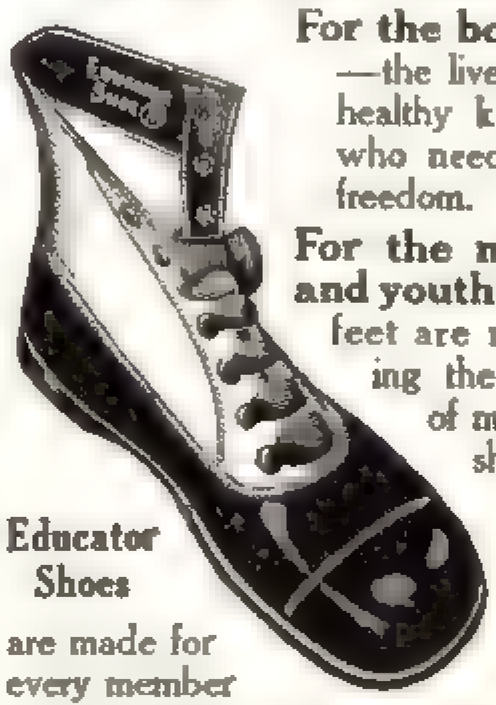
Agents Men and women in every town to sell the celebrated [illegible] Handbag for women, four bags for four separate purposes, each one can be enlarged to meet your needs as you go along. Write for terms and particulars of other new patented articles.
S. A. Diamond & Bro. Co., Manufacturers, 35 West 21st Street, New York

EDUCATOR SHOE
Registered trade mark stamped on the soles

Summer Comfort
FOR ALL
who suffer with tender feet—who would seek real relief.

For the child whose feet will grow right if given a chance.



For the boy—the lively and healthy kind—who needs foot freedom.

For the misses and youth whose feet are reaching the stage of matured shape.

Educator Shoes are made for every member of the family—infants to parents.

Prices according to size:

First Steps, 2 to 6, $1.25 and $1.35.
Infants', 5 to 8, $1.50 and $1.75.
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Misses', [illegible] $2.25.
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Women's, 2½ to 7, $4.00. Oxfords, $3.50.
Boys', [illegible] to 5½, $2.50 and $2.75.
Men's, 6 to 11, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.

25c. extra when ordered by mail.

Solid Line Educator Shape room for five toes
Dotted Line usual shape room for only three toes.

Sold generally by best dealers. Made by

Rice & Hutchins,
Dept. A,
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It's Round—the tank
It's China—the tank

There are reasons
Want them?

ELJER Co
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$3 for MAIL COURSE

SIMON SYSTEM of Physical Culture

Now in book form. Same as taught at my big Chicago institution.

Every exercise illustrated. I tell how to use for different conditions—to **increase strength, respiration, circulation, enhance personal appearance, correct physical defects, reduce fleshy, build up thin, persons,** etc. Chapters on diet, baths, mental therapeutics and other natural methods. Invaluable to any man or woman. **Money back if dissatisfied.**

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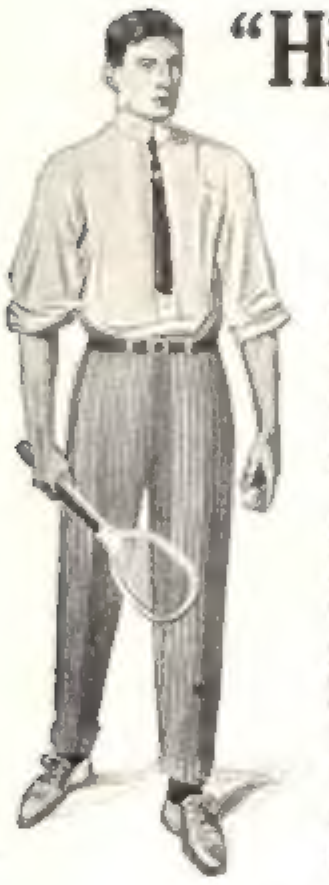

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"Nufangl" Trousers are especially adapted for summer wear. Belt or suspenders are optional, as Trousers are *self-supporting*. "Nufangl" Trousers fit snugly yet comfortably around the waist and *hang* symmetrically from the hips. Equally stylish and comfortable whether sitting, standing or exercising.

Present

"Nufangl"

Trousers

cost no more than old-fashioned kinds, yet the best cloth, the highest grade of trimmings, expert cutting and skilled workmanship are put into the making of every pair. "Nufangl" Trousers embody the latest ideas of the best European and Metropolitan men's apparel designers, so that "up-to-the-minute" fashions are assured.

Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" Trousers in the popular "Peg Top," "Conservative" and "Outing" styles. All seasonable weights and fabrics.

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If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct EXPRESS PREPAID. Only length and waist measurements necessary. Write for free samples of "Nufangl" fabrics. Specify style of trousers preferred. Enclose 2c. for postage.

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No. 57—$2000. One of the 100.

for six months and a copy of my new book,

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Bungalows Cottages
$400. to $3000.

Keith's monthly magazine is the recognized authority on planning and Decorating Homes. $1.50 year. News-stands 15c copy. Each 60-page issue gives several designs by leading architects.

My other books for home-builders are:

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For Men, Women and Children—All Sizes

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Are designed by artists and built by craftsmen.
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Our style book will be mailed for the asking

On sale with merchants in the United States and Canada

Where not represented we sell direct, also from our own retail stores in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. The prices are uniform.

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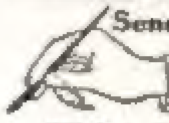

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State whether you wish slant (60°), medial (75°), or vertical

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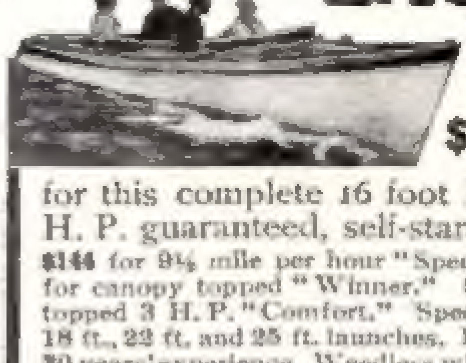

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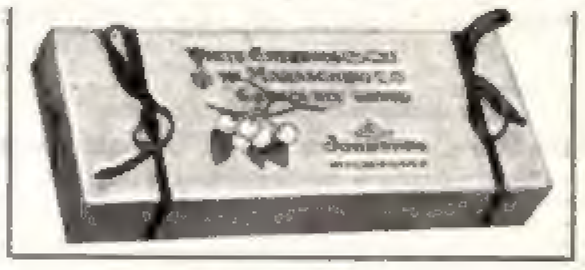
Just send a dime to pay the packing and postage, and you may have my Gift Package of "White Cherries in Maraschino, Chocolate Dipped"—the greatest candy out.

It comes in a handsome white embossed box—tied with red satin ribbon—just like a regular size package.

Johnston's
WHITE CHERRIES
In Maraschino
CHOCOLATE DIPPED



A combination without a rival.

There is nothing else like them. You never have tasted such a delicious variety of sweets combined into one.

You can taste the enticing flavor of chocolate, fruit and maraschino all blended together.

The luscious cherries are twice dipped—first in maraschino—then in rich chocolate. The result is the most delicious confection ever created. Nothing can take their place.

They come in 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c and $1.00 packages.

I also make Swiss Style Milk Chocolates in handsome gold boxes and Dutch Bitter Sweets. I will send a sample size of either for a dime.

When you send dime mention candy wanted—give name of your dealer. Address me, *Johnston, Milwaukee, Wis. Dept. S.*

Johnston's Chocolates
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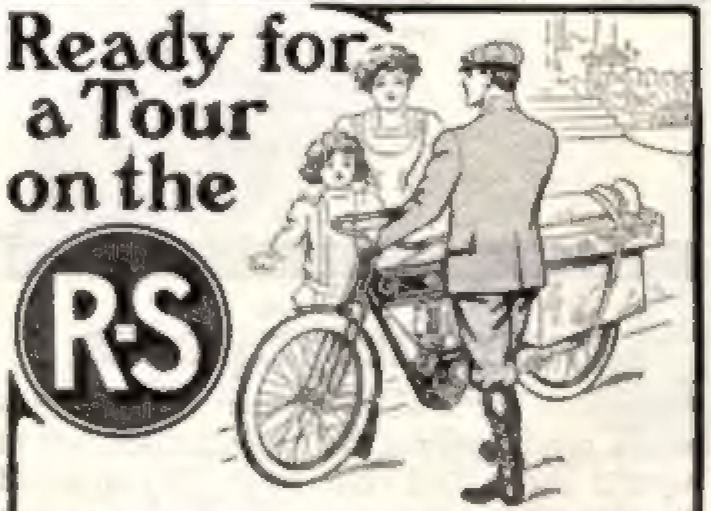

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is ideal for touring, and the expense is insignificant. You can travel *20 miles on a pint of gasoline, at a cost of 2 cents!*

Think of the pleasure of owning a strong, safe, comfortable machine that carries you any distance you want to go, at any speed between 5 and 50 miles an hour—and at such trifling cost!

Write for the "R-S" Booklet that gives interesting facts about Touring, and describes the superior mechanical features of the "R-S."

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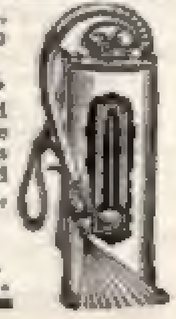

Factory price and guaranteed to satisfy. Fitted with Auto-Pop Nozzle does the work of three ordinary sprayers. Used by Experiment Stations and 300,000 others. We make many styles and sizes. Spraying Guide Free. Write for book, prices and Agency Offer.

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Is backed by a guaranty That MEANS Something

We Positively Guarantee—

Constant service without stalling or overheating.
Will not burn out fuses nor endanger wiring.
It's within Insurance Underwriters' limits—200 Watts.
A Maximum Vacuum of 7 to 8 inches—Mercury Gauge.
Over 30 cubic feet free air per minute from the blower.
Real portability—carry it anywhere with one hand.
Larger capacity than any other family-size vacuum cleaner.
Fifteen to twenty years of service even if used daily.

Cleans Your Home for 10c Per Week—

Use the SANTO for your regular weekly cleaning in place of any other method. You will find it a valuable help in many ways **every day.** We furnish the very best hand polished and lacquered aluminum tools for every purpose.

Note the Complete SANTO Equipment:

1—Electric cable for connecting cleaner to lamp socket.
2—Vacuum Hose.
3—Hollow renovator handle.
4—6-in. nozzle for thoroughly renovating carpets and rugs.
5—4-inch nozzle for portières, upholstery, clothing, etc.
6—Rubber nozzle for tufted upholstery, corners, etc.
7—Wall brush for walls, ceilings, mouldings, etc.
8—Book brush for cleaning books, hats, furs, etc.
9—10-inch wood face nozzle for light and rapid sweeping.
10—12-inch nozzle, felt faced, for sweeping hardwood floors.
11—Blowing hose for drying hair, airing bedding, etc.
12—Tube of lubricant which eliminates the greasy oil can.

The SANTO is made entirely in our own factory—the largest and best equipped institution in existence devoted to this business. We are responsible for every detail in the make-up of our cleaner. **This is why our guarantee means something.**

You will appreciate our cleaner—not only for its wonderful efficiency, but also because of its perfect proportions and beautiful finish. Top and base of polished aluminum—case covered with finest Chase leather—black, maroon or dark green.

The SANTO is as carefully and perfectly made as an expensive automobile. It is the last word in Vacuum Cleaners, yet the price is within reach of every user of electricity.

Write for This Free Book

"The Dustless Home" is the most fascinating book ever written on vacuum cleaning. It shows the many uses for our cleaner and tells how you can keep your home truly dustless, clean and sanitary—free from disease dangers that lurk in dust and dirt. Write for a free copy today. A postal will suffice.

Keller Manufacturing Co., Dept. 3-P, Philadelphia, Pa.

Largest Makers of Sanitary Cleaning Devices in the World

Summer Sports

Often lose much of their pleasure because of one's worry over untidy appearance due to wilted and soiled collars—YOU can avoid that annoyance this summer by wearing

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

They have every advantage of a waterproof collar—with the correctness in style and appearance of the best linen collar you can buy. Finish and texture are so perfect you may wear them as much as you like without even your friends suspecting it.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You really can't tell them from linen.

Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs, send us 25 cts., stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50 cts. per pair for cuffs, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about the correct thing in dress—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

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Chicago, 161 Market St. **San Francisco,** 718 Mission St.
St. Louis, 505 North 7th St. **Detroit,** 117 Jefferson Ave.
Toronto, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

BURNING UP MONEY

(Concluded from Page 15)

that, moreover, with a quality of coal ordinarily considered as refuse and costing, delivered at the plant, eighty-eight cents a ton. It may be argued that this is merely an experimental and not a commercial plant. The investigation of the Government leads to a different belief. Geological Survey engineers have visited factories in the larger cities of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, and have found more than two hundred plants that burn coal without smoke and, therefore, with an economy remarkable in these extravagant days. On the authority of the Survey it may be stated that in fifty per cent of the industrial establishments more than ten per cent of the coal bill can be saved each year by the smokeless burning of coal, a saving of several million dollars annually.

Since a fireman must of necessity open furnace doors to stoke his fires, and since coal cannot be consumed without producing smoke in furnaces which are thus fired, the question naturally arises, How can you do away with the fireman? Human intelligence is so variable a factor that the ultimate solution of the problem depends upon machinery. In other words, the personal element must be eliminated. Hundreds of automatic devices for smokeless combustion have been patented. Most of them are failures, because the patentees have never ascertained the cause of smoke and have concerned themselves chiefly with the problem of conveying coal to the furnace, and not with the manner in which the furnace should be fired. Still, there are enough properly-designed machines, both for large and small plants, to warrant the statement that efficient machine firing is now possible. Apart from the saving in coal which can be effected by the elimination of the fireman, and apart from any philanthropic desire to benefit the community by keeping the atmosphere clear, the mechanical stoker ought to be more widely used because it is cheaper than human labor. It has been estimated that one man with a shovel and slice bar can superintend two hundred horse-power of boilers. With good machines he can attend to four hundred horse-power, and with a complete coal and ash dumping equipment, six hundred horse-power.

The City of the Future

If all of the railroads, steamships and factories in the country could burn anthracite the problem of conserving the fuel supply and of reducing smoke would be more easily solved, for the simple reason that anthracite contains a larger amount of fixed and, therefore, smokeless carbon than bituminous coal. Unfortunately, the supply of anthracite coal is so limited that it is burned chiefly in small domestic stoves and ranges. The larger cities of the United States, which consume practically all the available supply of the smaller sizes of anthractie coal for the generation of power and heat, now find it necessary to supplement it with a considerable tonnage of bituminous coal. Obviously, the country must depend on its bituminous coal for power. Since bituminous coal is a smoke-producing coal, we must improve our methods of burning it or continue to suffer from the loss resulting from imperfect combustion. It has been amply demonstrated at the various fuel-testing plants of the United States Geological Survey that bituminous coal of all grades can be converted into gas, smokelessly, and that this gas can be supplied to an engine to generate power more economically than if the same amount of coal had been burned under a boiler to supply steam for a steam engine. By converting coal into gas and feeding the gas to engines it is possible to utilize coals unsuitable for boiler furnaces. About fifty plants are now in operation which employ gas thus generated, plants ranging in capacity from five hundred to ten thousand horse-power each. There are also factories in which electric power supplied by smokeless central stations is used. Both gas-driven and electrically-driven installations may be regarded as harbingers of a day when cities will be clean, and with air unpolluted and skies clear.

The Uniform Soda Cracker

There's never the slightest variation in the high quality of **Uneeda Biscuit.**

Wonderful care and precision on the part of expert bakers, combined with facilities to be found in no other bakery, ensure this uniformity of **Uneeda Biscuit.**

Damp days, cold days, wet days or hot days their goodness is kept intact by the moisture-proof package.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE

THE GUN THAT SHOOTS.
FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Shot fired by this gun at iron target at 50 feet.

Sends a shot entirely through one-half inch pine and more. Uses compressed air—no spring—same as used by powerful rock drills, air brakes, etc. Many times more powerful than any other Air Rifle. Force of shot under control. Accurate. One user shot 50 sparrows in one day. Another shoots pennies tossed into the air. Others shoot rabbits and squirrels. Practical gun for all small game. Discharge does not scare game. Can be used where cartridge guns cannot, indoors or out. Ammunition costs 10c or 15c for 1,000 shots. Sold by dealers and jobbers. If your dealer does not sell it, write us. There is no substitute or "just as good." Sent prepaid in U. S. and parcels post countries upon receipt of $2.50. Descriptive circulars upon request.

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 502 Leader Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

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Always ready to grip any fitting, pipe or nut, of **ANY** shape **without adjustment.** The harder you pull, the tighter it holds. Equal to half a machine shop in your tool-box. Twelve inch size takes everything up to 1½ inch, $1.00 prepaid.
GARAGES, DEALERS, AGENTS: We make nine sizes and have a splendid offer to make on this fast seller. Write us to-day.
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AGENTS Are Coining MONEY Selling this Combination **WASHINGTON HATCHET.**

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Salesmen Best Health and Accident Protection. Old line Company. $1,000 at death, $5.00 weekly. $100 emergency benefit, accidents of any kind. Cost $2.00 a year. Seal grain wallet free. Liberal commission. Excellent side line.
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PARIS GARTERS
They fit so well you forget they're there
A necessity with Knee-Drawers
No metal can touch you
Sold Everywhere
25·50¢
You need them the year round
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how wonderfully fine a perfume can be made, and yet be inexpensive.

Send us 4c (in stamps) for a little sample bottle of

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The most delicate, lasting, refined perfume obtainable. Retails for 75c for a large bottle (6 oz.). Once you try this fragrant delight you will always have it on your toilet table.

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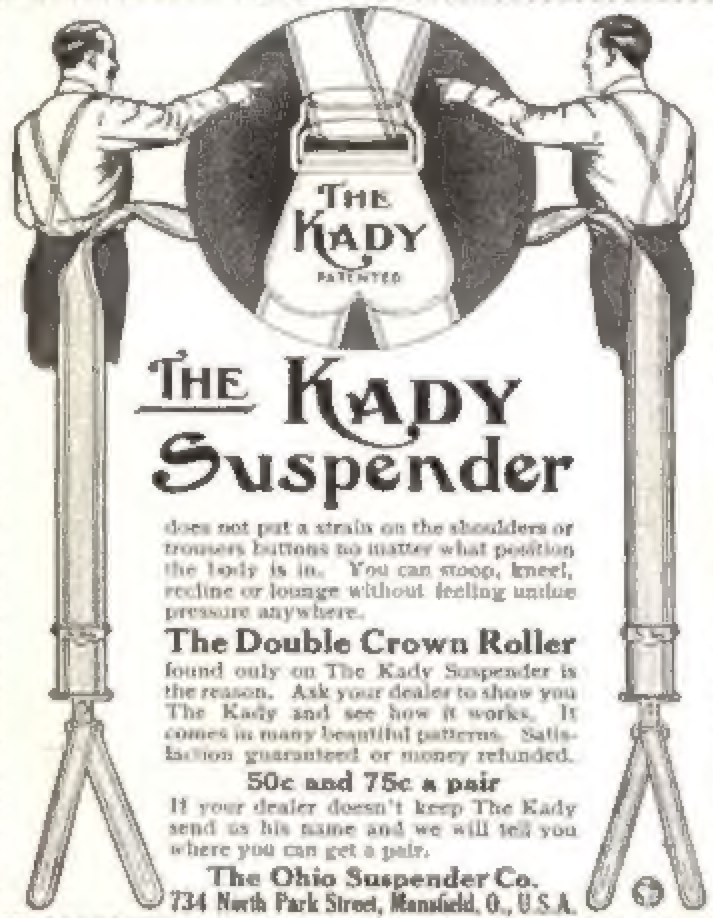
Buy a 50c bottle of
ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC
(Eau de Quinine)
and test its quality for yourself.



THE KADY Suspender

does not put a strain on the shoulders or trousers buttons no matter what position the body is in. You can stoop, kneel, recline or lounge without feeling undue pressure anywhere.

The Double Crown Roller found only on The Kady Suspender is the reason. Ask your dealer to show you The Kady and see how it works. It comes in many beautiful patterns. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

50c and 75c a pair

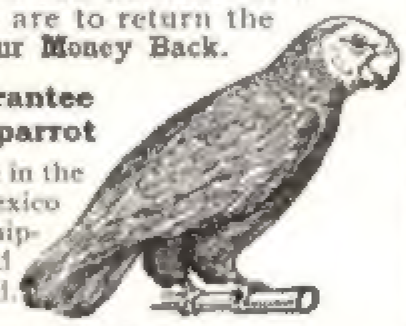
If your dealer doesn't keep The Kady send us his name and we will tell you where you can get a pair.

The Ohio Suspender Co.
734 North Park Street, Mansfield, O., U.S.A.

Special Offer to Quick Buyers.

Talking Parrots $5

WE will sell 2000 of our regular $10 Parrots for $5 and guarantee every bird to talk. We sell you the Parrot on **trial 90 days.** You run no risk. If it doesn't talk you are to return the bird and get **Your Money Back.**



Written guarantee with every parrot

Shipped anywhere in the U.S., Canada or Mexico on receipt of **$5.** Shipping case and food for journey included.

Only 2000 at $5; Order at once.
Parrot Cage Special; a $2.50 Steel Cage, $1.50 when ordered with Parrot.

CUGLEY & MULLEN, 1257 Market St., PHILADELPHIA
THE LARGEST PET SHOP IN THE WORLD

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Straw Hats

Made possible only by our importing them from South America and selling direct to the user. These hats are warranted **Genuine all Hand-woven,** unblocked, and can be worn in that condition by Gentlemen, Ladies, Girls and Boys or can be blocked by purchaser in any shape or style. These Panama Hats are just as serviceable and will wear as long as a **$10.00 Panama Hat.** The difference is solely in the fineness of weave, these Hats being a little coarser weave than the more expensive kind.

Assorted sizes. Weight about 2 oz. each. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of **$1.00.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today. Supply limited.

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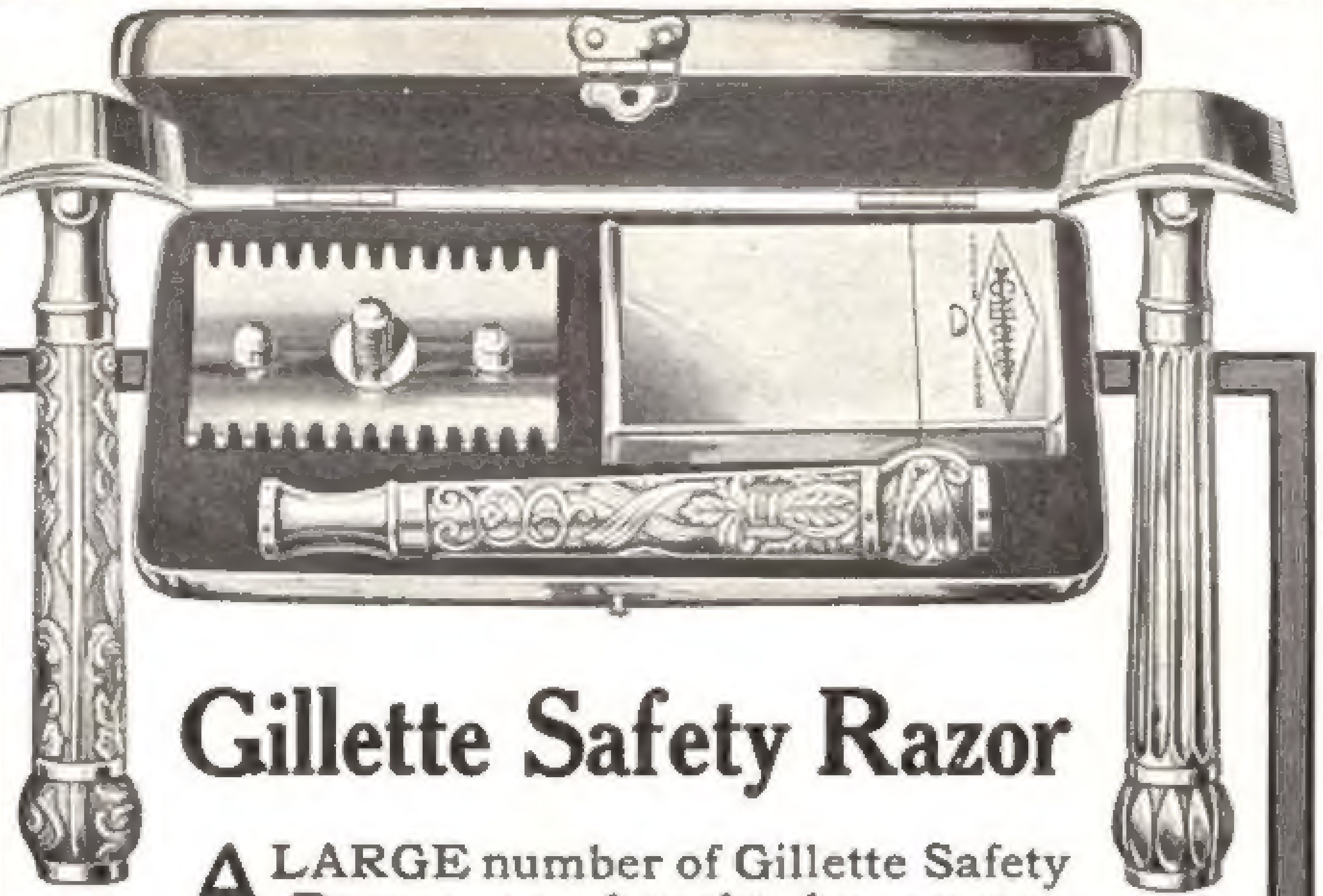
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office records. Our four guide books sent free. How to Obtain a Patent, Fortunes in Patents, Patents That Pay and What to Invent (containing list of inventions wanted) and prizes for inventions. Patents advertised free. **Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.** (Formerly Evans, Wilkens & Co.)



Gillette Safety Razor

A LARGE number of Gillette Safety Razors are bought by women who give them to their husbands or brothers.

Men are amusingly conservative about new devices for personal use. A man will try a Gillette if somebody gives him one—and immediately become a Gillette enthusiast. Perhaps the most frequent occurrence is that of his purchasing a Gillette after having tried one that belonged to a friend with whom he was visiting, or camping or motoring.

The time to buy a Gillette is now.

It pays for itself in three months and it lasts a lifetime.

The Gillette, illustrated herewith, is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket or slipped in the side of a traveling bag. It comes in gold, silver or gun metal—with handle and blade box to match. *The blades are fine.*

Prices, $5.00 to $7.50. For sale everywhere.

You should know Gillette Shaving Brush—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and Gillette Shaving Stick—a soap worthy of the Gillette Safety Razor.

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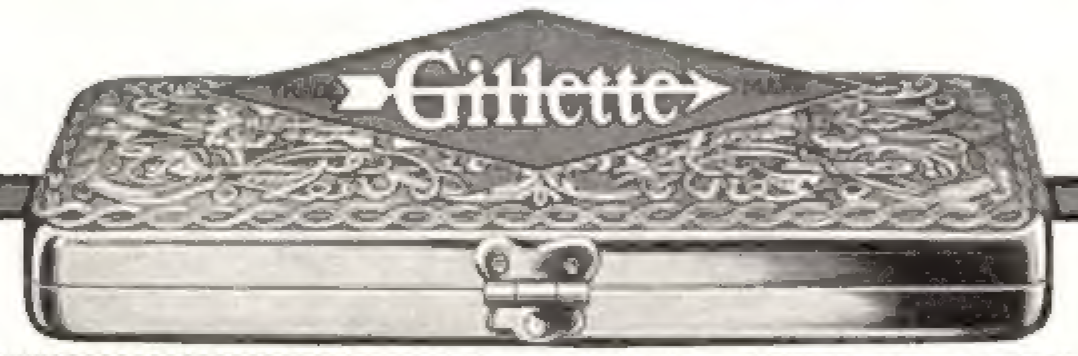

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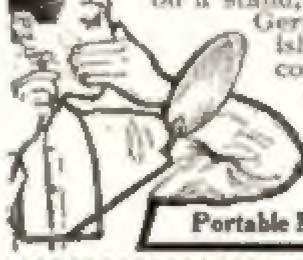

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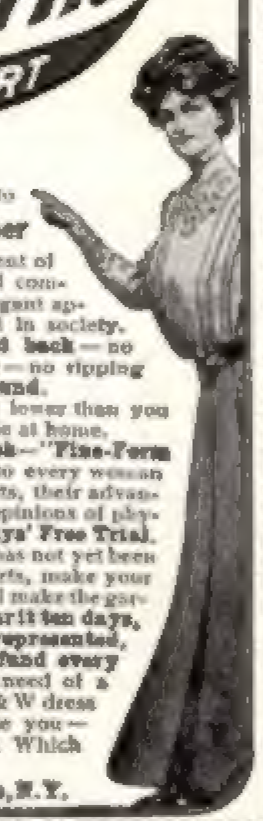

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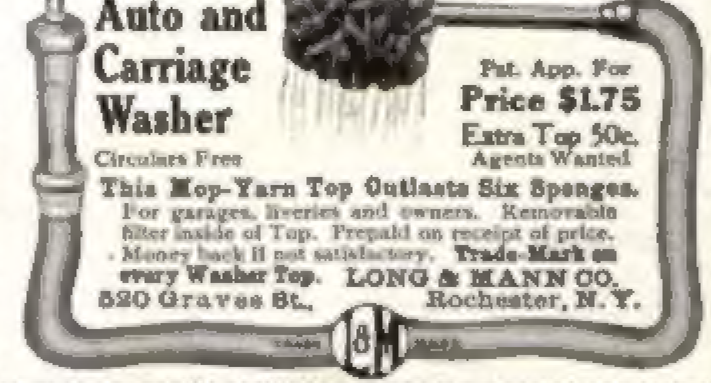

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